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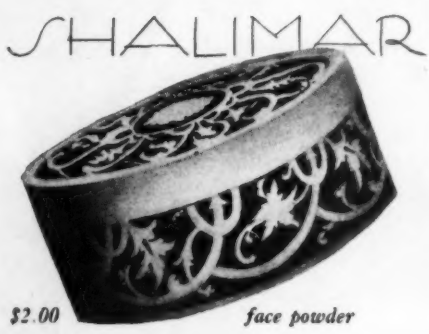

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 5, March 23, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

Yo-Ho and Ho-Hum

THESE are the two latest bedtime glories—otherwise known as Check and Mate . . . Mate has had an interesting life, born on the Riviera and all that,—rather seafaring, though delicate . . . As for Check's career—Well, Check might be called a cross between a kitchen apron and a gob's uniform, brought up in a refined milieu.

We love these two young things—their joie de vivre, their colorful ways have endeared them to us. We hate to part with them . . .

But we will—at $6.94 for Check and $7.44 for Mate . . . Check comes in red, blue, or green tub silk, and Mate being versatile, in several combinations of crepe de chine—beige with peach, or with blue; turquoise and Lido blue with white; flesh or peach with blue.

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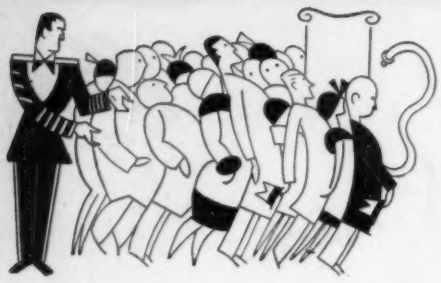
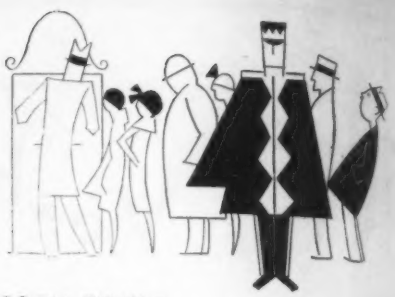


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 30]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—A painstaking dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel of New York society in the eighteen-seventies heightened by Katharine Cornell's performance. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CAPRICE—Complete triumph of acting and direction over unimportant material. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are superb. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Hedda Gabler," revival of Ibsen's tragedy. (Fri. Eve., Mar. 22.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mat., Mar. 23; Sat. Morn., Mar. 30, at 10:30.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," Nazimova in a fine production of Tchekov's play. (Sat. Eve., Mar. 23; Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., Mar. 25, 27, and 29.) . . . "Katerina," Andreyev's play, with Nazimova. (Tues. and Thurs. Eves., Mar. 26 and 28; Sat. Mat., Mar. 30.) . . . "The Cradle Song," touching and tender, (Wed. Mat., Mar. 27.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English. (Sat. Eve., Mar. 30.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

CONFLICT—The saga of a wartime misalliance told with humor and tenderness. (Fulton, 46, W.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden again giving a spirited performance in Rostand's play. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M.)

THE FRONT PAGE—The miracle of how papers get the news. (Times Square, 42, W.)

HARLEM—Melodramatic goings-on in darkest Harlem played with great gusto by a colored cast. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HOLIDAY—Much fine nonsense, and wisdom too. Philip Barry's latest comedy, with Hope Williams. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

KIBITZER—The jerky but amusing farce of an incorrigible know-it-all who knows practically nothing. (Royale, 45, W.)

LET US BE GAY—A divorced couple meet at a houseparty three years after. A comedy by Rachel Crothers, with Francine Larrimore. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—The gay aspects of Floyd Dell's novel "An Unmarried Father." (Ambassador, 49, W.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—Alice Brady in a mildly entertaining comedy about a badger game de luxe. (Cort, 48, E.)

PARIS—Cole Porter's very special tunes and Irene Bordoni singing them in a routine farce. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Closes Sat., Mar. 23.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne provides the best detective play in town. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M.)

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show that is a full evening's entertainment. (Comedy, 41, E. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

SERENA BLANDISH—Ruth Gordon as a soft-hearted young lady in search of a husband, and Constance Collier as a fantastic countess, in a very urbane comedy. (Morosco, 45, W. 2:40 P.M.)

S. S. GLENCAIRN—Eugene O'Neill's cycle of one-act sea plays: "In the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," "The Long Voyage Home," and "The Moon of the Caribbees." (Garrick, 35, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—The amazing O'Neill marathon long since become permanent. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and extremely important play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

THE WHISPERING GALLERY—A comedy mystery about a haunted house which isn't bad as such plays go. (49th Street, 49, W.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The Marx Brothers in a furiously funny show which would fail any sanity test. (44th Street, 44, W.)

BLACKBIRDS—A colored revue and a good one, with some swell tap dancing by Bill Robinson. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FIORETTA—Sword-play and passion in Earl Carroll's Venice of the eighteenth century. With Fannie Brice and Leon Errol. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—A riotously gay musical comedy about golf, with good music and dancing. (46th Street, 46, W.)

FRENCH MUSICAL COMEDY—"Trois Jeunes Filles Nues" will be presented by the visiting French company, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 22 and 23, and Sat. Mat., Mar. 23. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Professional pugilism set to music. Swift, funny, and attractive. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LADY FINGERS—An entertaining crook farce with a weak score. (Vanderbilt, 48, E.)

THE NEW MOON—A musical show threatening to go operatic; the scene is colonial New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

PLEASURE BOUND—Phil Baker and some other good specialists almost make up for the vulgarity surrounding them. (Majestic, 44, W.)

THE RED ROBE—Walter Woolf in pleasant enough musical swashbuckling. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Now in its second year, and we wouldn't mind if it went along for many more. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SPRING IS HERE—Youth, horseplay, and romance shaken into an extremely pleasant cocktail. With Glenn Hunter. (Alvin, 52, W.)

THIS YEAR OF GRACE—Gaiety, charm, and wit, and what's most important—Beatrice Lillie at her best. Only two days more. (Selwyn, 42, W. Closes Sat., Mar. 23.)

THREE CHEERS—Will Rogers crowds this typical Fred and Dorothy Stone show into the front row of current entertainments. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

WHOOPEE—Ziegfeld sumptuousness leavened by the superb drollery of Eddie Cantor. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

VAUDEVILLE—Harry Langdon will be at the Palace Fri. and Sat., Mar. 22 and 23; Gilda Gray will open there on Sun., Mar. 24 for a week's engagement. Performances at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5 P.M.

NOTE: HOBOKEN—A delightful commentary on yesterday's theatre, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088.) Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . "The Black Crook," the leg show of the sixties, is being revived at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5733.) Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

JOURNEY'S END—A war play by R. C. Sherriff, with an imported all-male English cast. Opens Fri., Mar. 22. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

THE LADY FROM THE SEA—Blanche Yurka in a revival of Ibsen's play. (Bijou, 45, W.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Pleasant and Park Avenue, with Larry Siry's orchestra.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Beatrice Lillie, and the dancing of Moss and Fontana.*

(Continued on page 6)

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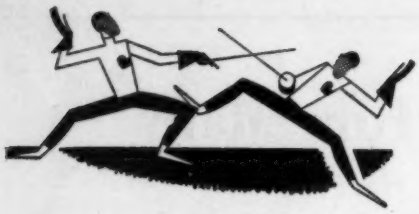

(Continued from page 4)

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Where everyone seems to know everyone else. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with Murphy and Johnson dancing.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck, with music by Aaronson's Commandera.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Nice food and Eddie Davis' jazz. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—A Ziegfeld show, with Helen Morgan, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Striking decorations and Vincent Lopez' orchestra. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Dancing to Rudy Vallée's band.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical of a number of places are: The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, where Clayton, Jackson, and Durante cavort; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Jack White and Tommy Lyman; Casanova, 151 W. 54, has Van and Schenck.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq., are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

HARLEM—You cannot get into some of the most amusing places without a knowing guide, but you will find Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142, worth visiting. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkas, B'way at 53, is good, and is best on Saturday nights. . . . Yar, 9 E. 54, is dim and romantic, and yet chic.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

THE BROADWAY MELODY—Backstage life; a talkie which is drawing crowds, but which seems to us a pretty hack performance. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE FLYING FLEET—Good picture of life in our naval-aviation circles, with Ramon Novarro as the young hero. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Mar. 23-25; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

HEARTS IN DIXIE—An attractive all-negro talkie with successful dialect and spirituals and agreeable photography. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE IRON MASK—The new Douglas Fairbanks picture, with D'Artagnan and the Three Musketeers again, and you don't have to be told whether or not you want to see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10:15 A.M.)

LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS—Lupe Velez in an attractive though silent picture of the Paris of the Second Empire. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE LETTER—Jeanne Eagels in the best serious talking picture to date. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

NOAH'S ARK—A few moments of extraordinary spectacle in an otherwise very dull picture. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—Al Jolson songs well done on the Vitaphone. (Harris, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "At the South Pole," authentic and stirring film of Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition; "The Canary Murder Case," the famous Van Dine mystery made into a fairly good picture; "The Doctor's Secret," derived from Barrie's "Half an Hour," and notable for the very pleasant acting of Ruth Chatterton; "Krassin," pictures of the rescue of the Italia crew in the Arctic; "Sins of the Fathers," Emil Jannings as a waiter who becomes a big bootlegger; "Wolf Song," Spanish señoritas and the wild far Southwest, with Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 30]

ART

ACADEMY—Annual spring show of the National Academy of Design, with prizewinners: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1:30 to 6 P.M.

BEGINNERS—Sixth exhibition of the Opportunity Gallery: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CHANLER—Unusual portraits by a favored American: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 23.

CONTEMPORARY—The Architect and the Industrial Arts—an exhibition of modern American design: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82, Gallery D6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

DAUMIER—Lithographs and wood engravings by a famous Frenchman: Room 316, Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GROUP—Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, Blume, and others: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 23.

INDEPENDENTS—Annual show: Waldorf Roof, 5 Ave. at 34. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.

MANGRAVITE—First showing of a new man: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

POOR—An artist working in clay as no other American does: Montross, 26 E. 56. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 30.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

ENGLISH SINGERS—Spring concert by these inimitable vocalists. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 23.

ANDRES SEGOVIA—The last word and note in guitaring. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 23.

JOSEF HOFMANN—Piano playing that you'd better hear. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 24.

NEVADA VAN DER VEER—One of our most accomplished contraltos. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 26.

LONDON STRING QUARTET—Chamber-music ensemble that really gives pleasure. Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 28.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 22 and 23, at 8:45; Wed. Aft., Mar. 27, at 2:30; Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 28 and 30, at 8:45.

MUSEUM CONCERT—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eve., Mar. 23, at 8. (No admission fee.)

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 24, at 4.

AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Clapp conducting: Mecca Temple, Mon. Aft., Mar. 25.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Die Meistersinger," Fri. Aft., Mar. 22, at 1:30; "Andrea Chénier," Fri. Eve., Mar. 22, at 8:15; "Mignon," Sat. Aft., Mar. 23, at 2; "Der Freischütz," Sat. Eve., Mar. 23, at 8; "Fra Gherardo," Mon. Eve., Mar. 25, at 8; "Die Meistersinger," Wed. Aft., Mar. 27, at 1:30. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—Donizetti's "Elixir of Love:" Fri. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 22 and 23, at 8:15, and Sat. Aft., Mar. 23, at 2:15. Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

VAN AND SCHENCK—Fri., Mar. 22, at 8:30 P.M., over WOR.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Mar. 23 and 30, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun., Mar. 24, at 3 P.M., broadcast from Brooklyn over WOR.

HELEN MORGAN—Sun., Mar. 24, at 8:30 P.M., over WABC.

LUCREZIA BORI—Soprano: Sun., Mar. 24, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

OPERA—Bizet's "Carmen:" Mon., Mar. 25, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Mar. 26, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden (preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.): Jimmy McLarnin vs. Ray Miller, Fri. Eve., Mar. 22.

FENCING—Intercollegiate Championships: Semi-finals, Thurs. Aft. and Eve., Mar. 28, and Fri. Morn. and Aft., Mar. 29; finals, Fri. Eve., Mar. 29, at 8: Hotel Astor, B'way at 44.

HOCKEY—Professional championship playoff; Madison Square Garden, Sun. Eve., Mar. 24, at 8:30.

INDOOR POLO—National championship playoffs at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 8 P.M.: Army vs. Illinois (Class C), Harvard vs. Yale (Intercollegiates), and Brooklyn vs. Army (Open), Sat. Eve., Mar. 23. . . . Brooklyn vs. New York (Class B), Intercollegiate Finals, and Open Semi-finals, Wed. Eve., Mar. 27. . . . Class C Semi-finals, Class B Semi-finals, and Open Finals, Sat. Eve., Mar. 30.

INDOOR TENNIS—National Indoor Championship matches Fri. and Sat., Mar. 22 and 23; finals will start Sat. Aft., Mar. 23, at 2: Seventh Regiment Armory, Park at 66.

OTHER EVENTS

DANCE RECITAL—Demetrios Vilan and Margaret Severn: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Mar. 24, at 8:30.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Galleries, Madison at 57—Antique American furniture: Sat. Aft., Mar. 23, at 2:15. . . . Antique and modern furniture, silver, china, etc.: Wed. through Sat., Mar. 27-30. . . . At the Anderson Galleries, Park at 59—The George Courtright Greener collection of arts and craftsmanship of many nations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Mar. 22 and 23, at 2. . . . American and English furniture, lustre ware, decorative objects, and hooked rugs, together with a collection of old English, Continental, and American glass: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Mar. 27 and 28, at 2.

NOTE—The Circus, which opens at Madison Square Garden Apr. 1, can now be seen at the New York Coliseum, Tremont Ave. at 177. Performances at 2 and 8 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 30. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177.)

A corporation lawyer's QUESTION

"WE are engaged in working out for one of our clients (a close corporation) an arrangement for keeping ownership within the present shareholding personnel.

"The respective share values of the senior stockholders are forty, twenty-five and twenty per cent; three junior stockholders own the remainder.

"What plan would you suggest to preserve to the survivors the interest of a deceased stockholder, with adequate compensation to his estate or heirs?"

Our answers to this man's question and to the various questions regarding Life Insurance Trusts, listed in the column at the right, are contained in our booklet, *Insurance Estates—Creation and Management.* Send for a copy today.

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A Young Married Man's QUESTION

Outside of $20,000 life insurance, I have no property of any kind. My insurance takes about all the money I can spare. Granted that I should have more, it's a fact I'm dealing with, not a theory. Wouldn't you advise me to carry only $10,000 insurance, and use the $200, thus saved annually, in building at least a small cash estate?

A Salaried Home Owner's QUESTION

I have been thinking of getting more life insurance. How much should I carry on a salary of $5,250 a year? I have a wife, and two children under ten. I have $24,000 life insurance, and nearly $5,000 in good securities.

A Young Married Woman's QUESTION

My husband wants to trustee his life insurance policies amounting to $40,000. This would give me only about $2,000 a year income. Don't you think it would be much better for him to trustee half of it, and leave me the other half to handle personally?

A Young Business Man's QUESTION

Isn't there some way of combining life insurance and other savings in a single estate building plan? I have $20,000 ordinary life insurance, on which the annual premium is $381.60. In addition to carrying this life insurance, I can save at least $70 a month.

A Physician's QUESTION

I carry $70,000 insurance, mostly twenty payment. About $50,000 will be paid to my wife on interest option. At her death, the principal will be divided when our youngest child is 30 years old.

My income averages $15,000. I have an equity of $30,000 in an apartment which nets about nine per cent. Our home is worth $28,500, with a first mortgage of $10,500. I have a cottage worth $6,500.

Would you change the insurance to straight life? Would an Insurance Trust improve this situation? If I were to trustee my estate, would I lose control over it?

The Equitable Trust Co. of N.Y.
11 Broad Street

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Insurance Estates—Creation and Management."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

N.Y.

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Three-piece ensemble with sleeveless blouse and skirt distinguished by the new low flare line.

Spangled with a woven pattern of glistening clover leaves and over-printed with a striking note in single color, this new crepe is the diction of Paris. Its smart simplicity is in unerring taste for street wear. Available in ready-to-wear dresses at Franklin Simon & Co., and at other smart shops throughout the country.

Stehli Silks

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regarding the junior - - -

a department devoted to the fancies of the young miss··· where youthful chic is interpreted in individual fashions···where *saks-fifth avenue* gives particular attention to that important lady, not quite grown-up.

(illustrated) a jaunty, jacket suit of tweed with a tuck-in blouse of flat crepe···in all the new street shades.

junior misses' department···third floor

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

Chicago **Palm Beach**

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE arose on a sunny morning, feeling rather splendid. We opened the *Nation*, which had arrived in the mail. "What is Happening to Marriage?" asked the front cover. We laid it gently aside, and

opened the *World*. "Sex in Civilization" was the first phrase that caught our eye—a two-column book review about a big book containing thirty-two essays on sex: sex in religion, sex in psychology, sex on the Mississippi. The day for us was practically ruined. Our hasty opinion is that what is happening to marriage is this—every husband is in the attic writing an article called "What is Happening to Marriage?" and every wife is at her desk in the editorial office of a magazine dictating notes to authors saying: "Dear Mr. Zerphus, It occurs to us that we could use a little article of say thirty-five hundred words on the subject 'What is Happening to Marriage?' Wouldn't you like to write it?"

As for sex in civilization—sex is now so academic it's no fun any more. Kiss a girl and it reminds you of a footnote.

PROWLING around by night, we have discovered that much of the early spirit and verve of the Whalen theatre traffic has been lost, and that without verve it's a pretty dull affair. We rode a verveless Checker all the way over to Ninth Avenue because it couldn't make a right turn up Sixth; on the whole it was a dull ride, with bad scenery. One thing that was tying up traffic was a D. S. C. truck which was hauling a parked car to justice. That righteous truck and our bee-line Checker clogged the entire works for much of the way, and an old negro spiritual wove itself into our dreams: "Go down, Whalen, way down to Broadway la-a-and; tell ole traffic cops to let my taxi go."

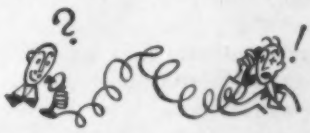
THROUGH a bit of luck we chanced to see a movie called, staidly, "Through Russia with a Camera." We are very glad we did. The film was taken by a consulting engineer to the Russian government and was a straight travel picture, without furbelows. On this very account it had an unusual value to an American. It showed Russia not as a land of mysterious sinister habits but as a country where one lives quite like a human being, orders meals, pays rent, rides in taxis, and often enjoys oneself. This, to us, was a pleasant relief after

years of reading (or omitting to read) newspaper stories from Moscow. There was another thing about the picture of particular significance at this time of year when spring is in our blood and the urge to travel is paramount—the southern part of Russia along the Black Sea is very beautiful, and not black at all. Yalta, that city which in Czarist days was called the Nice of Russia, is a place we must someday visit. The rockbound coast, less populous of course than the French Riviera, is entirely livable and somehow very alluring. Cultural relations will have to be resumed with Russia if for no other reason than because we intend to go to Yalta. It isn't far, either—only a step beyond Budapest, and by plane right next door.

WHO would have thought that this pregnant earth, heavy with April, would deliver itself of its lovely

burden at the corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue? Who would have picked that corner for an outcropping? Who would have thought pineapple drinks and dollar-sixty-nine shirts would suddenly vanish, and tulips, daisies, violets, and anemones appear? Yet it's true. The two corner stores on the north side of that once dismal crossing are now flower marts, and the brilliant posies shout at you as you pass. This is an aesthetic town! Just think—one of the busiest spots in all the island given over exclusively to daisies, to magazines dealing with art, and to the romance of the United States Marine Corps!

A MR. GREEN phoned us at eight o'clock in the morning last Wednesday, the big piece of cheese. Wiping the sleep from our eyes, we barely made out the import of the message, which was that by paying ten



dollars we could become a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for a year. That would include our family. "Join a museum before breakfast?" we

asked coldly. Mr. Green hung up.

The Art Museum is all right, but we prefer the Museum of Natural History. That organization sent us a card showing how to join. For ten dollars you become an Annual Member; for twenty-five a Sustaining Member; for a flat two hundred a Life Member; for five hundred a Fellow; for a thousand a Patron; for ten thousand an Associate Benefactor; for twenty-five thousand an Associate Founder; for fifty thousand a Benefactor; and for a cool hundred grand an Endowment Member. Socially this means a great deal. Lots of times an Associate Founder will pass a Fellow on the street and never speak.

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TWO authors used to see much of each other but lately they haven't because one of them, his latest work having attracted attention in the better circles, has deserted his old haunts for the marble halls of society where *belles lettres* are appreciated. Or so it is alleged by his former confrère who, upon their meeting, made a remark (unfinished) which terminated, for the time being at least, a beautiful friendship: "Well, since you have dropped the pen for the alpenstock . . . "

Easter Tuesday

THE Fox Movietone had its Easter early this year and while it lasted it caused some curious goings-on in staid St. Thomas'. The Fox people, it seems, got the idea of an all-talkie Easter observance for their public this year and, partly to get the film ready for showing in time, and partly perhaps because no regular congregation would tolerate kleig lights during devotions, they arranged with St. Thomas' to have a special advance celebration.

Consequently, of a Tuesday evening, camera stands, batteries of lights, sound-recorders, and many other things were carried into the church by a platoon of men in shirt-sleeves who climbed about the balcony and organ loft shouting, "Hey, Joe!" and so on to each other. Curates wandered vaguely and unhappily about. The choir, called specially for the occasion, fidgeted. Finally all was ready for the filming. It developed, however, that there was no way of arranging the camera without including in the film about nine rows of pews. Up to that moment nobody had thought of a congregation. Someone suggested opening the doors and playing the organ, thinking music would attract a crowd. A few stragglers did drift in but they timorously hung near the vestibule. Some were persuaded to go down front, however, and active exhortation on the sidewalk finally produced enough people to fill the necessary pews. The powerful lights were switched on, the choir sang, the cameras ground. The voices of St. Thomas' will be heard in the cathedrals of the motion picture throughout the land—and the good people of the provinces will be as well off, perhaps, if they get a new and stimulating idea of the democracy of a great city church; for in the audience as recruited, the percentage of men was heavy, and the percentage of these that carried newspapers heavier still, and there were a few flappers, two gentlemen in evening dress, a messenger boy, and a bellhop in uniform.

Beulah Land

A COUPLE apartment-hunting was being shown one in a remodelled brownstone by the negro janitor. The husband spotted a fireplace and demanded to know whether it drew well. "Sah," the janitor said, drawing himself up, "Ah can assure you. They ain't no mockery about this apartment."

For Mexico

NO sooner had we heard that the Mexican rebels had opened headquarters in the Hotel Pennsylvania than we were over there. Everything seemed serene—except for a radio, tuned aggravatingly high, which emitted serenades and nocturnes played by a stringed trio. In an outer room five Mexican gentlemen in American business suits sat talking quietly. No excitement whatever. In the inner room is General Mariano V. Montero, who represents the revolutionists here. He and his family were expelled from Mexico five years ago for political activities and he has been in New York since. He is a printer and was working at that trade until he dropped his business to take command here. He had a radio going in the inner room also, and we found there a deft martial touch, a railroad wall-map of Mexico bearing the legend: "War College Division U. S. Army General Staff," studded with thumbtacks, calm blue for the rebels, violent red for the federals.

We learned that the battery of radios is kept going constantly because of the fear that Mexican governmental spies have installed dictaphones in the headquarters. The loudspeakers drown out conversation and if dictaphones there are, all the enemy will pick up will be a serenade or a nocturne, no important secrets. We were told that things were going well with the revolutionists. As we went out we saw one of the Mexicans pick up a newspaper bearing the blatant headline: "CALLES CAPTURES 2,000 TROOPS." He looked at it without moving an eyelid. Over unseen wires somewhere about the place glad and reassuring tidings come and such press reports are discounted.

Tender

OCCASIONALLY a man's name gets into feminine mailing lists by mistake. That happened to a bachelor who is a neighbor in our apartment, and he began receiving letters addressed "Mrs. So-and-So." They were about feminine hygiene. He read the first few, blushing into his

coffee cup. Then they began to go deeper and more euphemistically into the matter, and he felt he couldn't stand that so early in the morning. He now places them, unopened, in a little Venetian box, which he has affectionately and neatly labelled: "HOPE CHEST."

Mr. Hoover's Smokes

SOME time ago we told how Mr. Hoover tears the lid off a box of cigars, empties them into a desk drawer, and offers whole handfuls to visitors. Now we have found out that they are shipped to him from the cigar department of the Hotel Ritz here. Within a few days after he became President he placed an order for thirteen hundred cigars. The lot, when sent off to the White House, consisted of five cedar cabinets, each containing two hundred Coronas del Ritz—his favorite—and an assortment of smaller-sized Havanas. The Coronas del Ritz are lighter in shade than the ordinary coronas of commerce, because of a special wrapper. They have no bands and cost sixty cents each.

During the Coolidge régime these same dealers used to receive monthly orders from the White House for a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of cigars. The cigars that Mr. Coolidge ordered were considerably less expensive. He never ordered them in thirteen-hundred lots either.

Destructionist

IT was too bad Jacob Volk had to die before he got a chance at the Woolworth Building. He always wanted to pull it down. He was the greatest wrecker of all time, Jake Volk was. He pulled down the best places, and was proud of it. He never passed a tall building without an appraising glance and a sigh.

Volk was the son of a Delancey Street butcher. He grew up to be a burly little man, heavy of jaw, deep of voice. As soon as he had three hundred dollars he bought a horse and wagon, some crowbars and sledges, and started battering things down. One of the first buildings that caught his eye was the Bankers' Trust, at Wall and Nassau. It was twenty-two stories, it was quite new, the streets were narrow, the job was hard. Jake pulled it down in no time at all. His fame spread. His wrecking crews grew. He got more crowbars. He painted a sign on his wagons: "The Most Destructive Force in Wall Street." He went right at it.

Something like twenty-five hundred buildings fell before his onslaught in the past thirty years. Among other good Russian qualities, he had a great genius for speed—which of late has been the most important factor in the wrecking game, where contracts always contain time clauses. The wrecker must back his experience against the strength of walls; it's a gamble. Jake tore down the Cotton Exchange so fast he got a bonus of thirty thousand dollars. No matter what the job, he planned the attack as a general plans a campaign. From the first prying loose of the loft lid, everything was detailed.

It wasn't all smooth sailing, either. Jake had hardly scratched the surface of the Chemical National Bank building when he uncovered a solid column of concrete running clear down one corner of the building. Ordinary tools were of no avail; the indomitable Jake finally leveled it by sheer force of character.

It was said of Jake that he'd always rather tackle a skyscraper than a house. The houses took more pains. Some of them were built to last. Jake hated the name Stanford White and the name Richard Morris Hunt. They meant architectural permanence, structural intricacy. When he tore down the W. K. Vanderbilt château in Fifty-second Street, Jake took a loss. He said he'd have it in pieces in twenty days; it took him thirty-five. Everything went wrong. Walls were twice as thick as they ought to be, turrets and balconies failed to topple the way they should.

Incidentally, the Vanderbilt house was crumbling just at the time Jake was furnishing his own handsome home in Bensonhurst, Long Island. A friend asked him why he didn't salvage some of the magnificent interiors and use them in his own residence. "Listen," said Jake, "am I a piker? You won't see second-hand stuff in my house."

It was perfectly true that Jake had his eye on the Woolworth Building. Its seven hundred and ninety-two feet of terra cotta and steel fascinated him; his plans were already laid, devilishly clever. He said it would be a cinch but would take a year.

Lately Jake had been taking life easy. Everybody liked him. He had lots of money. Noons he'd turn up at his Park Avenue office, and eat a caviar sandwich, sitting there in his shirtsleeves. Nights there were fights in the Garden to go to. With all his prosperity he remained a true East Sider in his talk and his way of thinking. He had, however, trod the crumbling ruins of too many haughty dwellings ever to feel selfconscious or out of place, no matter where he was. Jake knew that everything that goes up comes down.

Linguist

IN one of those Park Avenue restaurants where everything from the busboy's apron to the chef's sabots is *tout à fait parisien*, two waiters got into an argument. Their voices rose and disquieted diners turned to stare. The headwaiter, his mustaches bristling, came rushing to the scene of the disturbance. "*Taisez - vous!*

Taisez-vous!" he shouted. Then behind his hand in a furious undertone: "Shut up, you fools!"

Library Racket

WE keep hearing about the Alphonse (Scarface Al) Capones from people who have met them socially—to do which became something of a fad down South. It seems that Alphonse has a sister, named by her mother Mafalda, after the Italian princess. The family has held out high hopes for her. A few weeks ago the young lady became engaged to a librarian employed in the Chicago Public Library, and there was ado. Could his career be reconciled to the best tradition of the active Capone clan? The matter was put up to Al himself and he settled it by endorsing the young man and welcoming this connection with letters. He talked to the young man, told him he encouraged his suit, advised him never to take up any rackets, and then sealed his approval by promising his sister a dot running into five figures, a home, and a motor car.

The Lead Armies

MR. KIRKHAM at Schwarz' toy store can tell you offhand of several gentlemen of discreet years who get down on their knees and play with lead soldiers and who make a fuss about collecting them. The shop has customers who come many miles when new units are added to the stock, to look them over. Collectors are growing in number and there has been some talk of an annual exhibition at Grand Central Palace, or some place like that, to bring all the lead armies of the country together, and possibly some from abroad. There are many notable ones in Europe. Pierre de Lanux, who has been lecturing in this country on peace, owns one of the finest, and a M. Armont of Paris has one that is a model throughout the world—*le monde des spécialistes*, that is. A leading educator or two on this side of the water are zealots, adding a fine dignity to the littering-up of the house. Dr. Clarence Little, retiring president of Michigan, is one and Professor William A. Crosby of Massachusetts Tech, another. All of the collectors, more or less, exchange with each other profound letters on the subject. In these parts many converts to the hobby have been made by a Mr. Jarrett of Haddonfield, New Jersey, who fitted up a motor truck with toy soldiers arranged upon replicas of the battlefields of the late war, and drove it about for all to see.

Professor Crosby's army has a war strength of eight hundred and includes a representative of every single unit of Napoleon's men. He brings it into the classroom occasionally to illustrate his lectures on the Napoleonic battles. Most of his soldiers come from France.

Nearly all the best lead soldiers come from France, we are told. Italian ones are crude, Germany's are likewise, and America has produced none worth consideration. The British make very fine toy artillery, however—guns which actually shoot, and so accurately that some years ago they excited H. G. Wells to the point of devising a war game of his own with lead men.

In Paris are several lead-soldier shops, and thoughtful American gen-

"By Gad, Dinsmore, were you staring at my wife's ankles?"

"Come now, Junior, you remember who Calvin Coolidge was."

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tlemen are to be seen in them from time to time. One in the Rue des Saints-Pères was in business before Napoleon came along and its models of his troops are reputed to have been made from life. All the shopkeepers take great pride in making the trappings of the lead men accurate. One once refused to sell a certain tiny cavalryman until old plates in the Louvre had been consulted and his type of saddle verified. Making the soldiers is a laborious process. Arms, legs, rifles, heads, and so on are made separately—there are six or seven parts to a mere infantryman. When assembled the soldiers are painted. The gay uniforms are reproduced for the most part by women, stern artists, crotchety and conscientious. Most of them specialize in certain regiments. (In Napoleon's day there was a different uniform for each.) Professor Crosby had to wait two years to get a Grand Etat-Major for a commander-in-chief of his army, because the only lady considered competent to paint that important toy had rheumatism in her hands.

WHILE on the subject of grown-up men and playthings—Major Segrave, the British sportsman now in this country, has on his estate near London one of the most elaborate toy railroads in the world. An American friend of his, a manufacturer, presented him a few years ago with a miniature locomotive which cost two thousand dollars. That brought Segrave's total of locomotives to fourteen. He has ample coaches and sleeping-cars of the Continental type to go with them, many of which he built himself. He spent fourteen years assembling his railroad system and the machinery to control it.

Major Segrave (this is perhaps not generally known) was born in this country—of British parents. Although he never sat in a racing automobile until after the war, he has at one time or another won every important road and track race in Europe. He is thirty-two. He believes in his luck. When a machine-gunner in the war he strolled into a supposedly abandoned German trench, to find forty of the enemy there. He was seriously wounded but was rescued by some of his own men who rushed to his aid. When he recovered he transferred to the air forces. While returning from a patrol one morning at dawn he was shot down at a height of ten thousand feet. Wounded himself, he remained conscious long enough to bring his plane out of a tailspin and set it down in a tree-top. He hung unconscious then, in the splintered cockpit, until near nightfall when some British troops found him.

Hat Trick

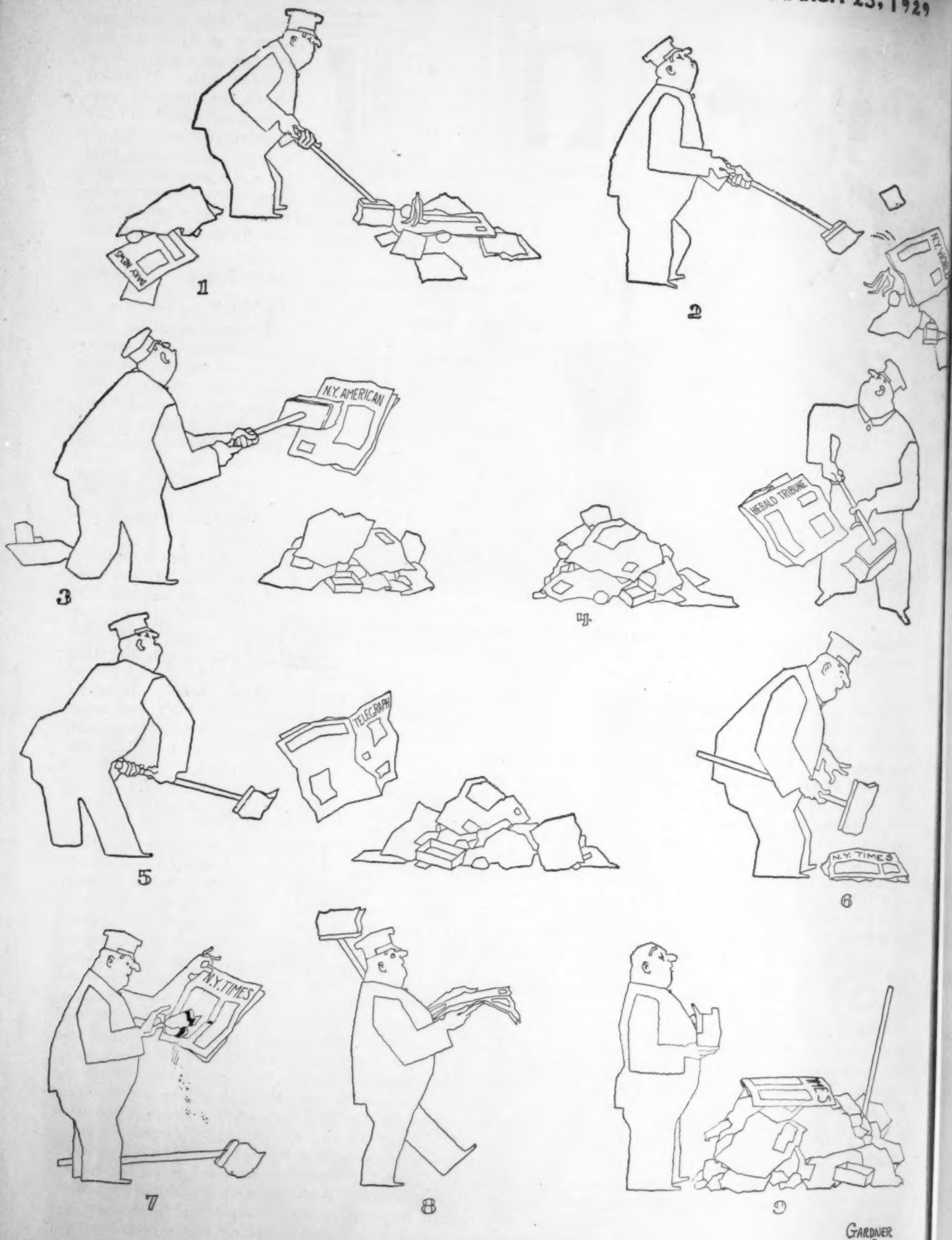
TRUE to our vow to expose all parlor tricks in the order of their appearance, we take up this week that of the young man who strides into a room, doffs his hat, holds it aloft and inquires, "What would you like to see come out of my hat?" "A rabbit," says the victim, and a toy rabbit is thereby produced.

Exposure is simple in this case, for there is no chicanery involved. The psychological fact is that, asked on the spur of the moment what he would like to see produced from a hat, nearly everybody, through association of ideas, says a rabbit. If anyone should ask for a New England boiled dinner, the magician would be ruined. This trick is said to have been discovered at Harvard.

Official Business

THE local government of a New England sea-coast town rests in a board of selectmen, five in number, one of which is the town constable, a man of great faithfulness and integrity. He has been conscientiously coöperating with the other selectmen in preventing rum-running. The coöperation works this way: The selectmen order him to proceed to the tip of one of two promontories projecting into the neighboring waters, there to keep a sharp lookout for rum-runners. While the constable is thus keeping vigil they proceed to the other promontory and oversee the landing of cargoes of liquor from fishing boats. The system works smoothly, without fuss. The constable is indignant when told that the town is getting a reputation for bootlegging, firmly relating that he hasn't seen a rum boat in months.

—THE NEW YORKERS



THE PARTISAN

A MODERATELY HEARTRENDING LETTER

"We called for your laundry but found no one home. Please notify us when to call again.

"Respectfully yours,
THE —— HAND LAUNDRY,
—— THIRD AVENUE."

DEAR OLD FRIEND,

LET me say at the beginning of this letter that I am perfectly calm. Yes, I am calm now, but you will never know about the night I spent after I came home and found your curt note stuck in the door. I thought morning would never come. Perhaps morning didn't come. Perhaps it will never come for me. Morning, as I have often said to you and you *know* it, is not so much a matter of sun and milkmen and schoolchildren and breakfast; morning should be in our hearts, and my heart is heavy, for I have lost a friend. You are that friend. "Respectfully yours" indeed! That was the most unkindest cut of all.

No, don't protest that in that sharp note you did not intend to end our friendship. Ah, haven't I seen it coming? The way you've been sending the collars back lately. The week you didn't call for the laundry at all! Didn't even write, or telephone, and you know how I worry. Ah, how cruel a Hand Laundry can be! I should have known better than ever to trust you. You and your fair words and your everlasting promises to put more starch in my collars. Little you cared whether there was more starch in my collars.

THE thing that humiliated me most was that you saw fit to creep up surreptitiously and leave the note in the door instead of coming to me frankly and telling me. How do I know who saw it? I was out all afternoon and evening. How do I know who called while I was away, and read it? Perhaps the whole thing is being bruited about town now by the gossips; you know how scandal spreads in a town like this, or a town like that. I can hear them, down in the back room at Jake's, cackling over the latest choice morsel of gossip: "Did you hear about Sullivan and the —— Hand Laundry of —— Third Avenue? It's all off. They've phfft. Yes, they called for his laundry and he wasn't home. They left a note saying they were sick and tired of calling for his laundry and not finding him home and wouldn't stand it any longer. Called him a this and that and asked him to return all the laundry they had given him by mistake. Bill Weddum went up to see him and found the note in the door and read it. That's how I got my information."

Can't you just hear them raking me over the coals? Not raking you, of course. The Hand Laundry always gets off easy under our Victorian double standard of laundering. It's the customer that pays. By the time the story completes the rounds they'll have you beating me, I suppose. And the newspapers: "HAND LAUNDRY BREAKS WITH SULLIVAN. FORMER IRATE WHEN LAUNDRY IS CALLED FOR AND NOTED POLEMIC IS FOUND OUT. HAD BEEN ASSOCIATED FOR SEVERAL YEARS. REGARDED AS PERFECTLY HAPPY."

AH, it was cruel, cruel, to leave the note the way you did. You and I have not been on a note-exchanging basis, as far as I can see. I wouldn't send *you* a note saying:

"In the laundry you returned to me on Friday, I note that of the twelve shirts I sent you Monday, three are missing, three are torn and the remaining six do not belong to me. Of the fifteen collars, six have not been laundered and four belong, I think, to Big Bill Edwards. The remaining five bear marks of thumb prints, which detectives assure me coincide with those of your daughter, Clementina, who was convicted of collar-tearing two years ago and spent six months in the wet wash at Auburn. Please rectify these mistakes and oblige."

How you would have kicked had you got a note like that from me, signed "Respectfully." You'd wonder what had happened; what you had done to offend me that I wrote so formally instead of calling around to give you the usual friendly hell.

Ah well, I see that all is over between us. Oh, don't worry. I'll go quietly. Don't flatter yourself that I'll take it too hard, either, or that I'll get despondent and start doing my own washing. Not a bit of it. There are as good laundries in the you-know. And for that matter I was getting a little fed up with your idiosyncrasies (look that one up in the dictionary, you illiterate old Hand Laundry!).

IT'S the old story of ingratitude. I might have known when I started to make something of you that this would happen. Lord knows what made me ever expect that you would be different from any of the other hand laundries. You know full well what I've done for you since you came to New York. How about those Mondays when you didn't have enough laundry to use up a half pound of starch and you came to me with tears in your eyes and said, "For God's sake, Frank, give us a little laundry"? And I, softy that I am, would pile heaps of laundry on you. Things that didn't need laundering at all I'd send over to you, so that you'd have enough to make ends meet. I'd practically strip the house to get laundry for you. I made father change his shirt twice a day. I spilled gravy purposely on the tablecloth, until the family gave up having gravy. I persuaded mother to have all the lambrequins and the doilies from the whatnot in the parlor laundered; they hadn't been laundered since Baby McKee was in the White House. I canvassed my friends to get business for you. I got Mr. Budlong to send you those shirts Mrs. Budlong wrote

"I tell you, she's as pure as the driven snow, Bill."

on and then threw out the window to the reporters. Ah, you were willing enough to be nice to me then. You came around often enough, and there were no letters signed "Respectfully." Now you're prosperous and snooty, and like all your ilk—yes, ilk is the word!—you've forgotten your old friends; those who made you what you are today. Well, you'll come a cropper. There may be a day when you won't have Grover Whalen's laundry any more and then you may have a thought for him who got you Grover Whalen's trade.

"Please notify us when to call again," eh! Well, you'll wait a long time, my good friend, before I notify you to call again. You know the way.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

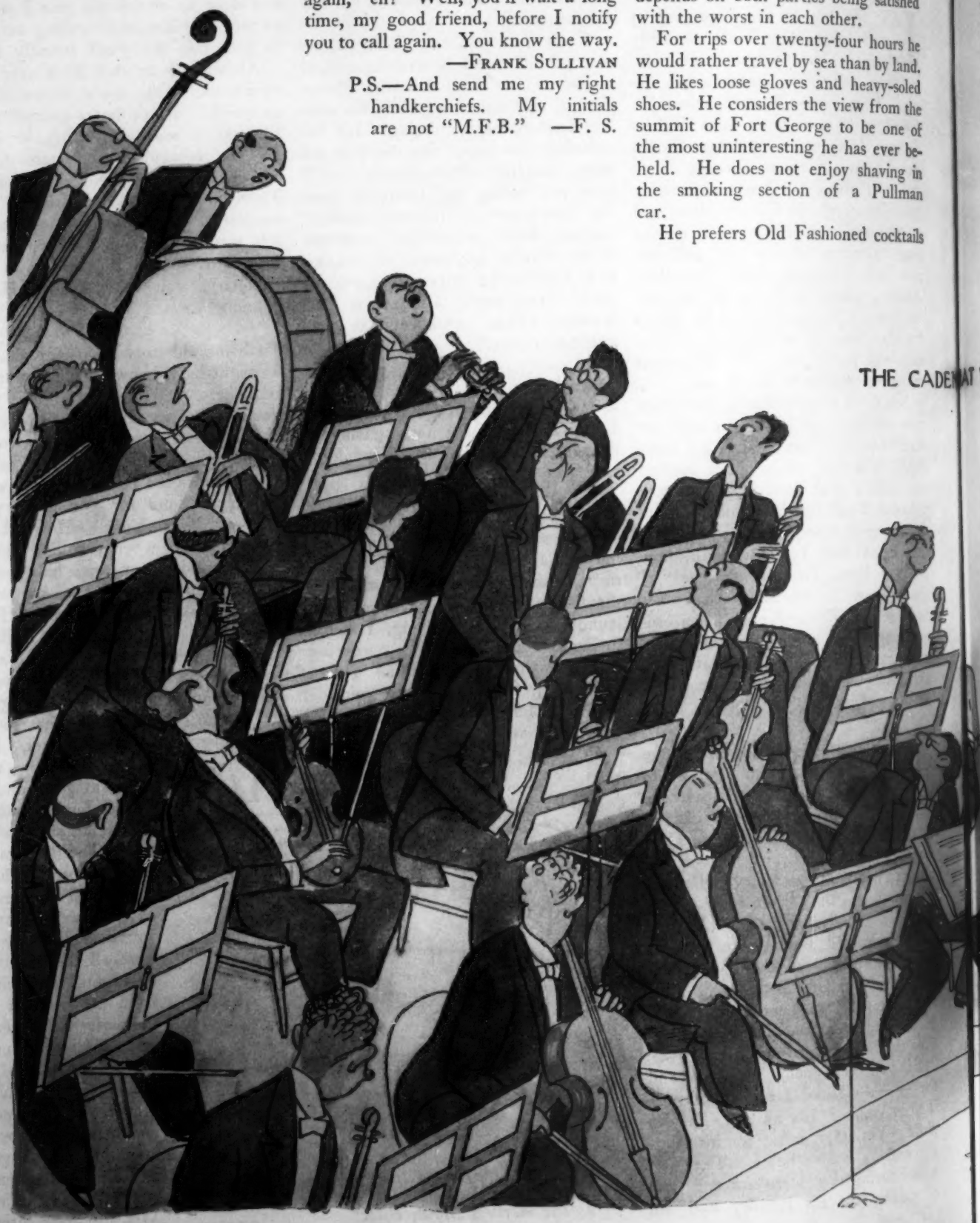
P.S.—And send me my right handkerchiefs. My initials are not "M.F.B." —F. S.

CONCLUSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN OF FORTY

FOR a general, all-embracing rule he tries to bear in mind that there is no such thing as a general, all-embracing rule. He is of the opinion that happiness in married life depends on both parties being satisfied with the worst in each other.

For trips over twenty-four hours he would rather travel by sea than by land. He likes loose gloves and heavy-soled shoes. He considers the view from the summit of Fort George to be one of the most uninteresting he has ever beheld. He does not enjoy shaving in the smoking section of a Pullman car.

He prefers Old Fashioned cocktails



THE CADE

to Orange Blossoms, Manhattans to Old Fashioneds, Bronxes to Manhattans, and Dry Martinis to all of them. He is of the opinion that a woman's voice can be one of the loveliest—and damnedest—things on earth. He does not like high-buttoned tan shoes, women whose clothes are full of pins, prunes, jury duty, or French snails. Under no circumstances does he ever wear a union suit.

He avoids, whenever possible, people who, having confided to him the story of their lives, expect him to remember it. He refuses to eat pigs' knuckles or jellied frogs' legs, but likes the taste of cinnamon. He is fascinated by the laying of an asphalt pavement, by the maneuvers of a bee, by the breaking of a surf on a sandy beach, by a Spanish military funeral, by the smell of wet tweed, by a tropical sunset, by a country circus, by a falling star. He believes that many of life's superficialities are of the utmost importance. He does not believe the history of one's past is resurrected during the moment of one's drowning.

He prefers blueberries to blackberries. He regards heavyweight wrestling, from the spectator's point of view, as the dullest of all sports. Save with evening getup, he seldom wears a starched collar. He likes open fireplaces and Darwin safety-razor blades. He is a fool over popovers.

He would rather spend a weekend at Sing Sing than a similar period at the houses of certain friends of his. He has never had the slightest wish to collect autographs, or to make an after-dinner speech.

HE is partial to rubber heels and oak-panelled dining-rooms. He is of the opinion that it is much easier to believe a lie than the truth—providing it be a lie that we want to believe.

He thinks that most people, for the sake of amusement, get themselves in for many dull hours, for fear they will otherwise miss something worth while. He is strangely saddened during a wedding ceremony. He particularly likes crullers. He regrets the passing of the "curtain-raiser," the four-in-hand, and the New Year's turkey raffle. He does not regret the passing of the stagecoach, the chimney sweep, open plumbing, bicycle girls, quill pens, and cotillion leaders.

He has never been able to court sleep by counting imaginary sheep jumping over imaginary fences. He prefers sparkling Moselle to champagne. He looks with a suspicious eye on anyone who announces that he would rather pass the night in a pup-tent than on a springed and mattressed four-poster. He is amused by the antics of the average reformer.

His favorite soup is black bean; his favorite entrée, *brochettes de foies de volaille à l'Anglaise*; his favorite salad, avocado; his favorite cheese, Bel Paese. He will lie shamelessly and often in order to escape a formal dinner party. Among his best-beloved melodies are: "You Made Me Love You, I Didn't Want To Do It," "Tango Tokio," "Nur eine Nacht," and "Sunbonnet Sue." He cannot stand Irish ditties.

He would rather have written "Through the Looking Glass" than the entire output of James Fenimore Cooper. He enjoys dancing only after several snifters. He considers Joe Cook and W. C. Fields the drollest comedians on the American stage. He is unable to detect the fun in driving a motor car over ninety miles an hour. He prefers a Scotch terrier to a Japanese spaniel, an Airedale to a Pom, and a Dandie Dinmont to a dachshund. He would rather be able to mix a good cocktail than a good salad. He believes implicitly in the personality of the inanimate. He thinks women who wear their hats stuck on the back of their heads look like hell.

HE does not admire early General Grant interiors, gold-plated limousines, Younger Generation manners, night-club ventilation, English coffee, or moving-picture philosophy. He would rather dispense with the sight of a snowfall in town than wade around for days afterward in slush. He is particularly charmed by the golden speckles in *l'eau de vie de Danzig*. He believes most orchestras play much too loudly. He likes indirect lighting and the sound of cab wheels on a wet street. He does not like wax fruit. He knows of no one whose taste in feminine beauty accords completely with his own. He does not like to dance during dinner.

He thinks that intoxication is much more likely to promote funny actions than funny remarks. He considers ante-bellum Brussels to be among the most charming spots it has ever been his chance to view, and South Norwalk, Connecticut, one of the least charming. He regards sawing wood as an exercise of A No. 1 calibre. He prefers, generally speaking, a room fur-

nished with rugs to a carpeted one. He finds it easier to shave in a tropical climate than in the North.

HE is unable to relish a repast (however well-cooked) in a restaurant of glass-topped tables, wobbly chairs, and paper napkins. He considers one evening at a six-day bicycle race every three years sufficient.

He knows of nothing drinkable that will kill the taste of Geneva gin. He likes fleece-lined bedroom slippers. He believes it a far easier thing to repent the sins of our past than to sacrifice those of our future.

He belongs to no "movements" and dips into the social puddle once in the bluest of moons. On the other hand, he has no desire to be a recluse and may be spotted almost daily in one of the city's more colorful rendezvous.

—CHARLES G. SHAW

•

On one occasion Leo fell on his face and slid fifteen feet with Ward on his back. He never played better in his life. —*The Telegram.*

Or more unselfishly.

HORROR ON THE AVENUE

I SHOULD have described Hector Sigsbee as a singularly unromantic figure, yet it appeared that his whole life was inextricably bound up with drama. Wherever Sigsbee went things began to happen; not necessarily melodramatic things, rather a succession of slight but uniformly significant incidents. Incomplete and detached, these might easily have appeared quite negligible to a less intuitive observer than Sigsbee, but when he told you about them it was easy to see that each implied some terrific underlying pathos, romance, or tragedy.

For instance, the other afternoon Sigsbee dropped in at my apartment for a cocktail. He had walked from the Allerton where he lived—I had been surprised several times, by the way, to learn that life swarmed about Sigsbee even in those rather austere premises—down to my apartment, a distance of seven blocks. For the average man, barring the possibility of an automobile accident, such a trip would have been emotionally uneventful, but not for Sigsbee.

"Saw the most amazing thing just now," he volunteered as he took off his coat.

"Really?"

"Yes," said Sigsbee. "It was horrible. I was coming out of my hotel." (Sigsbee prefers to describe the Allerton as a hotel; more precisely, he calls it "an hotel.") "I was coming out of my hotel when a car—one of those long low foreign babies, powerful as hell—pulled up to the curb, and a woman got out. She said something to the chauffeur—I couldn't exactly hear what it was, but it sounded like Spanish. Well, anyway, she said something to him and the car drove off. She started across the sidewalk right toward me."

HERE Sigsbee paused and stared at his cigarette. Obscurely I expected to see it turn into an automatic.

"I tell you, Gibbs, I got a hell of a turn. That woman had the most terrible face I've ever seen on a human

"Are you the chicken salad, Mister?"

being. Quite lovely—the Latin type, you know, as fine and white and scornful as a cameo—but absolutely drained, *ravaged!* She looked at me once, and I'm not a nervous man, but I tell you I shivered."

Sigsbee gave a sample shiver.

"Well, she passed me and stopped outside the door of a little antique shop on the corner. It was a curious place; superficially it looked just like all the rest—a few andirons and some other junk in the window—but you could sense a sort of miasma about it. You got an odd impression that something dreadful had once happened there."

"Why?" I asked. Sigsbee frowned.

"Well," he said, "it's hard to say *exactly*, but while the sun was shining all along the street, this place seemed to be in a sort of shadow. I'd noticed the same thing about it several times before."

"Oh," I said.

"She stood in the doorway for a couple of seconds looking up and down the street," Sigsbee went on, "and if I've ever seen mortal terror on anybody's face, it was on hers. Then suddenly she seemed to make up her mind and stepped inside."

SIGSBEE paused again and laughed apologetically.

"I wonder if you'd mind pulling on a light? I'm not an imaginative man, but in the dark I can sort of see the way she looked when she went in that door. It isn't pleasant."

I turned on the light and after a moment Sigsbee went on.

"She'd been inside a couple of minutes when a man came down the street towards me. He was tall and rather well dressed, something of the military about him, but the thing that struck me at once was his face. A fiend, a deadly, implacable fiend with the cruelest mouth I ever saw on a human being—just a thin white line across his face like a scar. Well, he passed me without so much as a glance and *went into the antique shop!*"

"The same one?"

"The same one!" said Sigsbee triumphantly, "but that's not the worst of it. When he brushed against me, I distinctly felt something hard, a sort of lump, on his hip."

"Well," I said doubtfully, "it might have been a flask or something."

"Yes," said Sigsbee, "of course it *might* have been a flask, but I damn well wasn't going to wait to find out."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

"But I can't now, Gladys—I'm making whoopee."

OF ALL THINGS

AFTER painstaking research we have at last discovered what the Mexican revolution is about. It is about over.

•

Perhaps Professor Clark is correct in saying that college does not increase a man's income. On the other hand it teaches him how to live without hats and garters.

•

The prohibition enforcement bill has died its annual death at Albany. This lovely vernal harbinger comes between the crocus and the circus.

•

We roto fiends find Mr. Hoover adhering firmly to the Coolidge policy. Whenever he has company he takes the Presidential hat out into the backyard and has its picture taken.

•

Our idea of practically no job at all is that of parent or teacher to little Helen Terwilliger who gave Chief Justice Taft a calldown for misquoting the Presidential oath of office.

•

The Harvard brain team holds its title this year by default. It seems that the Cambridge intellectual giants cannot find anybody to think against.

•

The *Evening Post* advertises that it reaches the top hundred thousand of

our citizenry. This disposes of the silly rumor that anybody can buy a *Post* for three cents.

•

Lawyers say that under the severe penalties of the Jones Act bootleggers will no longer plead guilty. They will demand trial and not get it and live happily ever after.

•

The Governor's water-power program is bitterly denounced as an attempt to put the state into business. If it comes in pipes it is drinking water, but if it comes on wires it is rank socialism.

•

These testimonials and endorsements teach us one great truth. Misery loves the American Tobacco Company.

•

The holiday habit has reached alarming proportions in this town. Now the Waldorf Astoria is going to take a two years' vacation.

•

The members of the Childs family are out in the cold world. They make a pathetic picture pressing their noses against the restaurant window and watching the flapjack baker.

•

Mussolini is commended for making only one short campaign speech, which is exactly one more than any other candidate has made.

•

An Ohio schoolmarm is charged with teaching her pupils the Charleston. She should stop this sorry practice and take up the new fad, mah jong.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE COURAGEOUS ONE

I looked a mountain in the face,
  And never faltered;
I put a river in its place,
  Courage unaltered;
I flew the pathways of the sky,
Mildly amused that I might die.
I thumbed my nose when clouds went by.

And then they took me, bold and glib,
To see a baby in a crib—
They led me forward, brave and grinning,
To see a person just beginning.
  I plainly saw how true it was,
  How extra small and new it was,
And there it breathed, and there it lay:
And *that* was when my knees gave way.

—E. B. W.

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PROFILES

SAINT IN POLITICS

THE history of United States District Attorney Charles H. Tuttle is that of a model boy who became a model man. The high hopes which he aroused in kindergarten have been steadily fulfilled, without any of those backslidings at adolescence or maturity to which lads of abnormal excellence are peculiarly subject.

As a boy he won a gallery of lithographs for Biblical scholarship and a collection of medals, stars, buttons, scrolls, and pins for temperance and deportment. At Trinity School he gathered all the trophies for learning and righteousness; at Columbia he took the Chandler Prize in American history, the James Gordon Prize in English prose, the Bonner Medal in English literature, and the Phi Beta Kappa key. He was a born valedictorian. At ten years, heels together, toes turned out, tawny hair tossing wildly, he would rail in falsetto at the abuses of the age. Forty years have passed, but almost nightly, at public gatherings, he strikes the same valedictorian stance and arraigns in a rich baritone an equally formidable set of abuses.

He formed the presidential habit in childhood. The class elections and Sunday-school *coup d'états* always swept him into posts of honor. On leaving school, he became Sunday-school superintendent and vestryman at St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Convent Avenue. He is president of the Hamilton Grange Association, a community organization in the Washington Heights section where he winters, and president of the Lake George Association at Lake George, where he summers. He is president, chairman, or executive committeeman, of the Board of Religious Education of the Greater New York Federation of Churches, the International Council of Religious Education, the United Neighborhood Houses, the Daily Vacation Bible Schools, and forty other religious organizations. He is a trustee of City College and a member of the Board of Higher Education of New York. The Republican County Committee window-dresses all its important committees with Charles H. Tuttle, and several different bar associations do the same. Dr. John H. Finley is the only man in America who can sit down with Mr. Tuttle and match him chairmanship for chairmanship and presidency for presidency.

After being admitted to the bar, he was successful both as a trial and office lawyer. In twenty years with Davies, Auerbach & Cornell, he wrote one hundred and ten fat volumes of briefs. Five years ago he began to develop a craving for public office, a disease which sometimes attacks successful men at middle age. The fact is that Mr. Tuttle already held every possible private office and could increase his collection only by going after public offices. He started two years ago with the United States district attorneyship.

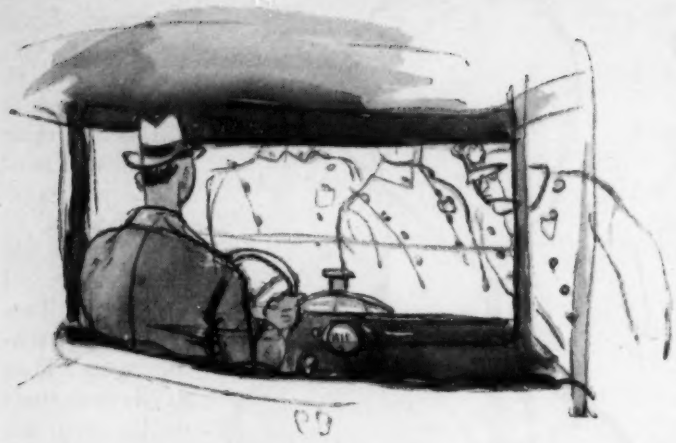
Charles H. Tuttle

THERE was some doubt whether Mr. Tuttle, after all his years of civil practice, would make good as a prosecutor of crime; it was questioned whether he had the presence. He is a spare man of medium build, hatchet-faced, with sandy hair parted in the middle, quiet in dress, unassuming in manner. He had hardly been in office a week, however, before he exhibited his trick of dominating a courtroom. The government was being routed in a bankruptcy fraud case, which was being prosecuted by a young assistant district attorney, when the new D.A. slipped quietly into the courtroom and listened for a while. Suddenly the courtroom was surprised by a grave, melodious voice of extraordinary color and richness—a voice that had been developed by nearly fifty years of hymning, carolling, and psalming. It had something ventriloquistic about it, the speaker catching the ear much more quickly than he caught the eye. Jurymen peered this way and that with uplifted eyebrows. Vibrating with rectitude, the voice began to cross-examine defence witnesses who suddenly went all to pieces, unable to face the music. Long before the verdict of guilty was rendered, it had become clear that Sam Koenig did not exaggerate when he said, "In the appointment of Charles H. Tuttle, the government gets a hundred-thousand-dollar man for ten thousand dollars."

On taking office Mr. Tuttle faced a serious problem. As a conservative lawyer of the old school he shuddered at the thought of seeking newspaper notoriety, but recognized that a man embarking on a political career needed it. Mr. Tuttle could not bring himself to blow his own horn and yet he disliked the idea of ruining himself by an excess of good taste. The situation was saved when a clever and aggressive press agent was hired so that the Tuttle ballyhoo is efficiently carried on in spite of the Tuttle reticence. No man in public life has ever been more thoroughly rescued from the consequences of his own modesty.

At the same time, Mr. Tuttle realized that, in order to be a successful public servant, he must learn to mix with the boys. He must conceal the high-mindedness and refinement that stood out all over him. A hail-fellow-well-met in the vestry-room, a boon companion at a men's Bible-class rally, he had a natural endowment of wholesome well-regulated animal spirits. All that was necessary was to develop this gift along more robust lines, and although there is still something synthetic about his camaraderie, he is gradually eliminating the false note from his jovial baritone "Ho, ho." Sometimes, after having his little joke, however, he becomes abruptly solemn by way of preventing the other fellow from having one. A nervous dread still lurks that somebody will take advantage of his bonhomie by uttering a coarse word or an improper epigram.

MR. TUTTLE speeded up the administration of justice. During



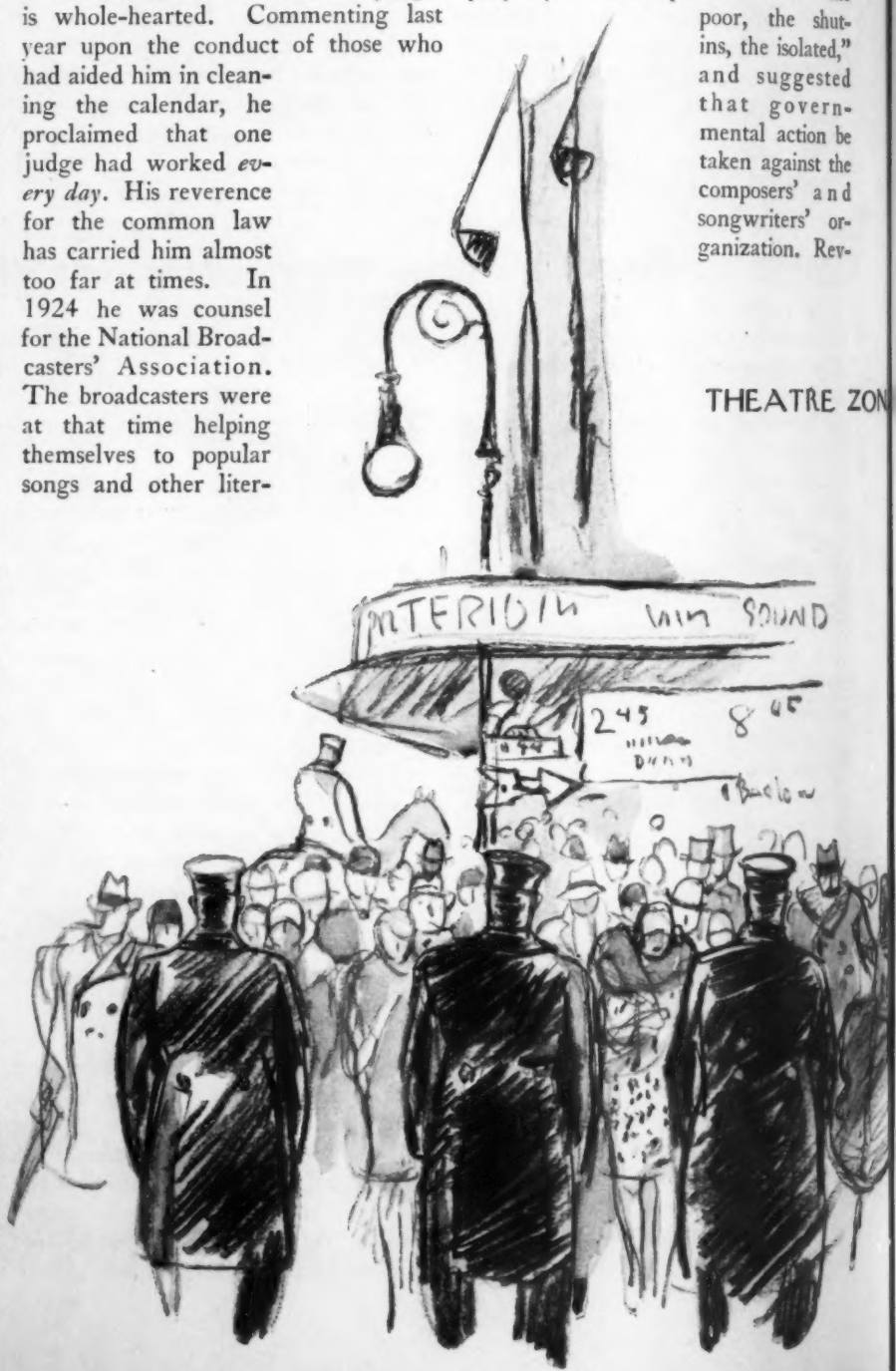
his first nine months in office, he obtained twice as many convictions as had ever before been obtained in the district in a similar period. He also suppressed a dishonest practice in our jails which came to light when a man bent with age pleaded guilty to the charge of violating the Volstead Act, with the aggravating circumstance of beating up two policemen. It was sensed that something was wrong, and an investigation showed the existence of a casting agency which furnished professional Sidney Cartons to expiate the crimes of big bootleggers. Vehemently demanding the originals, Mr. Tuttle soon restored the jails to an amateur basis. He has been fighting hard to eliminate other abuses and cut out red tape. On the whole he has administered the office with so much energy and success that he is an unquestionable asset to the Republican Party and to the community.

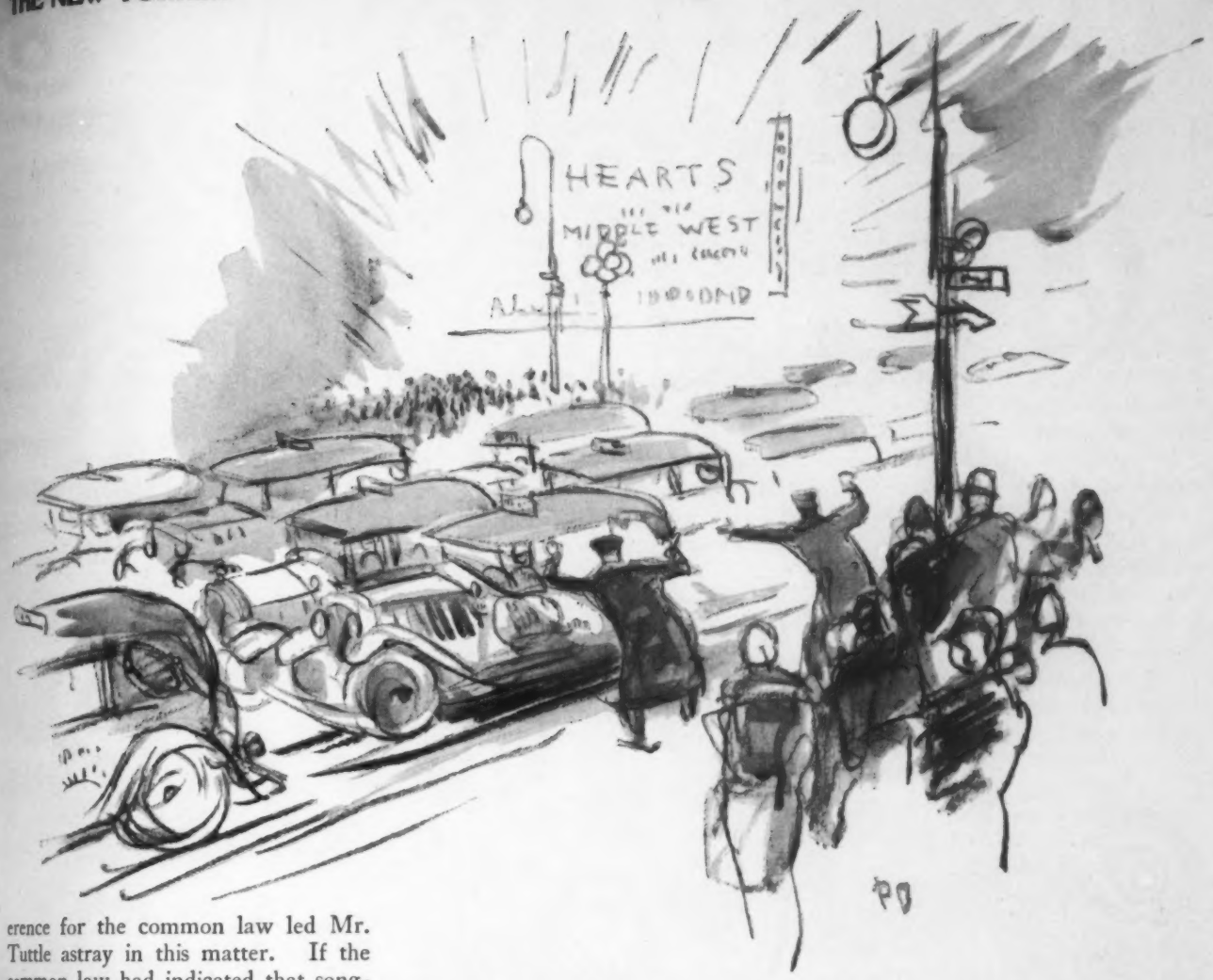
In the case of Earl Battice, cook of the schooner Kingsway, who killed his wife because of her obvious preference for the mate, Mr. Tuttle achieved a curious blend of his two favorite sciences, theology and law. Introducing the fundamentalist Satan as the master-mind in this homicide, Mr. Tuttle alleged in the indictment that Battice, "not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil," had committed the crime—this ancient form of words having been resurrected by a man eager to put Christian piety back into our courts.

Scriptural phrases embellish the Tuttle rhetoric. Representing Carl Mays, the baseball pitcher, a few years ago in a salary litigation, Mr. Tuttle described his client as "a baseball Behemoth, whose force is in the muscles of his belly, who moveth his tail like a cedar, whose bones are as tubes of brass."

Reverence is the keynote of his character, reverence for religion, for the national heroes, for the Republican platform. He constantly stresses this in his speeches. The great menace to America, he once said, is "a blatant irreverence . . . irreverence for the nobility of life, for those simple homely virtues of simplicity, self-discipline, and humility which have been the strength of American life."

Mr. Tuttle's reverence for judges is whole-hearted. Commenting last year upon the conduct of those who had aided him in cleaning the calendar, he proclaimed that one judge had worked *every day*. His reverence for the common law has carried him almost too far at times. In 1924 he was counsel for the National Broadcasters' Association. The broadcasters were at that time helping themselves to popular songs and other literary or musical material. Called on to pay for the privilege, they felt hurt, and hired Mr. Tuttle. In the five years since that time it has been thoroughly established that the rogue who steals your brains is no better than the thug who steals your watch, but this was still an open question at that time, so far as the law was concerned. Mr. Tuttle allowed his reverence for the common law to mislead him into asserting the right of the broadcaster to profit at the expense of authors. Not content with fighting in the courts, he propagandized in the newspapers, declaring that the common law gave the author "no exclusive right whatever" in his composition and that it was "not an invasion of any inherent right," therefore, to exploit an author's property. He pleaded for "the poor, the shut-ins, the isolated," and suggested that governmental action be taken against the composers' and songwriters' organization. Rev-





erence for the common law led Mr. Tuttle astray in this matter. If the common law had indicated that songwriters had any rights which a white man was bound to respect, Mr. Tuttle undoubtedly would never have championed the other side.

This reverence perhaps recently prevented Mr. Tuttle from becoming a great political hero. The flight of Steinhardt revealed the fact that bankrupt properties had been treated as political plums and turned over to strongly recommended Republicans. Mr. Tuttle might have ripped this appalling scandal wide open, but two of his most deep-seated reverences were involved—his reverence for the bench and his reverence for the Republican organization—and he seemed unable to believe that the matter involved more than the faithlessness of a few receivers. Later, Mr. Tuttle warmed up to the work and became determined to expose and punish all the rogues, but in the meantime Congressmen La Guardia and Sirovich had started a Congressional hue and cry and the scandal had been taken over by irreverent hands.

WHILE Mr. Tuttle's record in office has been, on the whole, impressive, his record as a campaigner is a blank. That, however, is not his fault. He has been the cheerful self-sacrificing leader of Republican lost causes. Four years ago he was one of the chief strategists of the pathetic Waterman campaign. He stumped the state for Wadsworth, but could not save him from the fury of Republican drys. Last year he placed Mr. Ottinger in nomination. It was considered a fine stroke to have the Jewish candidate named by an outstanding Protestant, but Mr. Tuttle overdid it by dwelling too strongly on the note of toleration. He conjured the Empire State to furnish the world an example of broad-mindedness and brotherliness. It was not, however, a broad-minded year, and the effect of the Tuttle speech was to cause the Protestant voters to add the name of Ottinger to their black list. Though deaf to the appeals of Mr. Tuttle for others, legions of Protestant voters hope to vote for Mr.

Tuttle himself for governor the year after next.

IN spite of the demands of office and politics, he has always found time to fight the battles of the moral forces. He drafted a new and better Clean Books Bill which would make a criminal of the publisher of any publication that had one bad word in it. This was pigeonholed at Albany to save the Gideon Society and the American Bible Association from going to jail in a body. He sponsored a bill which would prevent any girl under eighteen from being married except with the written permission of both her parents and a judge of the Children's Court. He went into court and defeated the Freethinkers' Society, which sought to interfere with the practice of lining up public-school children and marshalling them into church and synagogue after school hours. Mr. Tuttle celebrated this victory by founding the Religious Education Foundation whose purpose, he said, was to "tower above the whole educational system like a mighty finger pointing up to God."

Though a militantly wholesome member of society, Mr. Tuttle is not a Puritan. He is a wizard at bridge and plays a good game of tennis for a man of his years. Mr. Tuttle is almost dissipatedly fond of his Lake George farm where he rears prizewinning fowl. He is a friend of the theatregoer and the prizefight fan, and conducted a vigorous though unsuccessful crusade to keep the ticket speculators from gypping them. He entertains the Federal Building boys at memorable dinners at which some say hard liquor is sneaked in without his knowledge and everybody sings, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

MR. TUTTLE comes honestly by his civic and religious nature. The original American Tuttle sailed to this country on the Planter, which brought the first Church of England stock to New England, and since then the Tuttles in Connecticut have formed a race of clergymen, vestrymen, and lawyers. His grandfather was the rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in this city, and his mother wrote that church's history. His father was the author of "Tuttle's Abstracts of Farm Titles."

In 1907 Mr. Tuttle married Miss Helene L. Wheeler, who is also active in religion and politics. During the last campaign she headed the Republican women's church committee which did some spirited work in converting the heathen to Republicanism. The Tuttles have four children. The eldest, Evelyn, is president of the Socialist Club at Vassar. —ALVA JOHNSTON

"Yes siree, I got that idea from Saks."

FURS AND SCALES

What magician wrought the change!
(Did that wizard bungle?)
All the Avenue is strange,
Peopled from the jungle.
Matron, maiden, madam, miss,
Still they blithely hurry,
But, by metamorphosis,
Each of them is furry!

Here come little civet cats
Sweet as clover blossoms,
Beaverkins in beaver hats
Greeting fair opossums,
Gay raccoons and foxes, too,
Gentle wolves and leopards,
Baby lambs, a lively crew,
Heaven help their shepherds!
Lynxes, muskrats, minks, and stoats
And, as one surmises,
Pussies, conies, hares, and goats
Under slight disguises.

When the fashion-witch decrees
Costumes for the million,
Should the wayward hussy please
Style shall be reptilian.
All must heed her potent words
Using, as she wishes,
Furs of beasts or plumes of birds,
Scales of snakes or fishes.

Soon, as tender Mignonette
Walks with tall Gismonda,
One may be a lizardette,
One an anaconda;
Jean may wear a viper suit,
Ruth a cobra kirtle,
Gwen may be a crested newt,
Kate a snapping-turtle.
Some will don iguana skins
Soft as pussy-willows,
Some will mask as terrapins,
Some as armadillos!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE THEATRE

PAST AND PRESENT

THE Morley, Throckmorton, Milliken, and Gribble revival of "The Black Crook," at the Lyric Theatre in Hoboken, was prepared under a gathering cloud of high expectations. Everybody wanted to see it, and those of us who had been enchanted by the Hoboken production of "After Dark" could hardly wait. To revive "The Black Crook" which so shocked the sixties and seventies! It was a magnificent idea.

I can imagine a producer's conceiving it, in a moment of inspiration; I can imagine his haste to procure the script; I can visualize his avid reading of the first few pages. That's as far as my imagination carries me. After those first few pages I think most people would have realized that the revival of "The Black Crook" was magnificent as an idea only.

For one thing, operetta hasn't come along fast enough to make the absurdity of "The Black Crook's" dramatic scenes obviously funny. They differ extraordinarily little in tone from the ranting interludes of "The New Moon" or "Fioretta." Their language is somewhat more stilted, their settings more Byronically wild, but quaintness of the kind is on view every season right in New York when the Metropolitan gives "The Magic Flute."

The Hoboken "Black Crook" took so long on the opening night that I concluded the symbolical three hour-glasses painted each side the proscenium stood for some new Three Hours To An Act Club, and left after Act II, or halfway through.

Until then the entertainment had provided exactly two charming bits—the chorus of dancing maidens which opened it, and a speech by Stalacta, Queen of the Golden Realms, which related how she had been turned by her enemy, Zamiel, into a dove with clipped wings and was about to be devoured by a serpent when rescued by the hero. It is a speech which revealed, as nothing else could, exactly the sort of thing at which Gilbert and Sullivan levelled the entrancing fun of "Iolanthe."

Two moments, from half past eight until half past twelve, aren't enough, and I left disgruntled, as did almost everyone else; but I haven't yet mentioned the chief cause of my annoyance. The lobby of the Hoboken Lyric was filled with pictures of the original "Black Crook" company, fabulous women with wasp waists from which sprang forth in all directions curves unknown to current anatomy. They were not even approximated on the stage. What wonder we all grew bitter. Are there no corset-strings with the old Titan strength in this degenerate age? Is amplitude perished from the casting offices? And if it be, what of the art of the padders and the ruffle-makers?

I have had a report that the parade of the Amazons in the third act was better, but I cannot believe that any management which sponsored the shapelessness of the Jewel Maidens has any feeling for that aspect of the human form then considered divine.

Only Hazel L. Cox, as Stalacta, looked a little as a "Black Crook" principal should have looked. A lot of the other young women, in spite of their woeful slenderness, were charming. I remember particularly Eunice Howard and Beth Meakins.

That the Messrs. Morley, Throckmorton, Milliken, and Gribble became involved in this unfortunate venture at all makes me doubt that they ever

"My dear, you must go to my new beauty doctor—she's simply marvellous. She'll make you look like another person."

realized that in Boucicault's "After Dark" they had a grand play, which accounts for half its success.

IF anyone wants confirmation of Boucicault's theatrical merits he has only to drop in at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, where "The Octoroon" is being performed.

It is not done as knowingly as "After Dark" but is simply an average stock-company production, scenery and all. In one thing alone is it superior to "After Dark." That is its audience. There is none of the forced hilarity and hissing to which that play is subjected. Many of the people at the matinée I attended were elderly, and most of them indulged in an honest tear or two.

If one is lucky enough to be able to accept the conventions of rhetoric and rococo plot which were in vogue when "The Octoroon" was written, naturally one weeps over the tribulations of its oratorical heroine. If one happens to regard them with affectionate appreciation, "The Octoroon" is irresistible.

I should like to see a performance of it with Katharine Cornell as Zoë, Helen Hayes as Dora Sunnyside, Elliott Cabot as Jacob M'Closky, and—well, I can't think of anyone noble enough to play Salem Scudder—Walter Hampden perhaps.

If you went to see "After Dark" as a stunt, don't bother with this, but if you honestly loved it, as a connoisseur loves Currier & Ives prints, don't miss "The Octoroon."

"SPRING IS HERE," at the Alvin, does much to justify the theatrical present. Owen Davis wrote the book, and the songs are by Rodgers and Hart.

Mr. Davis, whose farces have contributed "Whoopee" and "Lady Fingers" to the season, knows a pleasant recipe for musical shows and "Spring is Here" contains just the right admixture of youth, horseplay, and lovemaking.

OUR DISTINGUISHED DOORMEN

Frank Brothers

• •

The music isn't quite up to that of "Chee-Chee," which went to its deserved grave clutching as lovely a score as has come to town in many a year, but it is far better than most Broadway music.

The costumes and settings are crisp and gay, and the personnel includes Charles Ruggles, that Lon Chaney of the merry-merry, playing an irascible father; Lillian Taiz, as a very pretty heroine; Inez Courtney, as a hoydenish kid sister; and delightful Joyce Barbour, all too infrequently, as a matron.

Glenn Hunter, the dean of American adolescents, is the featured player. He doesn't sing or dance, which makes participating in a musical comedy a little hard, but he exercises the famous Glenn Hunter charm. Over-exercises it, one feels at times.

SPEAKING of the perennially young brings us to Henry Hull. Drifting down the ages he has come to ancient Greece, and at the Biltmore we find him as the conqueror of the world in "Young Alexander," by Hardwick Nevin.

It is a play of some quality, but so incoherent that at times it seems to have been inexpertly cut, and there is not enough solid plot, poetry, or philosophy in it to make it worth attending.

The settings by Jo Mielziner are superb, and Jessie Royce Landis plays Statira, who is foisted upon Alexander as his dream of Helen of Troy, and is lovely enough to get away with it.

The story is principally concerned with a mysterious soothsayer who does most of Alexander's thinking for him, and turns out in the end to be Aristotle. A. E. Anson has the rôle.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

•

THAT FRENCH MUSICAL COMEDY

THE fair-sized crowd in the large theatre. Surprise that it isn't smaller. The French customers trying to look like Americans. The Americans trying to look French. The terrible dancing. The tuneful tunes which doggedly elude your memory afterward. The nice old ladies, attending out of affection for "dear Paris," who laugh uproariously at a sizzling purple crack they cannot possibly have got. The second-string newspaper reviewers who don't know French thinking wistfully of the corner speakeasy. The ineffable funniness of two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Servatius. Astonishment that he doesn't develop apoplexy from the way he skips around. "Why, I think he said 'I'm crazy,' dear. Doesn't '*je m'en fous*' mean 'I'm crazy'?" The extraordinary hats of the male actors. "*Comme il est rigolo, c'type-là.*" The man bragging to his girl about the time he saw the show in Paris. The earnest French students from the provinces, who are completely at sea and show it. The unexpected and weird-sounding references to *blues*, *charrlesston*, *proeebeetion*, *Neu-Eeork*. "Did he *really* want to know whether artichokes are better hot or cold, Arthur?" The overwhelming thirst generated by the Longchamps bar scene. The belated laughs of those whose French doesn't hit on all six. The lads with the slight bun, who were overseas, talking about "*Monnmart*" (oh, boy!) in appalling facetious French. The improbable number of simultaneous intrigues in the play. The terrible dancing in the finale. . . . How in hell did that tune go about the *artichauts*, anyway? —FREDERICK PACKARD

A FRENCH XVIII CENTURY SLEEPING-ROOM

New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

ONE of the most important requisites of any decorative scheme, for either a town apartment or country house, is visualized in this Eighteenth Century sleeping-room, with its graceful French furniture—a definite affinity in scale as well as in character between the appointments and the background.

¶ The NEW YORK GALLERIES renders a service embracing every phase of the decoration and appointments for any type of interior . . . coordinating in perfect balance and harmony the entire background, ceiling and floor with the fascinating details of just the right lighting and all the intriguing incidentals so essential to a well-considered scheme.

¶ The exhibits here include an important collection of antiques as well as pieces designed for special requirements and fabricated from ancient woods and other sympathetic materials.

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OUR UNIVERSITY

AN UNDERGRADUATE IMPRESSION

IT has been said that the University of Virginia was built by the spirit of Thomas Jefferson, Chartres Cathedral by the spirit of the Virgin, and Columbia University by the firm of McKim, Mead & White. It is only the paucity of smokestacks which keeps the Columbia campus from resembling exactly an efficient factory. Visiting foreign scholars are bewildered at their first view of Columbia; the library reminds them of the Baths of Caracalla, and the rest of the buildings are more like Leeds or Birmingham than Oxford. They never fail to be impressed, however, by the glistening modernity of the washrooms, which are scattered in great profusion about the campus.

It is typical of the University that one of its buildings is named Philosophy Hall although the Department of Philosophy occupies but one small corner of the seventh floor of this edifice. The rest of Philosophy Hall is occupied by the Departments of Classical Romance, Germanic and Oriental Languages, and by the Women's Graduate Club. This latter organization occupies an enormous room (with kitchenette and bath) on the first floor; it serves tea every afternoon and constantly imports prominent women as guests.

International House, built with Rockefeller cash, is a large building in Riverside Drive devoted to the housing of foreign students. The purpose of this academic apartment hotel is to bring together the various nationalities of the world; it is said, however, that International House is a scene of frequent squabbles. Japanese students exhibit a strange unwillingness to eat with students from China; Rumanians and Bulgarians snub each other in the living-rooms, and all is not serene between the students from Italy and those from Greece.

It is the policy of the University to invite gifts. For this reason it found itself one day with a School of Journalism and another building on its hands, and did not quite know what to do with it. A large library on the second floor, however, which subscribes to almost every newspaper in the world, and a soundproof music-room on the seventh floor, in which the University Orchestra alternates with our College Band, take up two-sevenths of the space; the remainder is devoted to a vast lobby, to classrooms in which "journalism" is taught, and also to what is really a smoking-room for women. It is because of this same policy that the University now includes a Casa Italiana, which purports to be the American centre of Italian culture.

When the old Bloomingdale Insane Asylum was torn down, the Men's Faculty Club of Columbia University was erected on its site; a fact undergraduates like to point out. The present Men's Faculty Club is beside President Butler's house in Morningside Drive, and members are not encouraged to bring undergraduates into the building.

Barnard College and Columbia College are the kindergartens of the University. Columbia College centres about Hamilton Hall, into whose dreary classrooms professors stalk with condescending tread, deserting their private researches and their graduate courses long enough to drone through a lecture on Milton or on the tariff before a restless crowd of youngsters.

IT was among the youthful undergraduates that the movement known as "The New Columbia" started several years ago in an effort to attract the knowingly dressed, bridge-player type of undergraduate characteristic of such places as Princeton. The movement, however, failed to flourish in the atmosphere of upper Broadway. At present Columbia College is divided (like any other college) into two groups: the studious and the non-studious. The former prevail far more at Columbia than at most places; the latter consist mostly of men who live in the fraternity houses down by the river.

But the two characteristics which distinguish Columbia College most noticeably from the more provincial institutions are the large percentage of Jewish students, and the almost equally large percentage of commuters. More than half of the undergraduates live in the suburbs or in distant parts of Manhattan, and commute daily to college. They attend classes all morning, study all afternoon, and rush home to dinner in New Rochelle or the Bronx. They have no more "college life" than the elevator man in Hamilton Hall.

"John, I'm worried about Elizabeth—she has two B's on her report card, and in Social Science she got C."

BARNARD COLLEGE differs in only two major details from Columbia College — the sex of its students and the elegance of its dor-

The return of the diamond to the necklace is a marked and interesting event. After a lapse of many years there is a distinct trend toward the necklace of diamonds and other precious gems set in platinum . . . either the flexible long chain . . . or the choker effect.

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Pond's adds a Postscript

to Mrs. Vanderbilt's praise of their two new products

"Even on our Nevada ranch," *says Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*, "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's."

With these two exquisite new products and the famous Two Creams you can have your daily beauty treatment wherever you live! The Skin Freshener is a tonic and mild astringent to close the pores and tone the skin. The Cleansing Tissues embody the latest scientific ideas for removing cold cream.

NOW that a clear smooth complexion is considered essential to perfect chic, women who pride themselves on their appearance are more than ever stressing the daily ritual of home treatment of the skin. To their fastidious taste it is as important as their morning tub—and their lovely, clear skin bespeaks its efficacy.

Beautiful young Mrs. Vanderbilt says: "Even on our Nevada ranch I have my facial—with Pond's. With just the Two marvelous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic, one can keep one's skin young and lovely!"

Not so long ago the luxury of the daily facial was a privilege restricted to great cities. Now Pond's two new products—with the Two Creams—complete Pond's famous Method of caring for the skin. No matter where you live, you can give yourself the most modern, most scientific beauty care.

Make your daily beauty treatment with Pond's a fixed habit! Follow the four swift steps of Pond's Method—Cold Cream to cleanse . . . Tissues to wipe away . . . Freshener to tone and firm . . . Vanishing Cream for powder base and peach-bloom finish.

Pond's Method is the modern way to beauty—swift, simple, extraordinarily efficient.

The Two famous Creams

Send 10¢ for all 4 preparations

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118F Hudson Street, New York City

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mitories. Brooks Hall, the girls' residence hall, is far more comfortably appointed than the men's hall, but this fact is said to be unimportant, since the studious male students, it is claimed, never notice their living quarters, and we, the not-so-studious, spend all our time in Brooks Hall anyway. In fact, Brooks Hall is the only women's dormitory that the socially-minded undergraduate of Columbia will visit; the very mention of the residents of Teachers College dormitories makes him shudder, and the graduate women inhabiting Johnson Hall (especially those majoring in geology and economics) are not objects of his favor.

The Columbia University Library resembles a Roman Bath (one of the librarians was accosted one afternoon by two curious ladies of color, who demanded to be shown the part of the building where General Grant was buried). The library has room for everything but books, and those that it has can seldom be located. It is full of vast open spaces and cold draughts. Many books are stolen every year—more copies of the Bible than of any other work. In this building are the President's offices, where Nicholas Murray Butler holds sway, surrounded by secretaries. It is here that President Butler's renowned efficiency may be seen at first hand; he dictates with incredible speed and accuracy, and his pronouncements (like the one in which he declared it to be the duty of every New Yorker to will something to Columbia) are no more awe-inspiring than the manner in which they are delivered.

ACCORDING to unanimous unofficial opinion, the man next in line for the presidency of the University (on the occasion of President Butler's resignation or election to the White House) is Professor John J. Coss, a graduate of Wabash College, Indiana, who after graduating from that institution attended Union Theological Seminary. There his faith became undermined by the study of philosophy, in which subject he subsequently secured a position at Columbia. His interest in administrative routine, however, became greater than in teaching, and he was elected, gradually, to so many committees that he became known as Pooh-Bah. He now merely holds the position of member of the University Council, Administrative Officer of the Department of Philosophy, Director of the Summer Session,

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

is Young.....Entrancing.....Beautiful...

as the world expects her to be

ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. Slim as a nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride is winning all hearts with her charm.

Modern to her finger tips, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . flitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times ... At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found the way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

"Even on our Nevada ranch," she says, "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's.

"One can keep one's skin really young and lovely with just these Two marvelous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic. I'm devoted to Pond's."

WHEREVER you go, this simple daily treatment with Pond's four preparations will preserve the fitness of your skin:—

First, keep your skin immaculately clean by pore-deep cleansing, after exposure and every night before retiring. Spread Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, with upward outward motion over face and neck, letting the fine oils sink deep below the skin.

Then gently remove the dirt and cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. They are finer than old linen and absorb the cream and dirt instead of rubbing it into the pores.

Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your daytime toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistledown touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) *Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty velvety new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.*

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR., *was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin like hawthorn bloom. This chic ensemble is of flame-colored velvet cape over a peach chiffon frock.*

(BELOW) *Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. Use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!*

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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PACKARD

Continued growth and public favor have made possible a substantial reduction in the price of the Packard Standard Eight.

With this reduction, the Standard Eight five-passenger Sedan is now $2275 at the factory. Similarly attractive prices prevail for all other models in this popular Packard series.

With spring and the year's motor car days ahead of us, learn *now* of all that the Packard Standard Eight offers you . . . its superiorities of Packard construction and the advantages of Packard ownership.

Ask the Man Who Owns One

PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO. *of* NEW YORK
Packard Building Broadway at 61st Street and Broadway at Sherman Avenue (near 196th St.)

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WEST END PACKARD CO., Inc.
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PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, Inc.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

and Trustee of Wabash College, Indiana. In appearance he is less pompous than President Butler; he resembles the genial proprietor of a monastery, and is, in fact, a bachelor.

University Hall has been called by some the heart, by others the soul, of Columbia, for in this building is located the office of the Bursar. It does a rushing business.

The most profitable departments of the University are Extension Teaching, the Summer School, and the Home Study courses. The first of these consists of late afternoon and evening classes, attended by thirteen thousand stenographers and clerks, who rush uptown when their day's work is done. Extension includes such courses as Pork Distributing, Meat Packing, and Wrestling. The Summer School swells the population of New York every summer to the extent of approximately thirty-two thousand; teachers and principals gather from every known spot on the world's surface to enjoy the delights of a New York summer, and to imbibe the wisdom of several hundred sweating instructors, who likewise come from all over the globe. The Home Study courses are the latest money-making scheme of the University, and now six thousand aged and infirm aunts in Little Falls and Denver can vary their tatting and knitting with the study of such fascinating subjects as Agriculture, Algebra, Banking, or Fire Insurance.

THE student enrollment at Columbia is extremely varied. There are always people of prominence registered; a while ago Alma Gluck and Efrem Zimbalist were seen at class al-

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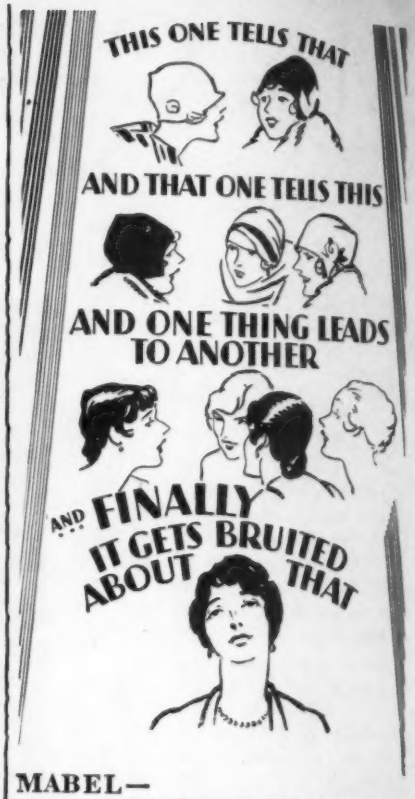

MABEL—

is a deep-dyed deceiver! Her secret is out. The gorgeous ham she pretended was from an old family recipe (and which has made her dinners so immensely popular) is, in reality, HORMEL *FLAVOR-SEALED* HAM!

No wonder Mabel always looks fresh when she comes from the kitchen! This ham takes no longer to prepare than it does to flip an omelet. Now that the secret's out you can bet there'll be *Flavor-Sealed* Ham in a dozen other homes tomorrow.

Fit to grace the most formal dinner. At leading stores. Product of Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

Vacuum cooked by the exclusive HORMEL process, *FLAVOR-SEALED* HAM retains all the natural juices, vitamins and tenderness to the moment of serving. A valuable reserve food supply. No bone, no skin, no waste.

This IMMEDIATE PROBLEM *of sales results*

Philadelphia—
The Ideal Test Market

Philadelphia: A compact market where distribution and sales costs are low; where varied activities give an average condition; where one newspaper gives thorough coverage at a low advertising cost. Test your product in Philadelphia, and reach nearly every home in The Evening Bulletin.

MANUFACTURERS, more and more, are seeking out markets where every dollar can do a selling job . . . where duplication and waste can be pruned from their advertising program.

Philadelphia invites the closest analysis from sales managers whose immediate problem is to produce *sales results*.

A trading area of 3,000,000 people. A city of homes and *home owners*. A compact market where quick distribution can be secured; where sales costs are low. Where a diversification of industry tends to stabilize the people's *earning power*.

And above all! A market where *coverage* has been simplified for the advertiser:

One newspaper is read by nearly every one, — in the city and in every suburb; in mansions and in modest homes.

For thirty-three years, in Philadelphia, The Evening Bulletin has built circulation solely on its merits as a newspaper.

Serving the reader with care, accuracy and truth. Avoiding shock headlines; excluding prizes and reader-contests.

Seeking the confidence—the respect—of the home in this city famous for homes.

Until today, the advertiser finds here:—America's Third Market with 600,000 homes; The Evening Bulletin with 548,573 daily sales.

A sales potential that is great; an advertising investment that is comparatively small: An opportunity that is unequalled today in any other great market in America, as the facts and figures will show.

The Business Man's Paper

Figures tell the story. There are more than 166,000 business executives in Philadelphia. (Figures compiled by the City Statistician.) The Evening Bulletin, with its more than half a million circulation, thoroughly covers this group of men who control enormous purchases.

The Evening Bulletin

City Hall Square

PHILADELPHIA

Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Boulevard
San Francisco Office: 681 Market Street
New York Office: 247 Park Avenue
Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Avenue

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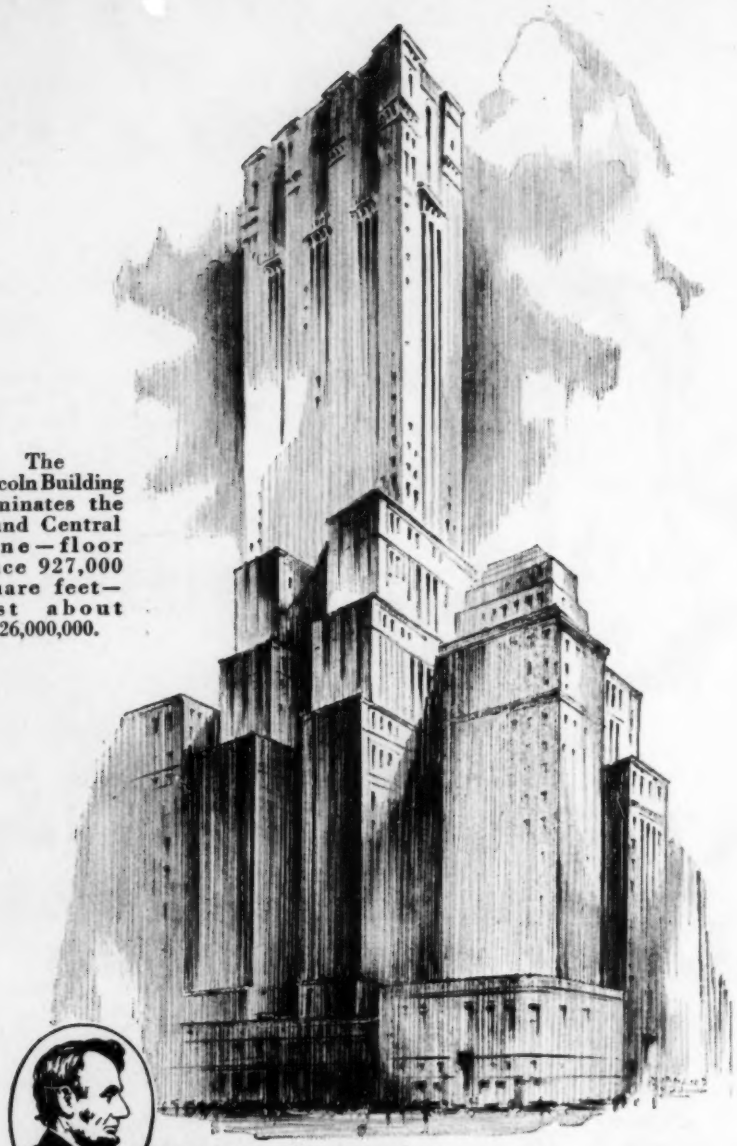
AN ARISTOCRAT AMONG OFFICE BUILDINGS IN A DOMINANT LOCATION



The Lincoln Building dominates the Grand Central Zone—floor space 927,000 square feet—cost about $26,000,000.

THE NEW
LINCOLN
BUILDING
FORTY SECOND STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
53 STORIES FACING GRAND CENTRAL

If you desire the best, you will locate your office in this wonderful new building, to be completed in February 1930. No finer structure has ever been conceived. Never before have offices been created where radiant sunlight stays later; and where clear, fresh air is more plentiful.

We invite you to send for Illustrated Booklet.

PEASE & ELLIMAN INC.
Renting Office: 51 East 42nd Street
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Main Office: 660 Madison Ave. New York City *Branch Office:* 55 Liberty Street

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J. E. R. Carpenter, *Architect*

most daily; the secretary to the President of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad takes Extension courses in accounting, and Richard Loeb, a famous citizen of Chicago, is at present enrolled for Home Study courses in Latin. Also to be mentioned is the aged banker from Kansas City, who comes to Columbia for one term every two years and divides his time, while in New York, between studying philosophy at Columbia, and dancing at Roseland.

There are many men engaged in non-academic writing at Columbia, among them Raymond Weaver, Hatcher Hughes, Mark Van Doren, Irwin Edman, and Joseph Wood Krutch. Many instructors hold other positions besides their academic ones; instructors in Economics, especially, often have jobs in Wall Street. And it must not be forgotten that Michael Pupin works daily in his laboratory at the University, and that about the factory-like campus there wanders the abstracted and epoch-making figure of John Dewey.

—OBSERVANT SOPHOMORE

•

IN A COOL TOWER

In a cool tower, close to the sky
Ladies should live, their gentle gaze
Bent on their handiwork, lest, passing by
One speak their name or give them praise.
They should have rivers, hesitant and still
To look upon; and, when night comes, a breeze
To talk with; a far enchanted hill
To dream about. There should be leafy trees
Against their windows, lest the white moon-flower
Open its buds and breathe its spell in a cool tower. —ELSPETH

•

And was Toledo proud and elated over its wondrous gift? Hosannas were sung and paeans of praise were chanted on all sides as the great crowds thrilled to the manifold beauties of this new theater. The beautiful interior idea—the shimmering moonlight of glorious springtime in a flower-scented Spanish garden; the unique and awe-inspiring covering of the playhouse—infinite heavens of star-dotted blue with lazy clouds lolling to and fro; the opulence and grandeur of the lobby and lounge . . .—*Toledo Times.*

Wait a minute, what's a lazy cloud doing in Toledo?

BERGDORF-GOODMAN

Sponsors gingham checks

a smart mode, whether the fabric is of wool, silk, or cotton. And so practical, for even the most delicate of the new checked fabrics is washable—in Lux . . . To quote Bergdorf-Goodman: "We have found cleansing with Lux the best method—Lux keeps delicate fabrics and colors new looking more than *twice as long*. With Lux, there is no roughening of fibres, no streaking of colors—no thinning—hence *double* wear." Other famous dressmakers agree—insist upon pure, safe Lux!

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE NEW SNOBBERY

IN the early part of the great war, some of those enthusiasts who felt that the German horde would be rolled back in no time if only the Allies could compile enough statistics, set out to learn by that method a few fascinating facts about Tommy Atkins. In addition to proving, from the tint of the average British soldier's locks, that the tradition of Saxon lineage was grossly exaggerated (and doubtless traceable to sinister propaganda) these busy delvers also embarrassed Mr. Atkins by inquiring into his personal habits, and even investigated the not strikingly relevant question as to his taste in *belles lettres*. Who, they set out to establish by questionnaires, was his favorite author?

I do not know whatever became of the stacks of answers. Perhaps, in case the findings should ever be challenged by a skeptical posterity, they were stored away in that tinfoil we all hoarded so splendidly in those piping times. But the results were made public, and, pending their announcement, one could picture Rudyard Kipling and Arnold Bennett putting in a restless and miserably self-conscious day, in the manner of Yale juniors waiting for the news of Skull and Bones. At last the decision came. The favorite author of the British soldier was Nat Gould, a hack who spent his life writing tales of the race-tracks, and ten years ago passed to his reward. Most Americans who read of his election found it a trifle embarrassing. You see, they had never heard of Mr. Gould. A similar inquiry today would probably establish the fact that Mr. Gould has been succeeded, for better or for worse, by Edgar Wallace.

WALLACE is that British journalist who, besides writing and producing plays, conducting a column of racing information, and functioning as a dramatic critic, remains in chief a factory for the manufacture of mystery stories, of which the Empire is said to absorb five million copies a year. John Balderston tells the yarn of the friend who, on being informed by Wallace's butler that the great man could not come to the telephone because he was writing a mystery story, replied "Well, I'll hold the wire."

Such anecdotes are being industriously circulated here because Wallace's American publishers are trying to whet a similar appetite in this country. Since the local booklovers have not yet adopted Queen Mary's custom of buying his stories three at a time, they are brought out at the poor, faltering rate of one a month. He himself can scarcely slow down to such a snail's pace. I hear he is already sixteen up on his American publishers.

Even those Americans who, in the age of Henry Ford, are scarcely dazed by the fecundity of Edgar Wallace, and have, indeed, no stomach for the Wallace fiction, may still be fascinated by the Wallace fact. For his memoirs have made their appearance on the stalls this week—a book called "People," which should be carefully distinguished from "Plain People," the current autobiography of a quite different man of letters.

The former is chiefly interesting as a prime example of The New Snobbery, chiefly noteworthy for the stupefying smugness of the author's sociology.

"It is no exaggeration," writes the unblushing Hugh Walpole, "to say that Edgar Wallace has touched with his books more English hearts than anyone since Dickens." Among the several perceptible differences between those two authors, it is my business here to call attention only to the striking contrast in their respective attitudes toward their own lowly beginnings.

AS a shrinking child of ten, Master Charles Dickens was put to work as a "labouring hind," in just such a blacking warehouse as that from which David Copperfield later made his breathless escape. For that scalding degradation, Charles Dickens while he lived never quite forgave his foolish mother. And it was highly characteristic, both of him and of The Old Snobbery for him to remain so absurdly ashamed of that brief chapter in his experience that his own children never knew about it until they read the story in Forster, long after their famous father was dust in Westminster Abbey.

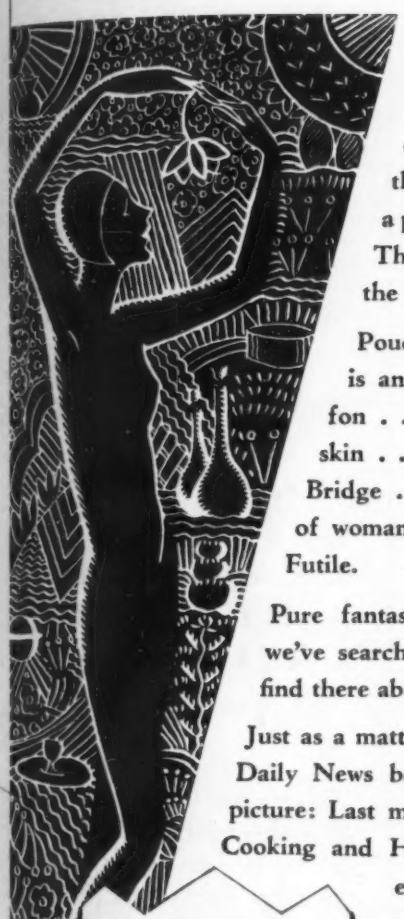
Wallace, on the other hand, grasps the lowliness of his childhood and carries it like an election-parade transparency, telling with obvious delight of the fishmonger's cottage in which he, as a nine-day-old castaway, found refuge, and even hinting rather broadly in his opening sentence that his coat-of-arms would be entitled to the final distinction of the bar sinister.

In that matter the fellow may be merely boasting. It is less easy to forgive him when he grows lyrical over "the clean and working poor," on whom he looks back with something of the nostalgia of a Groton boy for the days at the dear old school. Of course Mr. Wallace is entitled to his tender belief that "the working poor of the Anglo-Saxon race are the salt of the earth." Nor do I mind when, apropos of nothing, he ejaculates from time to time: "The clean, decent poor, their women are more wonderful than the daughters of kings!" I will even agree to attend the unveiling ceremonies when, as he swears he will, he finally erects a statue of a woman at a washtub and calls it "The Core of the Nation."

But I do make so bold as to question his authority when he elects himself as that washerwoman's spokesman, when, for instance, he laughs to scorn the popular fear that "the jewellers' shops, the shining limousines, the delicately nurtured lapdogs of society women" may be creating a feeling of unrest among the laboring poor. I do feel a disposition to struggle when Mr. Wallace seeks to allay the apprehension of his new playmates by assuring them that the British poor are "too high-principled, too intelligent to find a grievance in the prosperity of their neighbors." And certainly I reserve the right to shriek when, in his preface, I come upon this utterance: "There cannot be much wrong with a society which made possible the rise of J. H. Thomas or Edgar Wallace." That is, I suppose, at once the most inaccurate and most naïvely offensive sentence in modern English prose.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

FOR ARCHEOLOGISTS and ADVERTISERS— *the other side of the picture*



AND in the year of grace 3929 certain learned folk exhumed the City of New York and discovered the current New Yorker. And they sought to reconstruct from its pages a picture of the twentieth century civilization. These were their notes upon the woman of the period:

Poudre . . . parfum . . . sachet . . . woman is an attar of caprice and vanity. Silk . . . chiffon . . . crepe . . . felt . . . pelt . . . and reptile skin . . . woman is an ensemble of pointless graces. Bridge . . . tea . . . travel . . . talk . . . the mind of woman is frou frou. In form . . . lathlike and lovely. Futile.

Pure fantasy, of course. But, seriously, Mr. New Yorker, we've searched your pages and that's all WE'VE been able to find there about women.

Just as a matter of record and to restore the balance The Chicago Daily News begs leave to present herewith the other side of the picture: Last month The Chicago Daily News held its Fifth Annual Cooking and Homemakers' School. The largest available halls were engaged in each section of the city. Three schools of four sessions each were scheduled. Hostesses, representing the city's leading women's social and civic organizations, assisted. An audience of nearly 70,000 women attended. More than 10,000 packed the hall for the last evening. Thousands were turned away from the doors. And the sole attraction was that old but always good fashioned art of making a home.

Pretty fair evidence, isn't it, Mr. New Yorker, that Miss and Madame 1929 have a wide range of practical interests in addition to manners and the mode? Good evidence, too, which Chicago newspaper serves these interests with greatest distinction.

NOTE TO ADVERTISERS:

An editorial service to woman covering her every field of activity makes The Chicago Daily News a particularly efficient medium for the home-directed sales message. Department Stores and food advertisers, local and national, recognize this efficiency by placing in its columns more than 36 per cent of their total Chicago newspaper advertising lineage.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's Home Newspaper

"—BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

THERE'S A NEW BEAUTY AVAILABLE IN VAN RAALTE SILK STOCKINGS! A BEAUTY THAT SWEEPS FROM LITTLE SQUARE HEEL TO GAILY LINED GARTER HEM... FROM TRIM, SLIM ANKLE UP TO SHAPELY KNEE.

AT GOOD SHOPS EVERYWHERE

VAN RAALTE

Silk Stockings

WRITE: 295 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

HOCKEY

At the Ice Club—Status of Johnson—Four-Hour Games—Garden Notes

SOME followers of hockey may not be aware that there is another rink in Madison Square Garden besides the one the games are played on. This rink is not managed by the Garden owners but by a separate corporation, the Ice Club. Over the Eighth Avenue Arcade, in the big pleasant room with its floor of powdery ice, people of all ages and in all sorts of costumes skate around to the best of their ability, stimulated by occasional music from a brass band. To this room, one afternoon last week, came a celebrity.

Two small boys saw him first. It is hard for a celebrity to avoid detection when small boys are present; their eyes, not yet schooled to accept life as humdrum, identify heroes no matter how disguised. In the big man who had just left the sideboards, skating rather tentatively, they recognized a person whose features and prowess were well known to them. Accordingly they waited till he came around again, then glided out to join him. "Hello, Ching. Ya going to play Thursday, Ching?" Thus the news got round that Ching Johnson, the star Ranger defence man, whose broken ankle has kept him out of the game since Christmas, was on the ice.

LESTER PATRICK was not sure until the last minute whether or not he would try Johnson for a while on Sunday night. Thursday, as the player informed his admirers, was out of the question. Not that he wouldn't have started playing that day, if the choice had been left to him, but the coach and his teammates were advising him not to get into uniform at all if there was any danger of hurting himself again. But Colonel Hammond, the whole Ranger outfit in fact, was encouraged by Johnson's wary practice spin in the Ice Club. He must not take chances—but if the playoffs started with Johnson back in his position beside Abel or Bourgault it would make a lot of difference. He might be badly out of shape; he might be too slow yet to set the crowd roaring with one of his ponderous and savage rushes at the opponents' net, but he could still direct the

Whyte's

the famous old downtown restaurant adopts

MODERN DRESS

in its

NEW HOME

THE LEFCOURT NATIONAL BUILDING

5th Avenue at 43rd Street

For more than 20 years Whyte's has been famous for its good food and moderate prices. It has been the outstanding haunt of business men in the financial district.

Now—it goes onward and upward, in step with the march of progress, into a new and spacious home uptown.

LUNCHEON

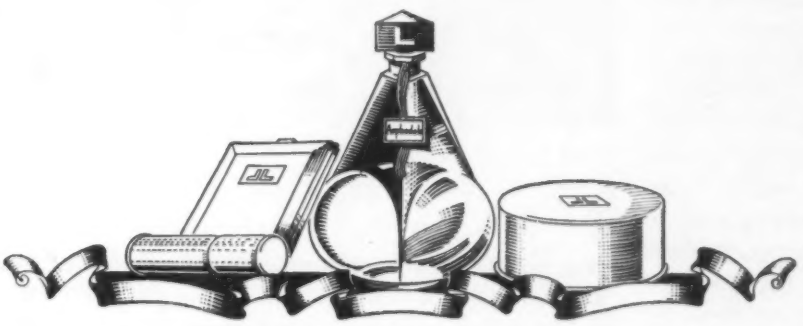
at Whyte's is a pleasant daily habit—a midday rest period in beautiful surroundings—soothing to the nerves, delightful to the eye, fascinating to the epicurean palate.

EVENING

A charming place for dinner—and supper. Music and dancing. A rendezvous for knowing New Yorkers.

SHE IS LIKE A FLOWER

Delicately she charms the very air with the attar of her loveliness... For her charm is born of many flowers which have received an ethereal immortality from the perfumer's hand . . . The creations of Lenthéric achieve her ensemble of fragrance! The silvery compact tooled to the semblance of a smart French watch... the silver misted powder boxes upon her dressing table... the bath powder like fragrant thistledown... all reflect truly the Lenthéric odeur which she has chosen as her very own. Thus her entire aura is in fragrant harmony—whether it be the gardenia-sorcery of *Asphodèle*—the luxuriant beauty of *Miracle*, or the vivacity of *Le Pirate* . . . She moves in a vibrant radiance which transfigures her beauty into that of a living flower



Lenthéric perfumes in their fascinating modern bottles, $5 to $45 . . . face powder, five subtle shades and white, in a silver-starred box which holds *its own matching puff*, $1 . . . lipstick, in three flattering tones, as smartly cased as a trinket of pearl-and-gold, $1.50 . . . the silvery double compact is slim and opens as precisely as the French watch which served as its model. $2.50

Lenthéric *Paris*

PARFUMS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET · NEW YORK

245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ · PARIS, FRANCE

"We looked at lots of nice apartments . . . *but this one had a* GAS REFRIGERATOR"

One silent flame gives noiseless, endless cold

Sparkling ice cubes . . . crisp, dry cold . . . made without sound. That's what the Gas Refrigerator means to you.

"WE certainly did some apartment hunting before we were satisfied. Some of the places were awfully nice too.

"Then we happened in here. It seemed ideal. And when we came to the kitchen . . . that really decided us. For there was a gas refrigerator."

Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator, is absolutely noiseless . . . not merely quiet. The freezing action is continuous. There is no starting and stopping, no whir and hum of machinery to disturb the baby. There are no moving parts to make noise, to need oiling, to cause the slightest trouble. A tiny gas flame and a thin trickle of water make ice and keep food fresh.

Lowest operating cost

Best of all, the monthly cost of Electrolux is ridiculously low . . . less, in fact, than that of any other refrigeration system.

Naturally this refrigerator appeals to discriminating apartment hunters. It indicates a building with the most modern equipment throughout. And it means that they can be sure of the very greatest refrigeration convenience.

Plenty of ice . . . when you need it . . . for a few cents a day

The builder himself really saves in the long run. He can consider the solid one-piece Electrolux freezing unit in the same way that he thinks of the steel girders in the apartment house. Scientists can find no reason why this refrigerator should ever wear out. The unique Double Duty model Electrolux is a great space saver for the modern, smaller apartment kitchen.

See Electrolux yourself

If you have not seen the Gas Refrigerator or learned how this marvel *freezes by heat,* write or telephone for booklet, or call at your gas company's nearest display room where the many models of Electrolux are being shown. Crystal Green and Silver Grey finishes, besides the gleaming white. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York City.

The kind of apartment you want today . . . is the kind that has an Electrolux, The Gas Refrigerator.

ELECTROLUX the GAS refrigerator

MADE BY SERVEL

Rangers' defence, giving advice out of the corner of his mouth, in his old manner, on how to meet each attack.

Johnson's status with the Rangers is peculiar. No other player in the league functions for a team in quite the same way. Johnson is not fast. Many defence men carry the puck better than he does and several are just as big. Yet, without in the least challenging Bill Cook's prestige as captain, Johnson is the pivot on which the team swings when it goes into action. For one thing, he never leaves the ice. Through game after game he plays the full sixty minutes, resting only when sent to the penalty box. The consciousness of his bulky shape at their backs, standing solidly on his two skates like a man in armor, has a mental effect on the whole team. Abel and Bourgault do better jobs if they are alternating as his partners than if they have to go on together, and his importance is always sensed by the crowd, which is apt to pay more attention to him than even to such brilliant puck-carriers as the Cooks and Frank Boucher.

DISCUSSION of changes in the rules to increase scoring was given new impetus by the dull deadlock between the Rangers and the Black Hawks. The players themselves, concerned with the practical phases of the game as it is, make few suggestions; but most coaches have their favorite theories of how to avoid ties. Lester Patrick would like to see the league officials adopt his own rules, successful on the West Coast, which allow forward passing in all zones. Ross, of Boston, probably wants no changes at all. They think they ought to widen the goal, do they? Well, Ross invented and patented the net now in use, and gets a royalty on every one sold, and what's more Ross' team has performed, under the rules now existing, better than anyone thought it could. People who talk so much about making hockey better would help it most by leaving it alone.

League officials stay out of the argument, but occasionally even one of them has an idea. Charles King, president of the Canadian Professional League, told his teams that if they wanted they could play their deciding games to a finish. If they were tied at the end of the three prescribed periods, they would play the regular overtime; if they were still tied after seventy minutes they could take a rest and play another ten-minute overtime,

AT VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS HATS ARE CASUAL, BUT HATS ARE RIGHT

It's spring now at Hot Springs. The woods are green, and the earth soft, and the warm Virginia sun is pouring down on golf links and bridle path. Life is pleasant and not too strenuous. And the people, too, are pleasant . . . very much at ease . . . very sure of themselves. For these are real people.

It would be difficult to discover anywhere a better-dressed assemblage than this. Even in this charming and informal place they preserve their sure taste, their instinct for what is right. Their clothes are casual, but inspired. Their hats, worn easily, are the best hats. And among the men, those hats are almost invariably Stetsons.

This is a fact of inescapable significance—that men of assured position everywhere wear Stetson hats. For it is part of their philosophy of life to surround themselves with the best things. Their tailors are the best tailors; their homes, their motor-cars, everything is of the best. They live supremely well.

That is why Stetson knows so surely what styles in hats will be. For the example of these men is invariably followed by the public. The shapes they choose, the colors they prefer, are soon the mode. . . . There are Stetson styles and shapes for every type of complexion and personality, priced from $8.50 to $125. And you can get them at good stores everywhere. . . . John B. Stetson Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

STETSON HATS

In August Circles

A FEW fortunate persons have penetrated beyond the outer defenses of the most august circles of Chinese aristocracy. They know the flowery complexions and exotic youthfulness of those Oriental beauties whose rare and exquisite loveliness ravishes the senses of all who behold. The age-old secret of the Chinese cosmetic that conquers wrinkles is offered you now in this remarkable three-in-one Oriental cream. WON SUE FUN in its jade-like container—useful afterwards for holding cigarettes or jewels—is on sale in all of the smart department stores and many leading drug stores of Metropolitan New York. Priced at $3.50 the jar.

Trial size—$1.00 sent direct.

WON SUE FUN, Inc., 34 W 33rd Street, N. Y.

WON RETURN SUE OF FUN YOUTH

continuing until one or the other scored. That this might make games last till one or two in the morning appealed to the followers of Canadian Professional clubs, a class of citizens in middle-sized towns who have never, apparently, assimilated as much hockey as they would like. That New Yorkers would sit through a game three and a half or four hours long is rather doubtful.

FINAL regular games of the season, before the two New York teams played-off for second place, were a mixture of new notes and stencils: Joe Basile, the bandsman, playing "I'll Get By," pianissimo, on the cornet. . . . The people who have sat in the wrong seats for a period and a half getting up sheepishly as the ticket-holders arrive. . . . Wondering how you would feel in one of those skating suits with your nickname fetchingly embroidered on your back. . . . Wondering whether the real name of Howie Speed, graceful racing skater from Iceland, can possibly be Howie Speed. . . . Wondering how many times you have heard Al Frazin say in the loudspeaker, "Bill Cook on a pass from Frank Boucher," or, "You will now be entertained by Norval Baptie and Gladys Lamb.". . . Wondering why the crowds always boo the out-of-town scores of the New York team that happens not to be the one they are watching. . . . Sparky Vail, the lanky boy from the minors, who made good in the big time. . . . The college boy and his girl perched on chairs in the middle of the band. . . . Debaets, the six-day bike rider, telling four rows of the side-arena, in Belgian-French and English, about six-day racing. . . . Trainer Harry Westerby's dead cigarette. . . . The dressing-room craze for sliced oranges. . . . The Hotel Roosevelt Clean Play trophy displayed in the windows of Young's Hat Stores, a recommendation for hats, sportsmanship, hockey, and hotel service. . . . The Stanley Cup in the Garden lobby. . . . The question whether it will stay there.

—N. B., Jr.

•

If a herd of 558 elephants were placed in one balance of a gigantic scale and the potatoes eaten in Horn & Hardart's restaurants in the past year were placed in the other balance, the potatoes would outweigh the elephants. Proof that the public appreciates quality.—*Adv. in the Automat.*

Who'll make it 559 elephants, just for some fun?

THE CORNER OF CORNERS

40 Fifth Avenue

Southwest corner of 11th Street
Near Washington Square

Make Your Home

In an atmosphere of past, present and future Distinction!

IN the Washington Square section of 5th Avenue—where belles and beaux of yesterday danced the stately minuet—where furbelowed matrons of the socially elect made their calls in quaint cabriolets—

Here, the imposing Colonial building of 40 Fifth Avenue revives the traditions of earlier days. It continues the prestige of the location as among the most charming and convenient in all New York, and adds every desirable feature of the most modern New York residence.

The ownership of an apartment here will insure for your children, and your children's children, the heritage of a distinctive, permanent home. The desirable nature of its location is protected by the surrounding church property, which likewise contributes a peaceful quiet that is unusual in these hectic, clamorous days.

The rapid advance sale proves the demand for such homes in this neighborhood. And the suites remaining embody the same desirable qualities in clever layout of spacious rooms, ample baths and closets, glass enclosed loggias, woodburning fireplaces, mechanical refrigeration and other attractive features.

100% cooperative.

4-5-6 and 7 Rooms from $13,250

Five year terms may be arranged.
Occupancy Summer 1929

Now Selling from Plans
CALVIN MORRIS CORPORATION
Builder
VAN WART & WEIN
Architect
McKIM, MEAD & WHITE
Architect for Purchasers

Agent on Premises daily and Sunday

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

Selling and Managing Agent
15 East 49th Street Plaza 9200

What an *Eccentric* Business Man!

If a business man chose to place his desk in the thundering racket of his factory, you'd set him down as eccentric, to say the least.

But what of the business man who tries to think to the tune of typewriter clatter? Who expects his office force to make sound decisions, hold important conferences, or even talk on the telephone, above the clatter of noisy writing-machines?

Noise is noise. And its volume is only one of the factors that clash on the nerves and mind. A squeaky wagon wheel may be as distracting as the rumble of artillery. And a clattering typewriter may work as much havoc on the nervous system as the crash of a trip-hammer.

The REMINGTON NOISELESS Typewriter is as quiet as the silent night . . . a *new principle* of design, not just a padded, "silenced" machine; a *better* typewriter . . . doing better work . . . faster . . . with less effort.

To the typist, it brings immediate joy. To the whole office force a new comfort and tranquillity. And to the executive, an orderly, dignified and peaceful office.

More than 100,000 of the Blue Book leaders of American business are using the REMINGTON NOISELESS exclusively.

Write or phone for a REMINGTON NOISELESS demonstration. Remington Rand Business Service Inc., Typewriter Division, 374 Broadway, N. Y. C., Phone WORth 7500.

Remington Noiseless

THE *ONLY* NOISELESS TYPEWRITER

The ENGLISH *bake-shops have come . . . ovens, traditions and all . . . to make the delicious* "BISCUIT" *for* AMERICA

THE traditional confection of Old England is the famous "English Biscuit." It is the product of baking lore evolved through the generations, and of secrets handed down from father to son. Made of the finest blended flours, flavored with chocolate, maple or fruits, and having as an ingredient butter so special that the finest table butter will not do, these biscuits, or "little cakes," as Americans call them, are the finest of small pastries.

Heretofore these biscuits have been available only to visitors to England and Americans who imported them.

But now the English bake-shops have come to America. English ovens are baking for Americans the incomparable "biscuit" that only English implements and tradition can produce.

Crisply elegant, deliciously flavored, *fresh*—and ready to serve with your tea, your 'twixt-meal snack or with dessert, just as if you were in England.

Your store has them in bulk or in smart pound packages; and these Weston English Quality Biscuits will cost you no more than you have been paying for ordinary cakes and cookies. George Weston Biscuit Company, Inc., New York, Watertown, Mass., Toronto, Canada.

THIN ARROWROOT . . . *the pastry for this must be worked and reworked many times. The finest sugar, honey and arrowroot flour blended with wheat.*

BOURBON . . . *the biscuit is made from pure cocoa and malted chocolate. The filling is fine chocolate.*

WESTON'S ENGLISH QUALITY BISCUITS

MOTORS

Spring Foliage—Symphony in C-Major—Special Reo

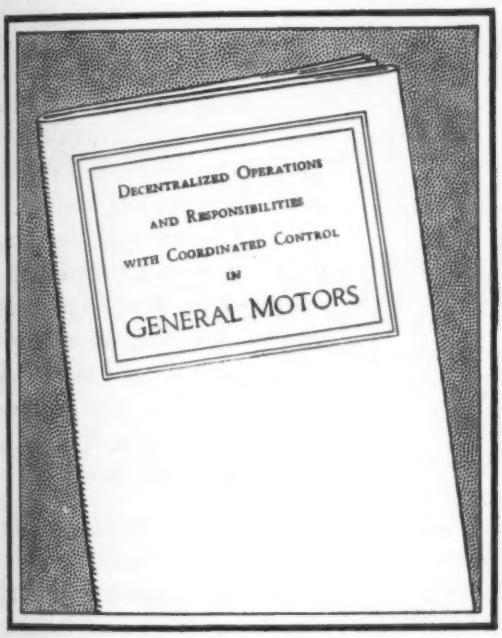
MOST of the makers, aware that their winter models won't interest people just returned from the South, are briskly preparing to provide those gay touches that betoken spring.

Not the least of this activity is to be found at the Lincoln plant, which is turning out the C-major symphonies of the motor world, conservative goods with no erotica. This is especially true of Lincoln's spring touring models by Locke and others, in which we find the large top, the plain flat body sides, and the simple upholstery which began to be popular about 1912. Lincoln, in short, insists on conventional principles without faddishness, though the car, to be sure, is low-hung and has all the modern mechanical gadgets. These are not models to startle the neighbors, but rather to keep them in their proper places.

ALWAYS a trifle suspicious of excessive emphasis on fashion, we approached the Reo Flying Cloud de luxe sedan with some misgivings. For those who have not seen this model during the past fortnight, we are able to report that its effect is successful, and, for a car selling around $2,000, exceptional. Obviously a built-to-order body is not possible at that price. An alternate is offered in a limited production model, changed in design each month, and available at an extra cost of $100. The major difference between this and the standard Flying Cloud is in the upholstery—in the special model a golden-tan material of silky texture designed and made by Cheney Brothers. The pattern, appropriately for the season, is suggestive of large fern leaves. Arm brackets, vanity-case holders, and similar metal knicknacks inside the car are finished in dull gold.

Reo's success is partially due to the fact that the interior of the regular Flying Cloud is more than usually jaunty. The instrument board has an engraved seascape and the panels on the doors bear an inlay of the old sailing ship, the Flying Cloud. The metal strip where the lower part of the doors close is finished in a chased design.

DECENTRALIZED OPERATIONS *and* RESPONSIBILITIES *with* COORDINATED CONTROL *in* GENERAL MOTORS



A COPY of this booklet, "Decentralized Operations and Responsibilities with Coordinated Control," will be mailed free upon request to Department R-5, General Motors Corporation, Broadway at 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE manufacturing divisions of General Motors, from the standpoint of administrative management, are self-contained organizations, each with a general manager responsible over all its functional activities, such as engineering, purchasing, production and sales; and including financial control.

Yet there must be a sound measure of centralized control over the manufacturing divisions to assure the proper coordination of activities and to capitalize the advantages derived from the size and importance of the institution in the industrial world.

How General Motors secures the decentralization of operations and responsibilities with coordinated control is set forth in the booklet shown on this page.

In addition to its Annual Report and Quarterly Statement of Earnings, General Motors issues special booklets, from time to time, for the information of its stockholders, employes, dealers and the public generally. Many of the principles and policies outlined in these booklets are applicable to other businesses.

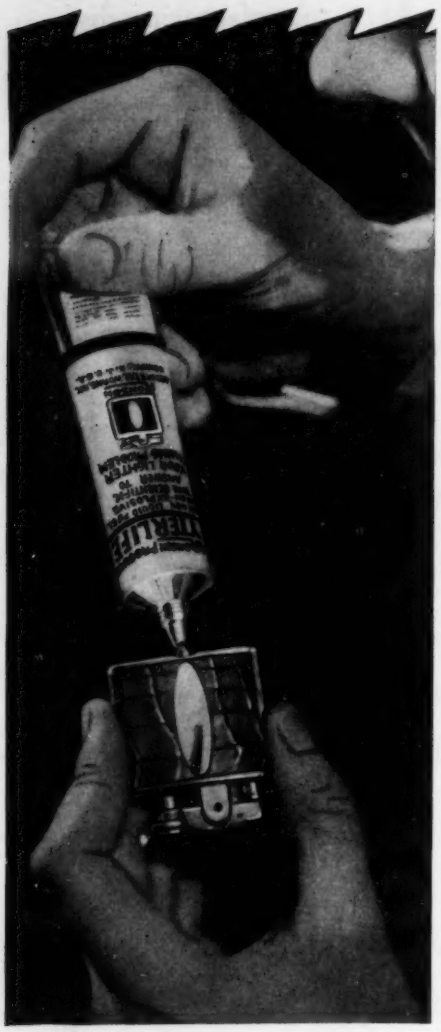
GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC . OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND
BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS and COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—*The Automatic Refrigerator* · DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants* · DELCO *Water Systems* · GMAC *Plan of Credit Purchase*

AT LAST... NON-LIQUID LIGHTER FUEL



It's called Lyterlife and it lasts six times longer than liquid fuels.

Handy tube is clean to use with any type pocket or table lighter.

Lyterlife won't leak or evaporate . . . can't explode . . . burns clear and white, without smoke, carbon or residue. Get a tube today . . . at any good store. Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J.

A RONSON PRODUCT

LYTERLIFE

THE NON-LIQUID LIGHTER FUEL

Lyterlife, the non-liquid fuel, is protected by U. S. patents pending. Our original U. S. patent No. 1084386 covers lighters using solid lighter fuel. U. S. and foreign rights covered by other patents pending. All infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.

and everything conforms to the general effect of the car's body.

ESSEX is introducing a speedster model in its new Challenger, which is a special production affair with the motor rather than the body emphasized. It has a mechanical arrangement that makes the rear wheels turn faster than normal for the same number of revolutions of the engine. The idea is that since the speedster model is lighter than the other bodies, the engine can be made to do more speed work.

Following our earlier predictions that Major Segrave's racer forecasts a tapering of body design, we learn that Captain Malcolm Campbell has completely rebuilt the body of the car he intends using for speed trials in Africa. Convex metal windbreaks are placed in front and back of each wheel, the total effect being that of a bullet-shaped nose with two short airplane wings at either side.

RETURNING to cars built for family use, we find that Cadillac is taking notice of the need for some place to stow maps, gloves, and other flat items. Both Fisher and Fleetwood are building Cadillac sedans that have wide side-pockets in the arm-rests of the tonneaus. Fleetwood has worked out a successful method of building a low-hung body without sacrificing clearance. To meet the demand for ground-hugging cars several seasons ago, some of the makers made the error of lowering the rear axle to a point where it bumped the road whenever the ruts got too deep. Fleetwood's solution is a slight bulge in the flooring of the tonneau, giving more room for the machinery below and permitting the seats of the car to be lower than would be possible otherwise. The principle is that used in the more recent Fifth Avenue buses, in which the upward bulges of the wheels occupy some of the floorspace in front of the seats. In the buses this forces the person next the window into a very cuddly position, but Cadillac has solved the problem without decreasing the space to any great extent.

This Cadillac-Fleetwood idea has been worked out with rather nice effect

STUTZ

THE SYMBOL OF SAFETY

BLACK HAWK

Encore

When a Stutz owner buys a new car it is almost sure to be another Stutz.

We might furnish a long list of figures in substantiation. But it is sufficient to note that the longer a man drives a Stutz the more enthusiastic a Stutzite he becomes.

It is the new design, the simpler engineering principles of Stutz and the new Blackhawk that provide this modern standard of performance. Low weight, made possible by the worm drive, gives a better type of road adhesiveness, a freedom from chuck and dip, an absence of "toppiness" and side sway that provide a new experience in riding and driving ease—plus utmost safety.

And refinements such as the "Noback," that automatically prevents undesirable and dangerous backward rolling of cars on hills and inclines without applying the brakes, are possessed by Stutz and Blackhawk alone.

STUTZ

sells at $3395 to $6895

BLACKHAWK

at $2345 to $2955

Prices, f. o. b. factory

Stutz New York Company, Inc.

Broadway at 62nd Street

Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

The RONSON CHALLENGE
A NEW GAME
Have you met it yet, this challenge to a miss-and-out contest of cigarette lighters? All over the country Ronson owners, enthusiastic over the sure-fire of their lighters, are now suggesting this new game.

A GROUP OF SMART YOUNG PEOPLE PLAYING THE RONSON LIGHTER GAME, SNAPPED AT THE HEIGH-HO CLUB, FASHIONABLE NEW YORK CITY RENDEZVOUS

WITHOUT A MISS . . IT LIGHTED
255 CONSECUTIVE TIMES

Ronson owner routs pet lighters of friends in duel to a finish at Heigh-Ho Club

"A QUARTER each, miss and drop out, that was the bet.

"There were six at our table, with four makes of lighters represented. Mine was the only Ronson.

"At the count of 'one', each flint sparked; but only five wicks leaped into flame. The first man was out.

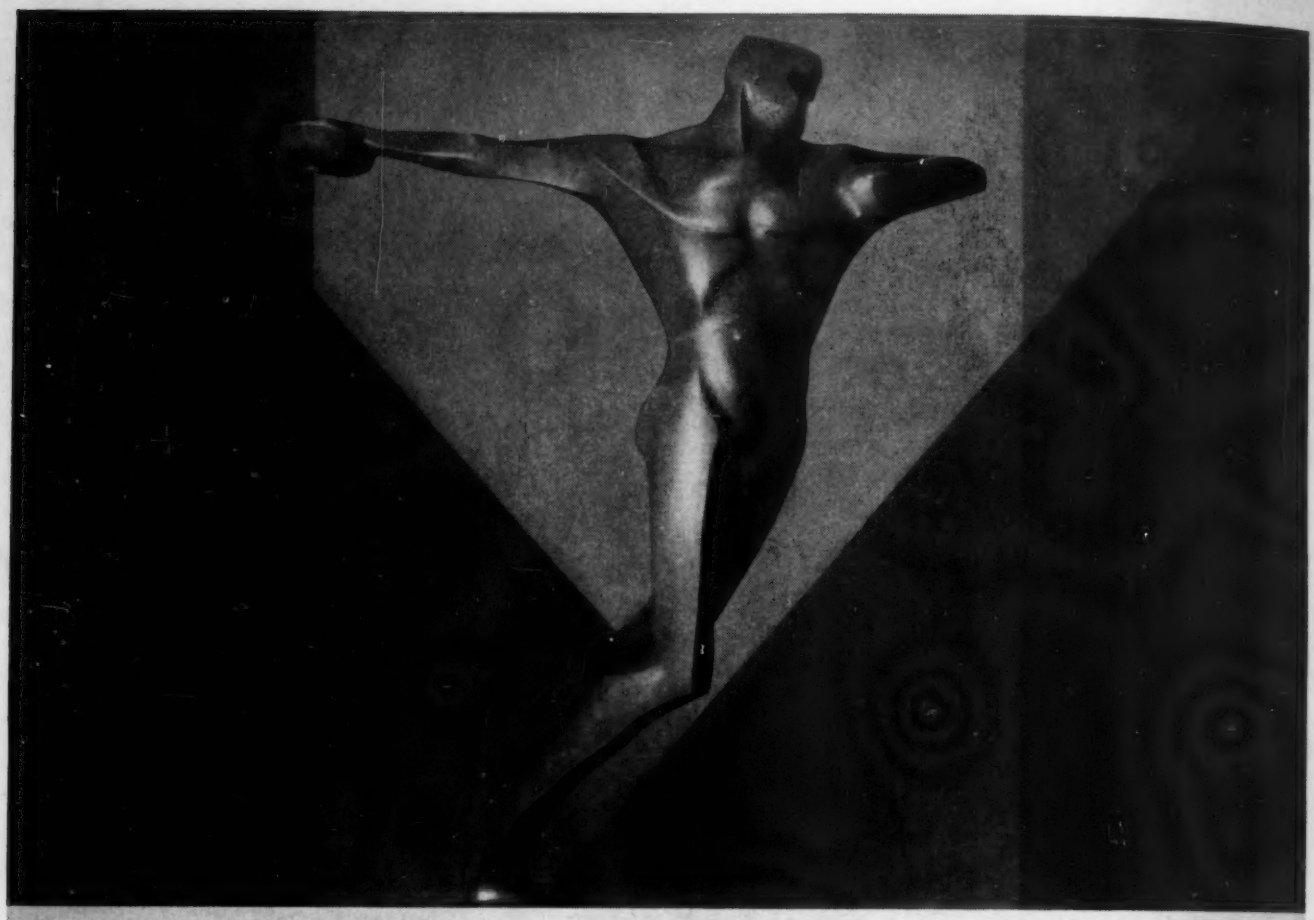
"Steadily the count mounted—'two,' 'three,' 'four,' 'five,' 'six.' At the count of 'nine,' a second lighter dropped out. At 'seventeen,' another fell by the wayside. At 'twenty-three,' a fourth failed to light, and at 'thirty-one' I was alone.

"Just for the fun of the thing I went on to see how many times my Ronson would light without missing. To the amazement of everyone but myself, the total was 255. At that, I think my thumb grew careless on the 256th try."

Though this performance is good, it is not exceptional. And not only is Ronson a sure lighter, it's a speed lighter as well. One hand is all you take. One motion is all you use. Faster than the eye can wink, the wick spouts flame. A flip and it's lighted. Release and it's out.

With a Ronson there's no wheel to spin, no sore thumb, no smudge on finger or glove. Automatic, positive, instantaneous, each Ronson lighter is as precise as a Swiss watch, as sturdy as a steel die. There are styles for men and women, for business, sport and evening use, in scores of beautiful finishes, many priced at $5 and ranging up to $3,000 for jeweled presentation models. Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64-66 Princess St., Toronto, Ontario.

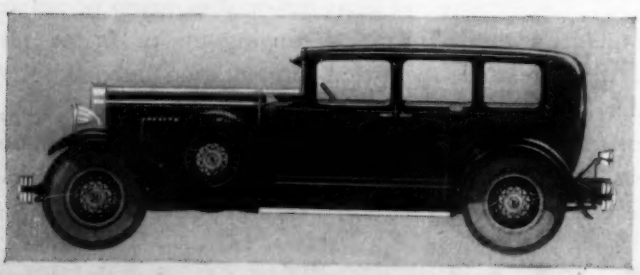
RONSON
De-light
THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



22 NY

You can put the New HUPMOBILE Eight through its gears like an H. V. shell . . . Because its new domed combustion chambers get a faster response from any fuel.

You can roll up momentum like a comet . . . Because rocker-tappet valves, of exclusive HUPMOBILE design, create more power and lose nothing in accuracy of timing at high speeds. Because it has an extra heavy, balanced crankshaft. Because roller and ball bearings in its transmission assembly save energy.



The Century Six, $1345 to $1645 . . . The Century Eight, $1825 to $2625 . . . All prices F. O. B. factory. Standard and Custom Models. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

And when you get the New HUPMOBILE to peak speed you can keep it there for as long as the road unrolls before you . . . Because the famous Lanchester dampener takes vibration out of the engine. A special shock absorbing device keeps the steering column solid and steady. Side-sway and shimmy have gone the way of the crank, let the speedometer point where it will.

Agile in traffic? Yes . . . Valiant on the hills? Yes . . . Quick with its steeldraulic brakes? Yes . . . A smart car? Ask the woman who wants one!

· *THE NEW* ·

HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION

1871 Broadway, *at 62nd St.*, New York City, Phone COLumbus 7660 . . . 1294 Bedford Ave., *near Atlantic Ave.*, Brooklyn, Phone PROspect 9941

in an Imperial, a sedan with leather-upholstered driver's seat and a sliding glass panel between the front and rear of the interiors. The Imperial referred to is gray and tan, and the rear is neatly equipped with two foot-stools.

AUBURN and Packard's success with convertible sedans has caused the other makers to wonder how much popular interest there is in such models. The convertible coupés have proved satisfactory, but in sedans the demand is generally for something more formal. In our opinion their fault lies in the usual practice of upholstering the convertibles in leather instead of in cloth.

Industries, as well as colleges, have their slightly odd traditions, and one of these is that an open car, or even a convertible, should be upholstered in leather. The idea gained currency back in the days before vacuum cleaners, when it was feared that dirt would accumulate too rapidly on textiles. The earliest closed models were fitted for the most part in leather. Then some intrepid soul thought that broadcloth would be more attractive, and the interiors of closed cars swung over very largely to that practice. We forecast that within a year cloth upholstery for convertibles and roadsters will be optional on all of the more expensive models.

AMONG the gratifying touches which are in evidence as the summer approaches are the rearrangements of window space. The front windows in the Hupmobile Century Eight are especially large. Locomobile, in its Suburban model, has devoted particular attention to very narrow window-posts. Pontiac's two-door sedan offers a commendable expanse of glass.

Willys-Knight has made an excellent use of parking lights, placing them on the fenders, where they serve to warn approaching traffic of the outer limits of the car. We also lift our hat to the Willys-Knight coupé, whose baseline is curved after the manner of a stagecoach body.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

Exceptional Business Suits for Early Spring Usage. Fifty-five dollars and Forward.—*Finchley adv. in* THE NEW YORKER.

Forward like a kite, folks.

Your choice of finest fruits and richest delicacies—from . . . . . $5 to $50.

Panier de Fruits
the fruit basket artistic. An unusual presentation, $10.

FAMOUS FRUITS
FOR EASTER

Eye-tempting and palate-pleasing are the famous fruits of Park & Tilford. Moreover, in their smart *paniers*, they are the correct Easter offering . . . a gift personal, delightful and festive. . . . . .

PARK & TILFORD

Fifth Ave., at 57th St.
Fifth Ave., at 37th St.
Madison Ave., at 44th St.
Grand Central Terminal

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MARCH 13

AUGUSTABERNARD has a fine feeling for clothes. She seems to sense the wearing of a dress before it is made, and provides it with even the gestures that will make it personal. There is an example in the navy-blue crêpe that all the buyers are clamoring for—a simple arrangement of half-bolero and two wide tiers; but it develops the left side of the blouse front into a scarf that loops over to the right shoulder, around a white gardenia planted in the middle of your chest. Simple and right, and I haven't seen the likes of it anywhere else.

With an eye on America, she shows more white evening dresses than anyone else, but she does herself well in black lace, too. One, a dinner dress, has two slips—the top one of black net with a cut-out design that shows the pink of the chiffon slip beneath. The design is sufficiently clouded by the black lace over it all to be interesting without going to extremes. Another, that looks like fine old lace, is really tulle with lace patterns worked out with narrow ciré braid. Some of her black chiffons have incrusted motifs of black lace.

With chiffon dresses, she shows a short scarf that has a frill rippling with godets across the back, so that it forms a little cape. Here, as at Chanel's, the mannequins show two ways of wearing short capes and cape collars—hanging loose to the elbows, or folded around the neck and shoulders like a scarf. It is a relief to see the even hemlines on many of her day dresses, especially those of plain-color silks.

JEAN CHARLES WORTH puts fullness into skirt lines by fullness in the skirts themselves, rather than by addition of panels or tiers. He has worked out a number of godets in complicated shapes that leave dresses slim and smooth around the hips, and wide at the hem. This is especially successful in evening dresses, and results in skirts that fall into long folds at the back without disturbing the molded line. One is done in bright-red satin lisia. There are eighteen models in the collection made of exclusive Worth fabrics—a good proportion in a blue that is near enough slate to be becoming to most people without being tiresome.

One of his pet materials is a heavy marocain printed in a combination plaid-check, with dark green the outstanding color. It is shown in godeted skirts with one sweater, sleeveless, woven in the same pattern, and a second sweater, a long-sleeved cardigan, in plain dark green.

He shows, too, some awfully smart bags of printed marocain; some wide bracelets that look like carved wood but turn out to be marble; some breakfast pajamas and coats of dark prints—a few inches below knee-length; and some trim red linen and plaid gingham frocks, cut and tailored like wool dresses.

THERE are a lot of good-looking coats at the Maison Lenief, as it is now called. They range from tweed, with wide sleeves, high belts, and black coats of rubberized satin, to navy-blue artificial silk and printed chiffon.

Lenief does well with wool marocain, in both dresses and coats. The wool marocain coats, like those of artificial silk, are straight and long, and are worn over printed chiffon in light soft yellows and greens. Both wool and artificial silk are used for double-breasted mannish suits. One, a pin-stripe gray, follows masculine lines so far as to have padded shoulders—a strange sober figure among all the feminine, flighty chiffons.

NICOLE GROULT is one of the few who know how to make a full skirt that doesn't look kittenish. This time they are more ample than ever. Sometimes she uses them over a straight slip—as in Rose Anglaise, the full-skirted print dress that is slashed up the front showing a plain navy-blue slip.

Groult's jersey coats, silk-lined, and jersey dresses; her light-colored suits with narrow summer ermine collars; her printed faille dresses are all good summer ideas. Her evening colors are positively sparkling, especially a

"I think it's darling, don't you?"

ONE cold night, shivering in their fragile home, a group of wanderers of the hills decided, sensibly enough, to secure another lion skin and cover the unfriendly ground. But somehow or other they couldn't find a lion, so they contrived to take the wool from their flocks, and soon they were making their own fabrics. Through the centuries the simple practice of rug weaving grew to be an art, and the colorful countries of the East inspired the exquisite patterns and colorings that we see in Oriental rugs today. Rare examples woven many years ago, and thousands of modern Orientals — tiny ones for the table, great ones that will cover a ballroom floor, and dozens of sizes in between: all of them we have at this unusual store of W. & J. Sloane — and American made rugs as well. And through the years as we sing our song of charming and finely made home furnishings, we shall recite our chorus of fair and reasonable prices.

W. & J. SLOANE

575 Fifth Avenue *at* 47th Street

NEW YORK CITY

Jewelry

of

breath-taking

loveliness is shown

in the pre-spring

collection of

Udall & Ballou

Udall & Ballou

Jewelers

FIFTH AVENUE
AT FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK

PARIS OFFICE
NEWPORT, R.I. 48 RUE LAFAYETTE PALM BEACH, FLA.

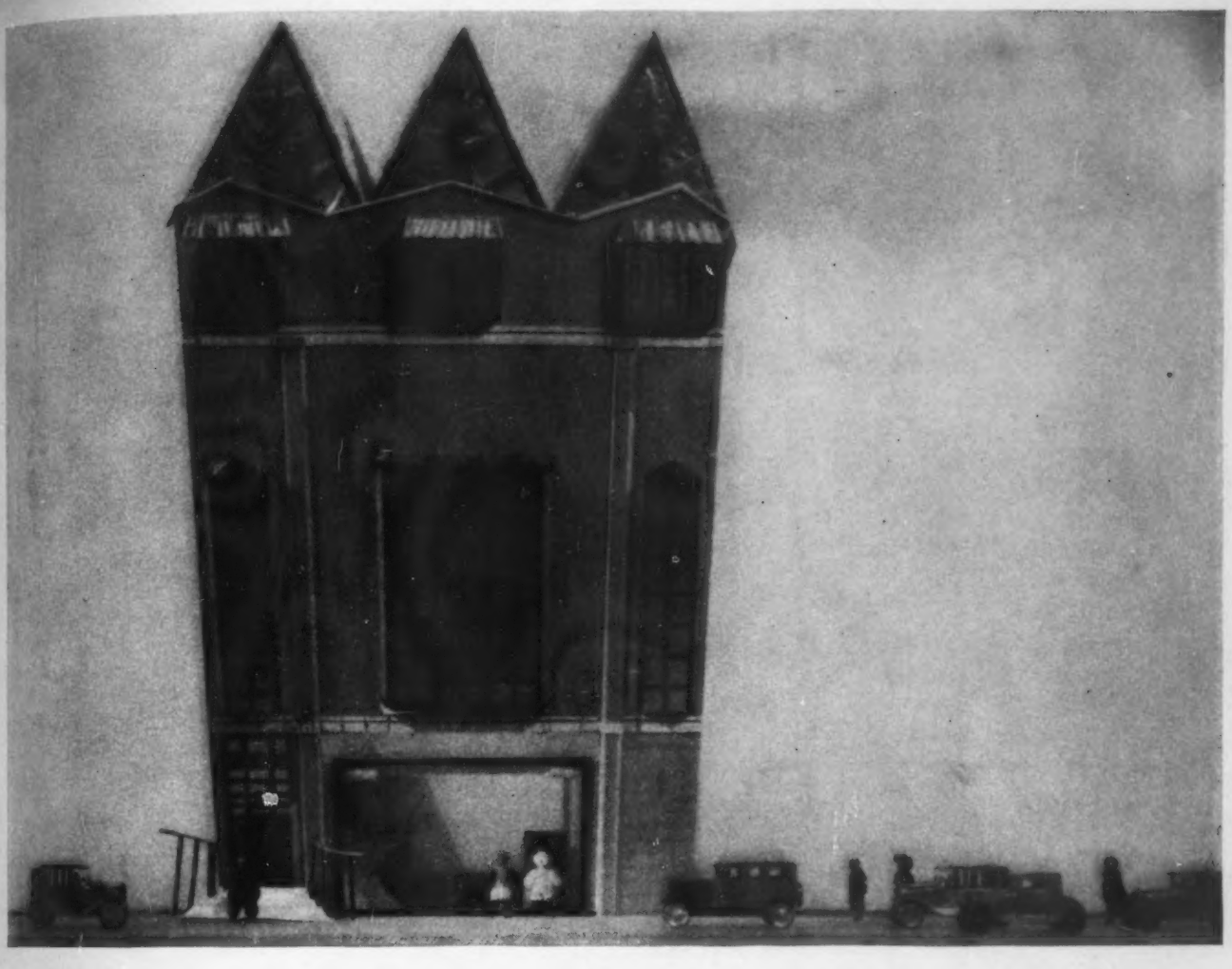
pistachio green that is gorgeous in lamé evening coats. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

IT was with an effort fully deserving its object that I attempted to trail to earth the Augustabernards mentioned in the Paris Fashion Letter. My lack of success was appalling, for most of the buyers I encountered broke down and told me that they had seen the models referred to, but had bought others. The evening dress with black net cut-out zigzag to reveal the chiffon lining beneath was eventually located at Lord & Taylor. Jay-Thorpe has several crêpe de Chine evening dresses and printed-crêpe day dresses by this designer; Bergdorf-Goodman has a divine two-piece black wool dress with a peplum jumper having a white collar and four white bands going up the sleeve, and also has a midnight-blue chiffon evening dress that could make anyone look chic. Macy has two charming daytime dresses. But try as I would, I found no black net with ciré ribbon or black lace swirls upon it, and further research is necessary.

BERGDORF-GOODMAN has, as usual, a distinguished collection, which includes a number of those dear Chanels. Every year, we all express disappointment in Chanel's collection, and every year we dash eagerly to see it. Though it is not sensational, you will love a brown and white sleeveless chiffon dress, with a deep collar that just covers the point of the shoulder, and a coat of a brown mixed jersey that resembles tweed. Chanel is fond of tweed and print ensembles (which I had expected to find awful, and liked very much); this time in black and chartreuse print, glorified with ruffles and a scarf, and having a greenish tweed coat flaring slightly toward the hem. There was a two-piece dress in brown marocain that looked almost like a tailored two-piece suit and had a rather high belt, a white V-collar, and lacing like the thong lacing on leather handbags a few seasons ago. This lacing that binds edges and fastens necklines appears to be Chanel's weakness now.

Paquin, who is also well represented in the Bergdorf collection, contributes one of the really knockout evening wraps of the season. It is of a gold-shot cream moire, with a deep mink collar and a puffed flounce at the bottom that ascends perceptibly in the front. It looks like nothing in the



CREATED FOR NEW YORK'S SOCIALLY ELECT

Primrose House became the most famous beauty institute in the world

NOT many years ago Primrose House was created by a group of New York society women for their personal needs.

And for a time this smart *maison de beaute* was known only to the socially elect.

Dissatisfied with commonplace beauty preparations, these women set out deliberately to create for themselves the finest institute of beauty in all the world.

Famous dermatologists were employed to study the complexion and prescribe for its needs.

"Spare no expense" were the terse instructions to these scientific men. Their sole responsibility was to create the finest ensemble of beauty preparations possible to compound.

From the far-off corners of the globe these men imported rare and costly unguents. Price was never once considered. Results alone were counted.

The result of this research and study was the present line of Primrose House Preparations, each dedicated to a separate beauty need, each of the highest quality and utmost purity.

But the society women who had inspired this work were not to keep their secret. Gradually stories of these marvelous cosmetics spread. Soon requests for these preparations swept in from every city in the land.

Today Primrose House is known to every woman who prizes beauty. Its preparations are the standard by which all others now are judged.

SMOOTHSKIN CREAM

NOURISHES THE SKIN-PREVENTS LINES and WRINKLES

For the young, sensitive skin and those which are neither very dry nor very oily, this is a perfect cream, light, with just a trace of perfume. It gives the skin a petal-smooth texture and softness, nourishing the skin and thus preventing lines and wrinkles.

Three sizes, $1.50, $2.50, $4.00.

On sale throughout the country at leading drug and department stores

PRIMROSE HOUSE

5TH AVENUE AT 52ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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Are You Traveling Back in the *Gay Nineties?*

YOU'VE seen them—haven't you? Trunks—bags—valises — that look like relics of the gay nineties —like a page out of the family album. How about yours?

Why not treat yourself to the gorgeous comfort and convenience, the swagger smartness of the modern *Hartmann?* Here's luggage that you're proud to be seen with—frankly aristocratic, thoroughbred throughout. 50 different sizes and models—colors galore . . . and a *Hartmann* offers you the finest construction, finish and appointments in the world. Priced sensibly, too.

Hartmann Trunks

At the better shops and department stores

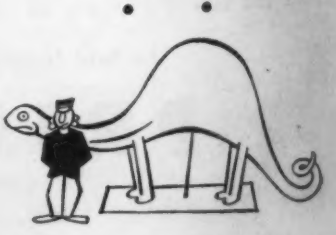
Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks hold from 5 to 20 suits or costume changes. Price, $35 to $400.

The Hartmann Tourobe holds 3 to 4 suits, accessories, etc., or the equivalent in women's attire. Price, $20 to $70.

THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

hand—you must see it on. Paquin also has done a printed-moire evening frock, with a deep flounce running around the back and ending at the side front, that is worth considering for your wardrobe. And there is a very, very dressy suit of greenish tweed, the three-quarter coat long in back and short in front, the blouse very ruffled, marquis fashion, which would be grand if you are the type of woman who dresses up and makes calls at tea-time. You must also look at a Vionnet evening dress in eggshell satin, plain in front and caught up in swirls through a tiny ring placed just above the hips in the centre back. This is Vionnet at her Vionnetest.

CHEZ NINON, at 500 Madison Avenue, has a knack, rare in small shops, of buying a great many models that never become $39.50 Fords—and every small shop owes this knack to its public. In addition, it imports so many perfectly grand materials that even a familiar model never looks banal. I would suggest looking here at a Nicole Groult ensemble in red and white print and in black crêpe. The dress is cut on princesse lines, perfectly simple, and suitable for wear alone on hot summer days. Over this may go a belt having hanging oblong panels of black crêpe which, with the long black crêpe coat, makes an odd yet chic costume. Certainly I have seen it nowhere else so far. Another odd ensemble from Mag Helly has a black crêpe coat with an exaggerated circular flare and a very trim waistline, beneath which is a white dress adorned with diagonal black stripes in variegated sizes. This dress, which is almost zebra in effect, is absolutely simple save for a waistline that is nearly Empire, and for a slight circular feeling to the skirt. In addition, a ladylike black chiffon from Molyneux; a marvellous suit from Claire Sœurs, in a brown tweed with sort of a white cross-stitch woven into it (material imported for copies) worn with a chartreuse blouse; and, from the same designer, a good-looking older woman's warm-weather travelling suit—a two-piece of white



THE HAT CASES IN
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HATS BY CAVANAGH

Correct Headwear for Sport, Travel, Business or Dress
With Specialized Service and Individual Exclusiveness
for Men of Discriminating Taste

John Cavanagh Ltd., 247 Park Avenue New York

DOBBS

SUITS
ARE DESTINED TO
DOMINATE THE MODE

Softly feminine suits or classic tailleurs...lovely tweeds, or fine coverts ...short, finger-tip, seven-eighths or full length coats...tuck-in blouses, overblouses or one piece frocks...and if you prefer, Dobbs will make individual suits to your order.

This exquisitely tailored tweed ensemble with its silk crepe frock comes in glorious color combinations: navy coat with beige frock, navy with sulphur, natural with lacquer red. $135.

Dobbs lightweight felt hat, $19.50.

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

polka-dotted black foulard with a red belt and a foulard three-quarter coat to accompany it. You can also find in this shop a Boulanger that is not too exaggerated, of red crêpe flecked with gold dots, long-waisted and having the full gathered ruffle not too long nor yet too flaring.

IN Wanamaker's Coin de Paris, which is another place where clever people can sneak in and emerge triumphant with a little made-to-order frock that isn't all over town, you can find a perfectly heavenly black net dress from Chanel, all ruffles, with bindings of shirred bands of black net and a deep oval décolletage outlined in a pink chiffon shirred band. With this, of course, you wear one of those twisted strings of seven or eight bead strands, the black and the pink groups separated by huge beads. Molyneux produces a ladylike beige lace evening dress, bloused slightly and trailing just enough, and, over it, the most heavenly cape of golden brown and gold lamé, adorned solely by a flat droopy bow that seems to grow out of the body of the wrap just below the right shoulder in back. Vionnet's wrap in heavy crêpe Romaine, with two flat panels crossing slightly in back, a long graceful scarf, and fur cuffs, is also worth noting for summer.

For daytime, there is an ensemble by Patou of the heaviest crêpe marocain, printed in a flecked pattern (material imported for exact copies). The coat molds the figure and flares toward the bottom; the dress does similar flattering things to the natural waistline, and has white tailored collar and cuffs. Lanvin produces a coat of black tweed lined with black tweed, the only decoration being a touch of white belting at the cuffs and an absurdly small narrow white scarf inside the neckline. Chanel's print-and-tweed tendency appears in a blue print dress with circular treatments here and there, and a navy wool coat. The suits here are also good, consisting principally of short jackets, usually adorned with stitching, and odd skirts with circular or inverted-pleat treatment. Particularly interesting are Claire Any's in green wool, with green and white striped silk lining; a hunter-green tweed from London Trades, and a Renée tweed. Any also makes a two-piece dress of natural jersey, with the jumper (it started out to be a cardigan, if my eyes do not deceive

Offices may be beautiful as well as businesslike . . . and cost no more

THE day of the drab office is over. A few brilliant examples from the country's ablest executives—a few cautious experiments—and good taste came to the office to stay.

Not the least reason for its victory was its efficiency. A tasteful office proved to be a better place in which to work and think. Quiet, restful surroundings minimized the tension of active days. Comfortable, attractive furniture eased the body and released the mind to keener, more direct thinking.

True, an attractive setting reflects pleasantly upon the prestige of any firm. It speaks well and favorably to strangers. But the decisive factor remains—individual efficiency. A good-looking chair is usually more comfortable than an ugly one. A broad, well-proportioned desk is more business-like than a skimpy one. Harmonious colors, balanced spaces, comfortable fittings give a fine sense of uncluttered effort to the room in which you work.

You can, of course, spend thousands of dollars to achieve this end. But you can also work modern miracles with a modest sum. Flint & Horner have made a special study of office interiors. We have given over an entire floor of our great shop to a series of model offices and installed a staff of trained decorators.

Put your problem to them. They will study your individual needs and work with you to keep the solution within the limits of your official budget. You may be surprised to find that a small office 15 x 15 can well be done for as little as $300.

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To whom will you entrust

Practical training first. The experts shown above train all new men in the practical field work. Every new man must go through a thorough course of training and be proved out—no untrained men are ever used. These selected instructors are men of character, intelligence, and professional attitude

Tumbling Team—Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29. Davey Tree Surgeons are athletic types. They are carefully selected with the idea of physical fitness. The nature of the work and their training make them more so. In addition to intelligence and character, they have physical energy; that is why they are diligent workers

LET us talk about *your* trees. They are living things, subject to disease, decay, starvation, insect attacks, mechanical injury and other ills. They are priceless to you—only time can replace them, long time at that.

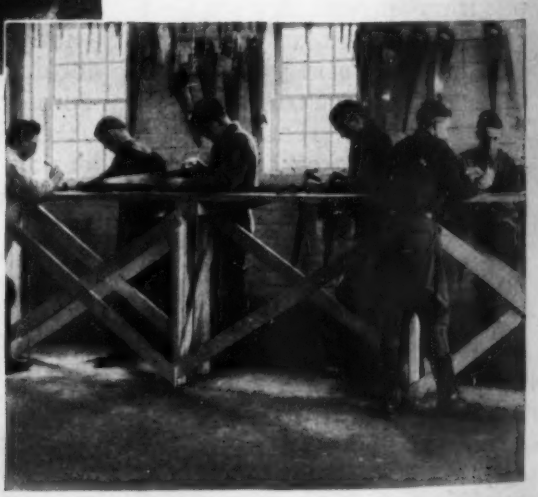
Just for the moment, think of the most valuable tree on your place. Suppose it is starving. Wouldn't you, in self interest, insist upon scientifically trained experts who know what to feed it, and how, and when—without guessing or experimenting?

If this priceless tree is decaying in the trunk or limbs, and is growing steadily weaker, liable at any moment to break off or break apart in any high wind, wouldn't you entrust its treatment only to men with proven scientific knowledge and real personal skill?

If *anything* is wrong with that tree—and dozens of things might be wrong, because it is a living, breathing organism—wouldn't you demand reliable experts who are trained to diagnose tree troubles? Certainly proper treatment cannot be given without correct diagnosis.

You can trust Davey Tree Surgeons with a feeling of confidence and satisfaction. They are carefully selected and reliable men. They are thoroughly trained and have real demonstrated skill. They are educated scientifically in the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, the only school of its kind in the world. They know how to diagnose the ailments of trees. Their knowledge and skill are based upon a half century of Davey experience. They are backed by a responsible business organization.

Scientific Training. A laboratory class at the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery—using high-powered microscopes and dissecting lenses to learn the sciences relating to their work. They must know the scientific reasons for all the things that they have been trained to do skilfully



Practical Training. This is a class learning the important art of saw filing at the Davey Institute. Every man is taught how to keep his tools sharp and in proper condition. Sharp tools mean good and rapid work. Practical training plus science means efficient service

your priceless trees?

Surprisingly low cost

In 1928, Davey Tree Surgeons served 21,608 clients from Boston to beyond Kansas City and from Canada to the Gulf. 76 per cent of these clients paid less than $100.00 each. The following table tells the story.

17,022 clients paid less than $100.00 each
2,223 paid from $100.00 to $200.00 each
1,642 paid from $200.00 to $500.00 each
721 clients paid more than $500.00 each

You can afford to employ the expert, reliable service of Davey Tree Surgeons for your trees. They will do as much work as you want—and no more. They will do their work right—they will save any tree that can be saved—they will give you professional and conscientious service. There is no charge except for working time, plus the necessary materials and expressage.

Davey service is local

Davey Tree Surgeons live and work in your vicinity. They are almost as conveniently located as your dentist or doctor or surgeon. They are not sent from Ohio for your individual work—they are trained in Ohio, but they live in your vicinity and work regularly for other nearby people.

Write or wire Kent, Ohio, for examination of your trees without cost or obligation. Permanent representatives are located in principal cities; the nearest one can serve you conveniently.

Everyone who sees Davey Tree Surgeons at work in the trees says, "They climb like squirrels." They certainly are remarkable climbers—they are trained to it. They get around in the trees with surprising agility and speed. But they use ropes—never injurious climbing spurs—to facilitate climbing, to prevent accidents, and to protect trees, wires and other property. They have diligence, speed, accuracy and a trained knowledge of their work

The Student Body of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29, numbers 446 splendid young men in the Freshman, Junior and Senior classes, all selected from the proven men who have already been thoroughly trained in a practical way. The purpose of this resident school is to provide scientific knowledge and accuracy to supplement the practical skill that is given in the field training. This gives balanced education—Davey Tree Surgeons know both how and why. The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery has been in continuous operation for twenty years, the only school teaching the science of Tree Surgery. The Faculty of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery includes 37 scientists and master Tree Surgeons.

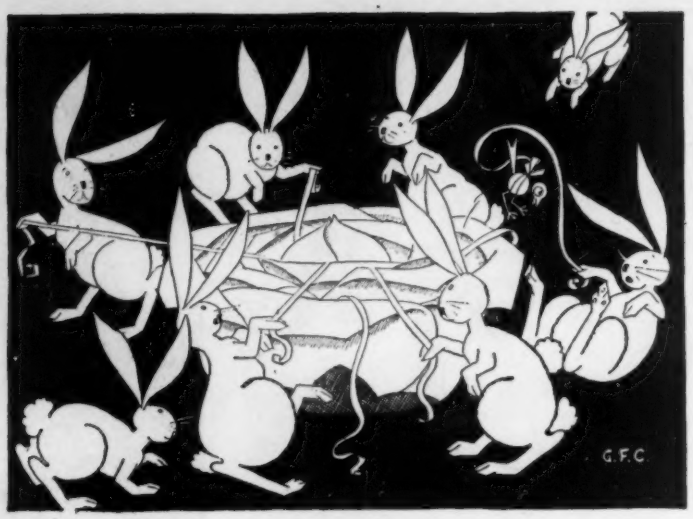
JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

MARTIN L. DAVEY, *President and General Manager*

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., Kent, Ohio. New York address: 501 5th Ave. Phone Murray Hill 1629

Established 90 Years



TO CYNICS
Who Don't Believe In Easter Rabbits

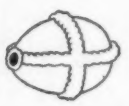
We extend a cordial invitation to come into Dean's and see for themselves. In fact, we dare them to come in and remain immune to the spirit of Easter and Spring and festivity which permeates every shelf and counter.

They will see important-looking, frosty cakes, especially created for Easter parties and baked with Dean's own flair for perfect cakes.

They will see inspired table centerpieces, chocolate rabbits and chickens and other favors which proclaim to the world that life is indeed beautiful and a lot of fun as well.

And, of course, all kinds of Easter eggs and baskets.

Speaking of baskets, Dean's Easter specialty this year is "Spring Time Gift Baskets"—each one a thing of beauty and a joy forever, as well as being filled with the most delicious things we could think of.



We suggest sending them only to someone you like very much.

Dean's

22 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN FIFTH AND MADISON AVENUES

Telephone REGENT 3900

me) buttoned up the front and adorned with crisscross tucking.

SO many of the clothes this year are ladylike that I am still gasping a bit. The most beautiful models are designed for good figures, but not for flapper postures or youthful casualness. The older woman who doesn't want to feel like a somewhat ridiculous flapper-imitation can find clothes almost anywhere this year, but if she wants to smooth her path to chic, those long slender lines, and a certain dignity that does not risk dowdiness, she might go to Rollée, at 40 East Fiftieth Street. This shop has long been noted for simple hats, perfectly made and perfectly fitted; the dresses are a new and very successful venture. For instance—a long-sleeved lace dinner dress in beige with yellow-green lights in it, cut in a modified princesse fashion; two suits of dark-gray couvert, one coat slightly flaring, the other straight, both having beautiful gray-crêpe blouses; a purplish-blue two-piece day dress decorated with flat tabs around the base of the skirt and jumper; a gray tweed ensemble with a printed jumper from O'Rossen. And, for that elaborate bridge and for dinner afterwards, look at a Molyneux costume in golden-brown heavy georgette, the blouse sleeveless and composed of horizontal bands in brown to orange shades, the skirt circular, and the jacket of the wrap-around type tying closely at the hips. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Annual Spring Bitterness —Fabrics and Flowers

IT is the unwavering opinion of this department that some malign influence is at large in the land, busily undermining our American modernist movement. Otherwise, how would you explain some of our recent local expositions?

The important sponsors of modern decoration are always trying to prove how very, very livable it is, and how practical, and that you don't have to own a spouting oil well to afford it. That I agree with them doesn't stop me from feeling that there hasn't been a gesture in the past several months which proves anything at all about modern decoration, except that it is something to set up at great expense in

Right...first time...you *have* seen him before ...You know...that chap in the Resilio ad... with his back turned...We've brought him 'round...so you can see his Resilio Cravat... But—don't stop at that...see Resilio in the smart shops...anywhere...everywhere...Look for that little loose silk thread, inside...and by the way, ask about resilient construction.

RESILIO CRAVATS

TEN EAST FORTIETH STREET

NEW YORK

Takes a hint from the country

Warm spring evenings on your own terrace overlooking a sparkling city—cheery breakfasts in a sunny breakfast porch 14 stories above the street... nearly every apartment above the 13th floor of 730 Park Avenue has a balcony, terrace, loggia or breakfast porch—more than any other building in New York. Here are splendid apartments of from 6 to 16 rooms of unusual size; many fireplaces, libraries, reception rooms and as many as 27 closets. 730 Park Avenue will uphold a reputation well-earned. Occupancy in September. Plans may be inspected now. Representative at the building.

PARK 730 AVE.

CORNER OF 71ST STREET

Renting and Managing Agent:

14 EAST 47th STREET

BROWN, WHEELOCK, HARRIS, VOUGHT & CO., INC.

VANDERBILT 0031

exhibition halls so that we will have something to do Sunday afternoons.

All of which is an entirely illogical excuse for bringing up the subject of spring fabrics, a subject I am confident I shall bring up in a more constructive manner for having aired my annual spring bitterness about the state of native interior decoration.

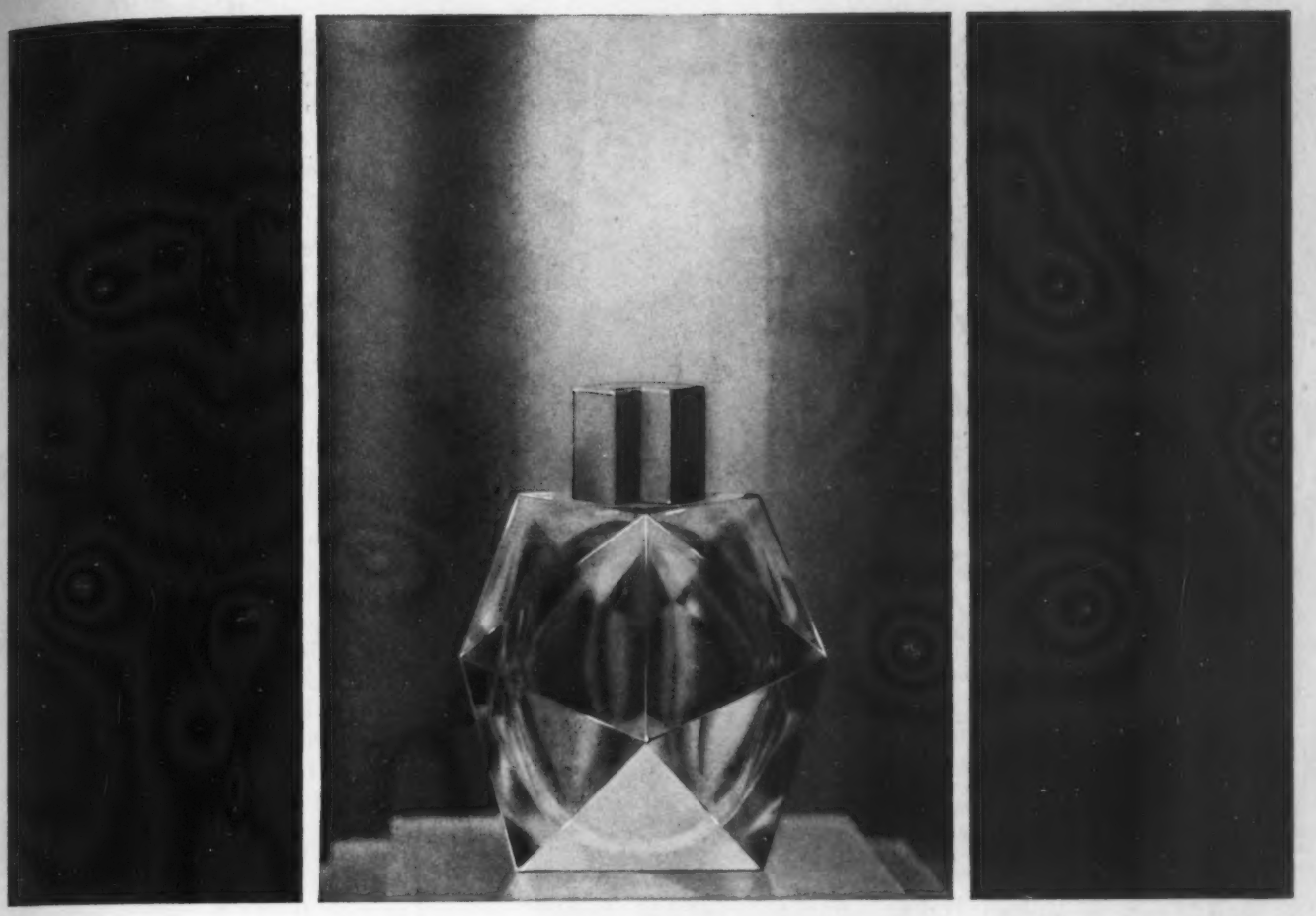
TO begin with, there is very little new in the market. The cream of the modernist stuff appears in printed voiles, which are my idea of the heights among glass curtainings. Blue is a bit more prominent among the cotton fabrics than it has been for several seasons. Directoire and Empire designs seem to have backed down and gone where they came from, and there are fewer ensemble offerings—such as those flower patterns, on striped or latticed backgrounds, that are sold with a similar stripe or lattice fabric without the flowers. They were being done all over town last year.

Aside from this, the chintzes, linens, and percales go on as usual, with flower patterns in the autumnal colorings still big fashion leaders. Green, particularly in the leaf themes, is more present than ever, and every house carries at least one Rodier design.

SPECIFIC MARKET NOTES, for ladies who like to sail forearmed into the spring-shopping area:

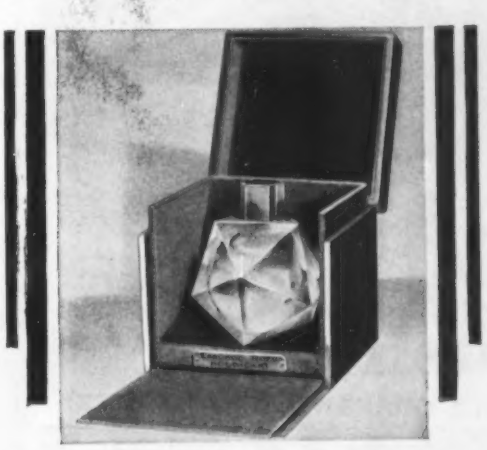
H. B. Lehman-Connor is among the leaders of the field with special fabrics for business offices—drapable, coarsely woven stuffs in dignified solid colors (hint for wives and mothers of high-powered executives). This house is also ahead with thin striped taffetas for glass-curtaining purposes—these in boudoir colors for the tailored woman. I noticed one chintz in particular—a sprawling flower pattern in a three-yard repeat design, fifty inches wide. This is perfect for window blinds; watch for it at your neighborhood store. And don't let any dry-cleaner of the old school tell you chintz window-blinds aren't practical; it has now been proved to everybody's satisfaction that the fabric can be cleaned and re-glazed without tears.

At Schumacher's I found first of all those divine pastel-tinted modern voiles I mentioned a few lines back—really elegant developments of the modern conventionalized flower idea, in nice vague faded colors. And a marvellous collection of heavy linen crashes in brilliant plaids, stripes, and mixtures for terrace furniture and boys' rooms;



ESSENCE RARE

A sphere of liquid jade . . . imprisoned in a crystal prism. Flashing facets . . . shot with emerald lights. Green mystic depths . . . fragrant with the illusive essence of a dream. A parfum finer than any that has gone before, and sumptuously presented. Priced at twenty-five dollars and more.



HOUBIGANT
PARIS

TWICE THE LUXURY . . . . twice the wear . with rugs laid over Ozite Cushion

EVERY rug worth laying is worth the added comfort and economy of an Ozite Rug Cushion! Ozite will double* the life of the rug . . . and more than double your enjoyment of it. This remarkable cushion is so soft, so yielding, so springy that it makes every rug feel rich and deep-piled as an oriental. Ozite gives old rugs renewed life . . . makes inexpensive rugs seem worth twice their cost . . . and is used by connoisseurs to protect their finest rugs from wear. Its cost (so soon repaid!) is so low that you can use Ozite under every rug and carpet in your home.

Ozite is a soft cushion of sterilized, "ozonized" animal hair, like a thin hair mattress. It is sold and recommended by furniture, rug and department stores . . . and interior decorators . . . in every locality. *Over 20,000,000 square yards of Ozite are in use today.* Ozite is made by patented processes . . . permanently mothproofed. It will never wear out.

Be sure you get the original Ozite (look for the orange colored taping!)

Recent tests by Delineator Home Institute proved that Ozite Cushion triples the life of rugs and carpets. A copy of this report will be sent on request.

Ozite Rug Cushion

Patented Sept. 9, 1924

OZITE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED TO SATISFY

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells St., Chicago H 30

Please send me a copy of your Free booklet, "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets," and free sample of Ozite Cushion.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

these are woven of a coarse, cord-like thread; they ought to stand all the wear and weather in the world. There was a new chintz by Rockwell Kent, all wind-swept mountain heights and storm-tossed trees. There were plain, bright-glazed chintzes, quilted in a somewhat new design; and some recent Fabrikoid developments, in patterns, which you may take or leave. I prefer this material plain, in which state it makes a pleasant and durable upholstery fabric or wall covering.

For the rest, Johnson & Faulkner continue to cling to the old order with an excellent line of toiles (some of these with backgrounds in color, which I am not yet sure about liking); J. H. Thorp continues to do nice things with hand-blocked linens, moires, and the like; Chambord remains modern in a large way, etc., etc.

AFTER all, I had the most fun with oilcloth. Here, my friends, is a fabric with possibilities, and they have all been seized by the Standard Textile Products Company, an example of foresight that delights my progressive soul. The new line of Meritas oilcloths includes a stiff little barnyard design by Ilonka Karasz; a subtle and lovely modern leaf design in pink, green, yellow, and buff on flesh, and in bolder greens and orchids; an elephant design for children's rooms or for shelving; and a card design for bridge covers, full of kings, queens, and jacks flying—or falling, depending on your viewpoint—through space. All of these can be had in a weave finish which is very like linen. There are damask patterns, and chintz designs—really everything. I am full of honest joy and enthusiasm.

In two weeks, definite news of the shops and their fabric choices, which will tell you where to find the natural wonders listed above.

YOU will want to know about flowers for Easter. Admitting freely that there are scores of other florists worthy of inclusion, I offer the following list for your guidance:

BLOOMINGDALE'S cut-flower department, Lexington Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, Regent 5900: Last-minute cut flowers at bargain

A memory of your Dear Ones that will never fade

How wonderful to be able to see your mother's smile at any moment you wish and as long as you live!

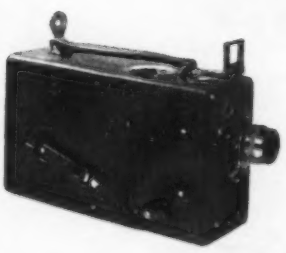
WHISTLER painted a picture of his mother. He painted her so cleverly that unnumbered people of all races hung copies of his picture on their walls. It reminded them of their own mothers.

But to Whistler it was not merely a reminder . . . *it was his mother*, and since then many have envied him because of this. Although they, too, formed mental images of their mothers, these images remained mental. He could put his on canvas. His memory might fail; his mother might change; but that painted image of her in the mood that he loved best could neither fail nor change.

Your Mother on the Silver Screen

Today, however, the Ciné-Kodak can do more for you than Whistler's brush could do for him. In movies that you take yourself, it records your mother as she lives and breathes. It preserves her for you in a thousand attitudes. It captures her mannerisms; each fleeting facial expression; each familiar gesture.

When the films are projected by your Kodascope on your own screen, you realize that no painting or series of paintings could compare with them. They show her to you as an active human being, with all the evidences of her charm and personality and character. Her lips move, she smiles, her eyes twinkle; a wisp of her hair blows out of place . . . and you know that you'll always remember her as she actually is today.



Astonishing Simplicity

In thousands of safe deposit vaults duplicates of such films are stored away and each day the number grows. The increase in popularity of home movies has been amazing and is largely due to the ease with which the Ciné-Kodak works.

It is as simple as taking snapshots. You press the lever and you're taking pictures. You send the film to us and we develop and return it to you immediately. The cost of this service is included in the price of the film.

Movies in Color!

And now, another Eastman development —Kodacolor—enables you to make home movies in full natural color. With the Ciné-Kodak *f*.1.9., a filter and Kodacolor Film you can make the most beautiful *living* portraits. When you project the film you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

Also, to supplement your own films, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, are available at your dealer's. They cost only $7.50 per 100 feet.

Don't let precious opportunities to take movies of your dear ones slip by through any fault of yours. Your Ciné-Kodak dealer can show you outfits—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen—that cost as little as $140.

• • •

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
Dept. 194, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name.....

Address.....29

"Please pardon my frown . . . but some one in the studio just coughed . . . *and spoiled our love scene*"

"They've often called the movies 'the *silent* drama.' But there isn't much silence during the *making* of a movie.

"It's in the making of a 'talkie' that studio silence is required. No one is allowed to make any noise, but the players. For the slightest sound registers on the sensitive recording mechanism. And an uninvited cough is a calamity.

"The other day someone coughed during the recording of a love scene. Since then OLD GOLDS are the order of the day. For as all Hollywood knows, there's not a cough in a film-ful."

(SIGNED)

Richard Barthelmess

RICHARD BARTHELMESS now appearing in the First National-Vitaphone masterpiece "Weary River" in which Mr. Barthelmess adds to his laurels with a voice of rare dramatic quality.

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLD cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows . . . : Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant . . . Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

ON YOUR RADIO . . . OLD GOLD PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR

Paul Whiteman . . . King of Jazz, with his complete orchestra . . . broadcasts the OLD GOLD hour every Tuesday, from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over entire network of Columbia Broadcasting System.

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold, *and enjoy both!*

RESTAURANT CRILLON

An intimate place discreetly popular . . . where luncheon and dinner are individually created for each guest . . . yet at a very moderate cost.

OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

277 PARK AVE 116 EAST 48TH ST.

prices. Open evenings, Sundays, and holidays, when the telephone number changes to Regent 2349.

PETER BOGART, 970 Sixth Avenue, Circle 2537: Cut flowers; they wear and wear and wear.

CHARLES A. DARDS, 339 Madison Avenue, Murray Hill 8616.

M. GOLDFARB, 160 East Fifty-seventh Street, Plaza 8720: Prices as reasonable as they come; excellent flowers.

PETER HENDERSON, 35 Cortlandt Street, Cortlandt 7530: Ask for the cut-flower department.

NOBORU KONDO, 670 Madison Avenue, Regent 8335: No cut flowers at all, but lots of small exotic plants for Easter presentation. Three tulips in a darling bowl, $1.50. One tulip, fifty cents.

A. KOTTMILLER, 367 Madison Avenue, Murray Hill 0783; also Hotel Vanderbilt, Ashland 5115.

MOLANDRE BROTHERS, 2077 Broadway, Trafalgar 9215; also 1664 Second Avenue, Atwater 5625: For orchids.

JOHN POLYKRANAS, 721 Lexington Avenue, Regent 2527, 7649: Fifth-generation florists; every known exotic plant and flower, and some unknown.

MAX SCHLING, 777 Fifth Avenue, Regent 8060: You know Max Schling!

J. H. SMALL & SONS, 2 East Fifty-seventh Street, Regent 0486; also at 505 Madison, Plaza 8560.

THORLEY, 612 Fifth Avenue, Circle 8120; 55 Broadway, Bowling Green 8829: Spring blooms on a grand scale.

TOTTY'S FLOWER SHOP, 4 East Fifty-third Street, Plaza 9720.

AL WARENDORFF, 1193 Broadway, Lackawanna 8166: For excellent table decorations (there are any number of other Warendorff shops about town).

FINAL NOTES: Possibly you know about that flower market at the corner of Thirty-third Street and Madison Avenue where stock is sold out each weekend, beginning Friday, at prices like fifty cents for a dozen creditable jonquils, etc. Flowers here are at least fresh and dewy when you buy them; they don't last forever, but neither do they droop and die on the way home, which is something.

I haven't made a plea in a long time. Here is one: Don't expect miracles of your florist at this time of the year. Even the lowly calendula sells out for Easter in a way to make your hair stand on end if you are one of the

as a young thing fresh from school wired the b. f. in Florida—

CANT WISH YOU WERE HERE IN NEW YORK BECAUSE IF YOU EVER SAW ONA MUNSON SHE WOULD BE HOLDING EVERYTHING WHILE I WOULD BE ONLY A RUNNER UP IN YOUR ALLEGED AFFECTIONS SHE IS THE CREAM IN MANHATTANS COFFEE AND IS SHE EASY TO GAZE ON YES STOP BUT I USE LUX TOILET SOAP* TOO AND AM BECOMING A CONSPICUOUS BEAUTY MYSELF COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF - SALLY

ONA MUNSON *blithely carried off honors in* Tip Toes, No No Nanette, *and* Manhattan Mary. *During the past season she has been lending her lovely voice and sparkling personality to that lively and frolicsome musical comedy* Hold Everything.

Ona Munson appreciates so well how much a flawlessly smooth skin means to an actress. She says: "There's nothing more refreshing than to return from a hard performance in the theater and bathe luxuriously with Lux Toilet Soap. Its lather is so generous. And afterward, one's skin feels so beautifully soothed and satin-smooth."

★ The stars of the Broadway successes, like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, are enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin soft and smooth. It was at the actresses' request that leading theaters throughout the country have placed this daintily fragrant, white soap in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters are using it, and in Hollywood all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. Lux Toilet Soap—luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢.

If you're SCOTCH, this will APPEAL TO YOU

Even if you're *not,* you cannot fail to appreciate the outstanding value of these classics in 100% co-operative apartment construction, at the thrifty price range of $8,200 to $23,000. Annual maintenance *half* the rental of the same number of rooms in this ideal location in "The Artists' Colony," just a step from Central Park.

5 Rooms, 2 baths, lavatory—4 rooms, dining alcove, 2 baths, extra lavatory—Roof bungalows, 5 and 3 rooms.

Completely finished typical apartments now ready for your inspection.

40 West 67th

100% Co-operative

Living rooms have large leaded glass studio windows and log-burning fireplaces. Direct and alternating current. Mechanical refrigeration.

Representative on premises. Brochure with plans on request. Ready in June.

ROSARIO CANDELA
Architect
EDGAR ELLINGER
Builder
JASPER A. CAMPBELL
Owner

PEASE & ELLIMAN INC.
Selling and Managing Agents
660 Madison Ave., at 60th St. REGent 6600
165 West 72nd St. ENDicott 8300

million or so who always wait until the last minute. You won't reform anyway, but at least I can remind you to order early. —B. B.

AS TO MEN

Warm-Weather Ties —Playthings for Father

THE patterns of the new ties are smaller than ever and the colors are more subdued, often matching the suits with which they are worn. Plain-colored satin four-in-hands are getting almost too popular; nearly every shop in town is displaying them so prominently that we are afraid they smack a little of "Easter neckwear."

We welcomed Tripler's variation in solid-colored silks with small strongly marked weaves. Peck & Peck have some ribbed-satin ties made in seven folds; cut on a true bias and unlined, they make better knots, keep in shape, and wear longer than ordinary ties. Saks-Fifth Avenue has some foulards, printed in minute geometric designs, that we think are very smart. If you like stripes, you should look over Albert Leonard George's Irish poplins, and Brooks is the place to go for those bordered foulard squares.

We are not predicting anything, but we expect to see more bow ties worn as soon as the weather warms up a bit. It's about time for a change, and bow ties are perfectly correct with lounge suits, and very sensible with sports clothes. You might try Franklin Simon, where the collection is large, various, and well-chosen. Straight-end club ties are better than butterfly bows.

JUST what aroused our present enthusiasm for gadgets we're not certain. It may have been the practice drives we took at the behest of John Williams, the Piping Rock professional who is in charge of Dobbs' golf school or it may have been the golf croquet at Abercrombie & Fitch. Perhaps it was one of those strange devices that are supposed to measure your drive or improve your putting. Whatever the reason, we are now unable to pass a gadget department without stopping to try everything in it.

The other day we entered H. L. Purdy, Inc., 506 Madison Avenue, to inspect an engagement pad we

ANOTHER SALON VERLAINE

EASTER GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Capo di Monte, Dresden, Vinet and Lalique Bonbonnieres

Hand-painted Satin Boxes and Eggs

Exquisite Antique Shrine

Decorated Baskets Artistically Filled.

From the Paris Studio of Robj This Beautiful Etched Urn $18

A STORY IN FIVE WORDS

There is another Salon Verlaine. This alone tells the story of a *Chocolaterie*, established only six months ago in the Savoy-Plaza Hotel. Favored by a distinguished patronage Verlaine has become an accepted standard for those who seek the unique and demand good taste and perfection in Chocolats and Gift Bonbonnieres. The new Salon Empire is on 5th Avenue at 43rd, in the Lefcourt-National Building.

FOUR DOLLARS THE POUND

Verlaine

Chocolats Distingués

SALON LOUIS QUINZE
SAVOY PLAZA HOTEL

SALON EMPIRE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 43RD ST.

A Fashionable and Lovely Outlook

PLEASURE craft of all kinds pass by, along the green shores of Carl Schurz Park. The windows of apartments at 7 Gracie Square face the river and Park.

Here is the last word in fine, inexpensive apartments in a fashionable neighborhood. Large light rooms, foyers, fireplaces and frigidaires. Extra maids' rooms and a gymnasium in the building. The maisonette studio has a roof garden, private entrance and address. See the floor plans today and move in this summer. Owner, Arthur Crisp, Inc. 4-5-6-7-9 rooms.

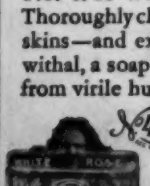
7 Gracie Square (84th Street at East River)

Overlooking Carl Schurz Park

Renting and Managing Agent:

14 EAST 47th STREET — BROWN, WHEELOCK, HARRIS, VOUGHT & CO., INC. — VANderbilt 0031

A lovely complexion is innately a rightful endowment of womankind. So decide wisely the soap that is best for your complexion. Very likely the end of your search is marked by a choice of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap. Thoroughly cleansing, yet kind to delicate skins—and exquisite in bouquet. (And withal, a soap that wins instant approval from virile husbands and athletic sons!)



No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

Made in U. S. A. by MULHENS & KROPFF, Inc. 25 W. 45th St., New York

The LENOX

IT is to be expected that when in Boston you will *go to the*

EGYPTIAN ROOM at the BRUNSWICK

Boston's smartest rendezvous; with LEO REISMAN and his unequalled orchestra.

A homey welcome awaits you at either the Hotel LENOX or BRUNSWICK

The BRUNSWICK

DOUBLES *the* CLOSET SIZE

Specialists in Space saving equipment . . for home and travel

hall LUGGAGE

PHILIP HALL 38 East 49th Street, New York

saw in the window. It was bound in tooled leather, and had a socket in which a combination fountain-pen and pencil was thrust upright. Inside was a page for each day of the year, with a line for each half hour. Very useful; but as we were about to examine it we discovered the Magic Memo—a pad of thin celluloid on which you write with a bone stylus. Press a button at the top, and instantly the pad is cleared of every mark and you can start all over again. We were having a fine time when the manager came up to show us some glasses designed to protect the eyes of motorists at night. They are made with the upper part of each lens smoked. Looking straight ahead you have clear vision; when you approach a car with bright headlights you simply tilt your head forward and look through the smoked part. Ground to your own prescription, and mounted in white gold, they cost from $18 up.

AT Ryan's, in the Pennsylvania Station, we discovered the Key Zip, a leather container with a Talon slide-fastener down the front, and clips for keys inside. It is one of the handiest and least bulky key containers we have seen. At Carey's, in the Grand Central, we found a TyBoy—an electric necktie-presser that consists of two flat hinged steel leaves, lined with felt (to be dampened), and electrically wired. A steel tongue is inserted in the tie before it is clamped between the two leaves. Thus heat, moisture, and pressure are applied; and since no friction is used, the seams and lining do not show and there is no unpleasant shine when the tie is removed, wrinkleless, five minutes later. Another novelty in this shop will be a boon to novice bridge players. A watchlike arrangement, on a base containing four small ashtrays, revolves a disc marked with the symbols of the four suits—to show at a glance which are trumps. In white metal, with gilt lining, it costs $6. Inveterate pipe-smokers will be interested in an Italian briar called No Nic (we are even getting fond of names like this) that has a chamber to trap the deadly nicotine.

THOSE tiny steam engines at Boucher, 415 Madison Avenue, nearly cured us. They are sold unassembled, and it is said that automotive geniuses pass the time on a long journey by putting them together. When set up, they have real driving power. However, we got nowhere with them, because we lack any mechanical in-

stinct. Remarking our disappointment, the salesman produced a Farrand Rapid Rule, which even a child could operate. It has six feet of slightly concave steel, rolled compactly into a small metal cup. Though it springs forth rigid, it can be bent and twisted into any shape; $5.

SPALDING has a fine assortment of novelties. One is an electric cigarette lighter, attached by a silk-covered cord to a special socket that screws into an ordinary lamp socket. The bulb and the lighter can consequently be used at the same time without the one's interfering with the other. There is also a dim night light that is worked on the same principle.

This shop has some new golf balls called Multidot—regular Kro-Flites with twelve colored dots painted on them, which because of an optical illusion make the balls seem larger than they really are. The dots come in red, blue, green, and maroon, and help the player identify his ball.

The regular Spalding tennis balls can be obtained now with air-tight covers of Viscose, a cellulose composition that preserves the liveliness of the rubber from the pressure of the inflation inside and from the hardening effect of the air outside, and keeps the balls in good condition for a year. Recommended to travellers, especially those going anywhere by water, and to the man who wants to lay in enough tennis balls to last all summer. The price is $5.40 for a dozen. Orange tennis balls, used on indoor courts because they can be seen so easily, are suggested for use on clay courts as well, because their color is less neutralized by contact with clay.

MACY has imported from Italy some cigarette cases and boxes made of real sole leather finished in a mottled effect that makes them resemble tortoise shell. They are unusual and very good-looking. The cigarette case costs $1.49; the cigarette box, $2.79; and a cigar box lined with red leather is sold for $14.89. We also saw pocket chess—and checker—sets that are made of red leather and fold in the centre like a wallet, which they resemble. The tiny men are flat, and slip into little pockets which prevent their being jarred out.

On the first floor, in the rear, we found some very smart desk sets of black glass. The most elaborate one has eight pieces, including a blotter pad that measures nineteen by twenty-four inches; $28.50. —G. McC.

OCCASIONAL

RATHER ELEGANTLY TURNED-OUT GARMENTS FOR DAY OCCASIONS OF A FORMAL TENDENCY.

TAILCOAT AND WAISTCOAT IN BLACK OR OXFORD

NINETY DOLLARS

ENGLISH WORSTED STRIPED TROUSERS

SEVENTEEN-FIFTY TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

READY-TO-PUT-ON

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THE

FINCHLEY *Establishments*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

MARTIN and MARTIN
BOOTMAKERS
695 Fifth Avenue, New York
326 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Exhibits in all principal cities.

Beauty cast her spell—
—upon these lovely shoes.
And their magic bestows a charm on those who wear them.
Martin and Martin craftsmen create the designs of these shoes from the artistry of the moderns . . . and their charm from the tenets of good taste.
May we fit you out for the Springtime?

A NEWLY-ARRIVED COLLECTION
HALF-PRICED!

JUST received . . . from three couturiers whose creations make the strongest appeal to Maxon's fastidious clientele . . . a large number of Spring Frocks, Coats, Ensembles and Sport Costumes of rare charm, elegance and youthful dash. Exclusive to the point of being only one of a kind. And priced below wholesale, because they are Originals. Call or write for fashion novelette...

MAXON'S, 11 E. 36TH ST.

SHORTHAND
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

Horoscopes $10
Send the date of your birth year, month, place, and the hour if possible. Ask questions. Personal interviews by appointment.
MYRA KINGSLEY, 687 Lexington Ave.
Phone: Wickersham 7887; Plaza 7692

OUR ADVANCED BRIDGE PROBLEMS—V

NORTH
♠—10-9-8
♡—K-J-2
◇—A-Q-J-4
♣—10-3-2

WEST
♠—5-4-3
♡—A-10-4-3
◇—K-5-2
♣—9-5-4

EAST
♠—K-J-7
♡—9-8-7
◇—10-6-3
♣—A-Q-8-7

SOUTH
♠—A-Q-6-2
♡—Q-6-5
◇—9-8-7
♣—K-J-6

EAST deals and passes. "I suppose this is what Mr. Work would call an 'average' hand," he mutters cynically. South says, "By me," and this refrain is echoed hopefully by West, who wants a new deal. All eyes are fastened upon North. By all the rules of all the rulebooks, North, the fourth hand, hasn't anything even approaching a legitimate bid. To be sure, he holds a four-card suit with three honors, and four-card suits with side strength of less doubtful quality than North's are sometimes worth a bid. Mr. Whitehead says: "Every four-card suit bid is made for one of two purposes—to give information or to seek information." But North, neither giving nor seeking information, but purely in a spirit of fun and acting upon a hunch such as no bridge books mention as a factor in the game, bids one diamond.

"Aw, what's the idea?" . . . "What do you expect to gain by that?" . . . "How do you get that way, bidding a minor suit when you're fourth hand?" These and other remarks of a less courteous tone assail North's ears, but he smiles grimly and insists that his bid stand. No one else cares to bid and North wins the auction, if you care to call it that. "Waste of time," growls South with the true loyalty of a bridge partner, but North makes no comment. He is a strong believer in hunches and always acts upon them.

EAST leads his ace of clubs, and South spreads his hand and saunters around the table to see what his confident partner holds. A brief inspection is sufficient to evoke a grunt. "You made a fourth-hand bid on *that!*" he sneers, and walks away to

look for a drink. North makes no reply and plays the six from dummy. His inspection of the twenty-six cards at his disposal has not served to diminish his faith in his inner urge to bid. It all depends on how many breaks he will get.

East's ace is good for the first trick, and he permits himself a sardonic smile at West. "Looks like we're going to teach this guy a lesson in bidding this time, partner," he comments. "Yeah?" replies North. "How about playing a card?" "Oh, sure." East now leads his seven of spades, hoping to drag down one of dummy's high cards, but North is canny and holds back, playing the deuce. It is the first of many chances that he must take in this hand. West wins a scowl from East for his inability to be helpful, and North takes the trick with his eight.

THINKING it best to leave the trumps alone for the present—he believes that the distribution of all the suits among the hands is fairly equal, in view of the lack of bidding—North goes right back to work on spades. Leading his nine, he covers East's jack with his queen and takes his second trick. North leads the queen of hearts from dummy, and West decides to cover with his ace. This gives his side their second trick and pleased smiles again pass across the board. Happily, South is not there to jeer, being still in the kitchen.

West now tries a heart lead of his own, snapping his trey to the board. North calmly covers with his jack and adds his third trick to his pile. By now North is able to see rather clearly what his campaign should be, and he wishes that South were present to see his masterly handling of the situation. Kid him about his bid, would they? Well, he'd show 'em! By golly, he could make game if one more finesse succeeded. As this last possibility dawns upon him, North nearly spills his cards in his joy.

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disregard for the groans of "Hurry up!" and "Play cards!" from his opponents, North leads the three of clubs. East holds back his queen, playing the seven instead, and North takes the trick in dummy with the jack. He is now ready for the all-important finesse in trumps. Leading his seven of diamonds from dummy, North watches West's expression with greatest eagerness. After a telltale pause, which sends North into peals of happy laughter, West plays his deuce and North takes the trick with his jack.

Again North leads a club from his own hand, the ten this time, beating the queen, which East throws out, with his king in dummy. Now the eight of diamonds is led from the board, and with West again refusing to sacrifice his king, North takes the trick in his own hand with his queen. To be on the safe side, North does not depend upon another round of trumps to catch the king, but puts the lead again in dummy with his own lead of the ten of spades, East's king falling ignominiously beneath the ace from the board. Now the nine of diamonds is played from dummy and, with a curse which he is at no particular pains to keep to himself, West hurls forth his king, which is covered adequately by North's ace.

THE next to the last trick goes to North when he leads his king of hearts, and the last one is snared by his four of diamonds, as South returns from the kitchen where he has been refreshing himself.

"Well, did you make your one? You wasted enough time," says South.

"Nope, didn't make one," replies North, as East and West stare glassily at each other.

"What! Not even one? You got set?"

"No, not set," says North, enjoying an unusual pleasure hugely.. "I made five diamonds! And we had forty in honors!"

The effect of this hand is to make North cocky over his playing ability, so that he proceeds to get set an average of three tricks each, doubled, in the next seven hands.

—JOHN C. EMERY

•

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COURT GAMES

Gentlemen of the Faculty—Advice on the Side—Champion's Coach—Postponement

Frank Ward *Ernest Clark*

Frank Lafforgue *Walter Kinsella*

THERE may be more exciting occupations than that of the teacher of squash, but not many in which loyalty is better appreciated. A mellow tradition has grown up about the professionals. As a pro continues in service he becomes something of a character, inseparable from his club, known only by his given name, and so much a necessary part of the place that it wouldn't be the same without him. In England, from whom we inherited the tradition, and where the markers are held in particularly high regard, there were such famous figures as Punch Fairs, Peter Latham, and George Covey of Crabbet Park. France still remembers Ferdinand Garcin and Pierre Etchebaster. In America we have Walter Kinsella; Tom Pettitt, now pensioned by the Boston Tennis and Racquet Club; George Standing, pensioned by the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York; Eddie Rogers of the same club; and, among the younger professionals, William Ganley of the Westchester-Biltmore; Frank Lafforgue, who has been coaching since 1903, and since 1917 at the Yale Club; Jimmy Reid of the Crescent Athletic Club; Johnny Jacobs of the Harvard Club; Frank Ward of the City A. C.; Bob Cahill of the Park Avenue Squash Club; George Cummings of the University Club; Steve Gregor of the Racquet Club; Blondy Standing, in charge of the Whitney courts at Manhasset, Long Island; Tom Barnwell of the Princeton Club; Leo Collins of the Fraternity Club; Rowland Dufton, of the New York A. C.; and Ernest Clark of the Columbia University Club.

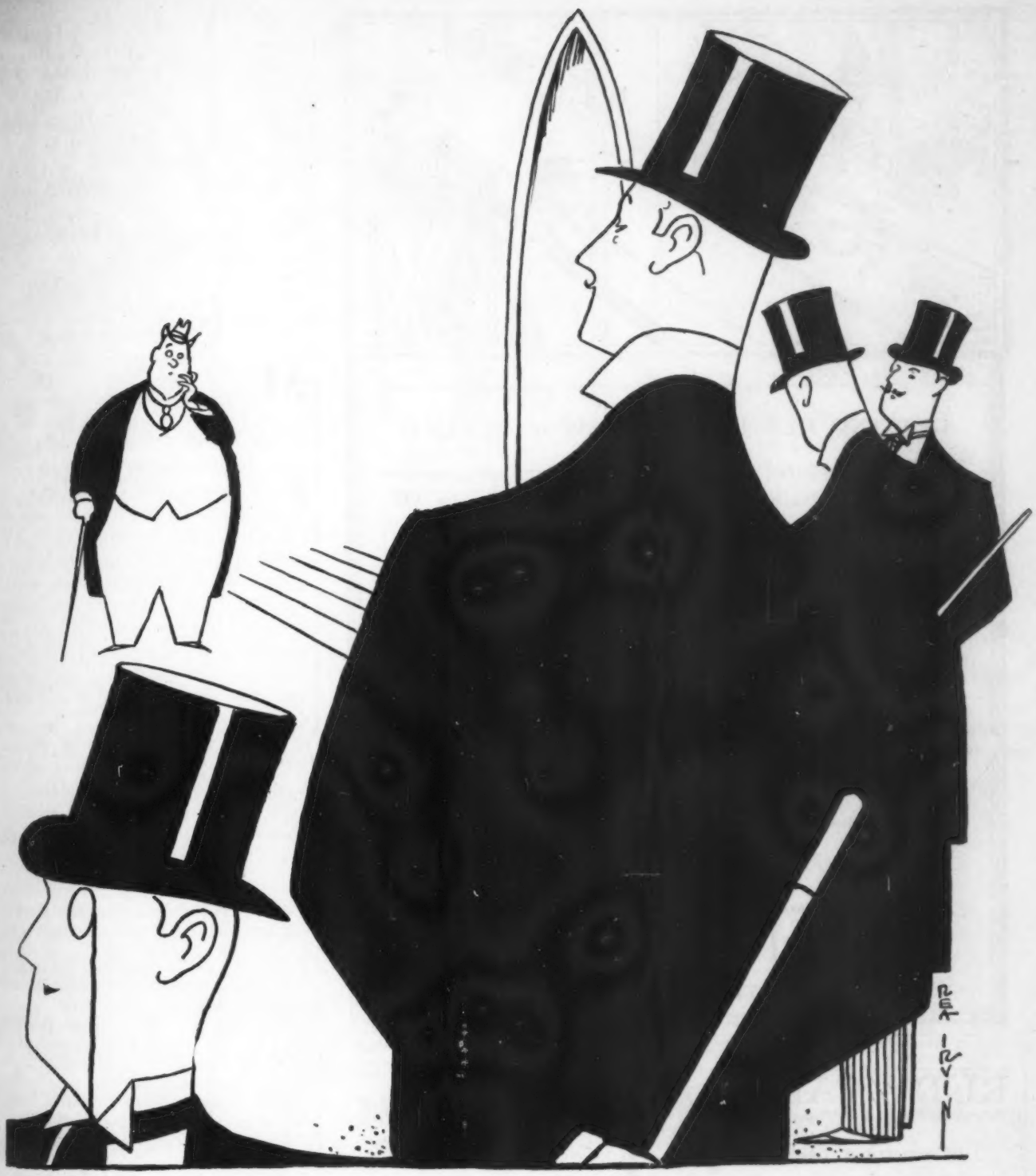
THE work of these coaches is not confined to instructing various members and re-stringing racquets. At any amateur tournament you will always find several of them on hand, advising their protégés, taking care of playing clothes and racquets, and doing it all so silently and unobtrusively that you would not know they were there unless you looked for them. During the National championships at the Columbia University Club last week, B. H. O'Connor won at least one match that he might have lost had it not been for the advice he received from Jimmy Reid. After he had been beaten in the first game, O'Connor was told by Reid to use entirely different tactics. As soon as he changed them, he overwhelmed his opponent in the next two games.

Dr. Mixsell *Rowland Haines*

When Milton Baron was losing to H. R. Mixsell in the semi-finals I looked over at Kinsella and Ward, from whom Baron has learned most of his squash. They were both in the gallery and were very quiet through the whole match, but from the expressions on their faces you could easily see that they suffered more than Baron.

There was nothing they could do for him. He was playing magnificent squash at times, but he lacked the experience and stability of Dr. Mixsell, who kept him on the run from the front of the court to the rear. Only some more years of tournament play could correct his deficiencies.

ERNEST CLARK seemed to have the best time of all the professionals at the tournament. He was so busy looking after everyone and making comebacks to the Scotch jokes being directed at him that he didn't have many chances to go into the gallery. Clark was born in England, grew up



The horrific moment, preceding the Smithfield-Hamm nuptials, when Mr. Duncan Faubourg, an uncle of the groom, was discovered *IN THE WRONG HAT* . . . Later, in a nice way, he was directed to KNOX, The Hatter.

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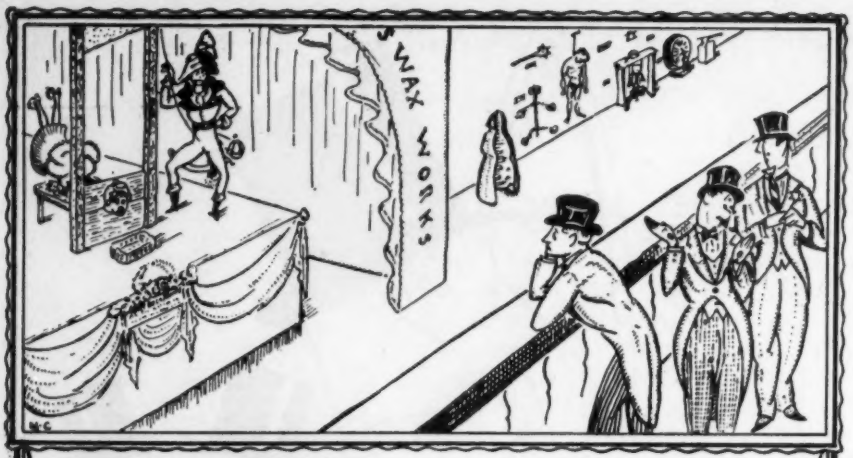

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in Glasgow, and in 1917 served his squash apprenticeship at the Harvard Club under Stephen Feron. The following year he went to Columbia as assistant to William Gray, and in 1920 he became head coach there.

At the championships he had no worries about what was going on upstairs in the squash courts. With Rowland Haines in the lists he had no doubt that when the play reached the finals the champion would be there defending his title, and defending it successfully.

MIXSELL felt the same way about the outcome of the championship round. After his match with Baron he saw Haines defeat [illegible]pital a player as Jerome Kerbec[illegible]h his thunderbolt drives, and [illegible]d that the finals wouldn't be much to look at. Unfortunately, the match was postponed because of an injury to Mixsell's foot, so I am unable to report whether Mixsell knew what he was talking about. I do know, though, that any time he goes on the court the play is well worth looking at, if only to see him make his delicately stroked slow-down shots.

That a veteran player well past the forty mark should be able to reach the final round of the National championships is one of the best endorsements squash tennis could have. D. D.

Miss Callie Joy, Florence Harwell and Lena Harwell were seen in Wetumka Saturday night.

Miss Callie Joy and Bill Joy spent a few hours with Miss Lena Harwell Saturday night.

Mr. Bill Joy, Mr. Oliver Harwell, Miss Lena Harwell, Miss Florence Harwell and Miss Callie Joy were seen going toward Calvin Sunday.

Miss Jeanette Waggoner spent Saturday night with Miss Flora Joy.

Misses Lena and Flo[illegible]l took dinner with Miss Call[illegible] Joy Sun[illegible].

—*Wetumka (Okla.) Gazette.*

Yes, it's the people that get around that have the fun.

WE STAND CORRECTED

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER,
SIRS:

MY attention was recently called to a published interview with our son Yehudi Menuhin and his family, in your issue of February 23.

Most of it sounds so intimate, correct, and delightful that I would not have ever thought of disclaiming any responsibility for the lovely and seemingly friendly observations made were it not for one statement deliberately or unintentionally attributed to Yehudi, namely that he once said: "Mischa Elman ought to take his G-string out on tour."

This, dear sirs, is cowardly shooting at somebody behind the back of an innocent child! Yehudi is quite observant, wise, keen, and very definite in his musical tastes and distastes. We respect his sincere honesty. But above all Yehudi is generous, modest, and decent, and I wish to state categorically that Yehudi never made any derogatory statement about Elman or any other artist. Yehudi's parents would rather have him be a decent shoemaker than see him lower himself to the level of expressing or having professional jealousy, as so many of his fellow violinists are afflicted.

We have always held out to Yehudi the fine example of Kreisler, Enesco, Heifetz as men who are known to be generous to their fellow artists, cultured, broad, big, and sympathetic. Yehudi loves and admires these artists partly because they are known for not making derogatory statements about others. We never heard Yehudi say anything but the kindliest about anybody.

I believe that out of a sense of fair play you will find room to make public this statement.

Respectfully yours,
MOSHE MENUHIN

•

MANIAC STABS 4 IN SUBWAY CRUSH—*The Herald Tribune.*
MANIAC SLASHES 5 IN TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY—*The Times.*
STABS 8 IN TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY—*The Daily News.*
MANIAC HACKS 2 IN SUBWAY—*The Daily Mirror.*
MANIAC SLASHES 4 AT TIMES SQUARE—*The World.*
SEVERAL SLASHED BY MANIAC—*The American.*

It was a despicable thing for him to do, anyway.

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, MARCH 13

BY government estimate Paris contains five thousand Russian taxi-drivers, who by our estimate never know where one lives; and now there is also a Russian Opera. Several months ago there was a preliminary Slavic tryout at the Gaieté-Lyrique, where Russians came to hear Russians singing "La Dame de Pique," and the like, by Tchaikowsky. The new organization now playing at the Champs-Elysées is not relying upon nationalism; the entire city clamors at its box office and the handsome and unlucky theatre is having one of the runs of its life. Madame Kouznezov-Massenet's company owes its success largely to the fact that nine times out of ten it sings works by Rimsky-Korsakow. The sets are pleasing, being pseudo-Bakst; the voices are fair without being warmer. The pleasure, however, of hearing "Prince Igor," "Kitège," and "Snegourotchka" —none of which has been presented here in operatic form since before the war—and Belsky's fantasy on Pushkin's "Tsar Saltan" has carried the day and night. Also the esprit de corps is marvellous; being second-rate Russians, the principals sing without pretension, as if performing a natural, though not necessarily musical, function. The chorus of moujiks, as is the way with Russian choruses and peasants, is better than its masters.

All this is told you for your own good, since the Kouznezov-Massenet organization is going to New York on completing its run here. Unfortunately, the chorus will not go along, since in private life it makes up the five thousand taxi-drivers mentioned above and is determined to meet you tourists here on its own ground.

PROBABLY the rarest, certainly the briefest, public pleasure here of late was the one-night stand of the Basque Dancers at the same theatre. These butchers' and bakers' lads, ploughboys, and mountain mayors' sons, brought up from their villages in France and Spain to dance before the French élite, were half of them, especially the French half, incapable of speaking a word of French. With

BETWEEN THE ACTS

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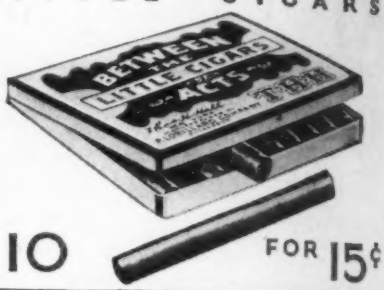

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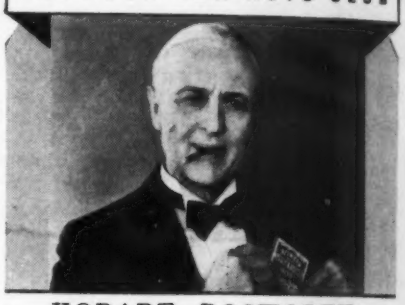

HOBART BOSWORTH
Motion Picture Star

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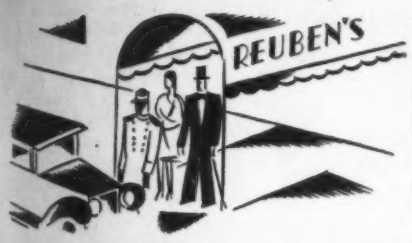

PERHAPS YOU SAW REUBEN'S

own little revue t'other morn? A howling success, we modestly admit. Sort of a "Night in Venice". First, there was—none other than bewitching Fioretta—(beg pardon, DOROTHY KNAPP). Then her mirth-provoking stagepater in the person of LEON ERROL. "Miss Venice" finds Reuben's Broiled Quail on Toast a rare delicacy to suit the discriminating palate of even "the most beautiful girl in the world". While those troublesome knees of "Julio" forsook their weird antics long enough to permit their owner's delighted enjoyment of a delicious Reuben's concoction . . . Broiled Breast of Chicken, Virginia Ham, tender young Mushrooms and Parisienne Potatoes. A scintillating performance—sans gondolas, sans make-up! Just a typical Reuben production!

* * *

Should JACK PEARL ever be "sunk in a ditch", we're sure he'd pass the time away pleasantly, recalling memories of his last visit here! This comic turned up after-theatre—still "Pleasure Bound"—to derive a heap of enjoyment from Mixed Grill *à la* Reuben. Delectable lamp chop, sweetest lamb kidney, crisp bacon, spicy sausages, and a baked potato—prepared in the truly inspired manner of "Our Chef". "Ach—*such* a dish!"

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the exception of that part of their band who last spring danced at and packed London's Albert Hall, few of them had ever seen a train before patronizing the Biarritz express that brought them to town. The magnificent group of adolescents was dressed in one of its many national costumes—red-velvet jackets, pantaloons of sorts, bare throats, tasselled caps, and leather-laced sandals. These dances, customarily performed by the mile and the weekend when the Basque villagers foot it in festivals from one town to another—without losing an intricate step by the way—were necessarily restricted at the Champs-Elysées, where the more delicate Basque specialty, dancing on wine glasses, was the feature.

ONE more new theatre has been added to the city's belt of playhouses. The Grand-Guignol and its type of horror plays has long been necessary for a population in whose honor the modern nude revue was invented, but which, in its time, has also enjoyed its bloody revolutions. The Théâtre Saint-Georges, modernist in its décors but old-fashioned in its hair-raising plots, stepped forth as the Guignol's rival when it opened with "Une Nuit d'Edgar Poe," still a favorite bird of ill-omen among the French. The most important and dullest bit on its biting menu was "Le Déjeuner Marocain," by Jules Romains, doubtless an old manuscript he'd had lying about ever since he was a boy.

AFTER four years of professional boxing, one month of training, and fifty-eight seconds of fighting at the Velo' d'Hiv', the Frenchman, Spider Pladner, became flyweight champion of his world. But two championship matches have been held in Paris in the past decade, the last being the 1922 Siki-Carpentier light-heavy struggle which led to the downfall of *le beau boxeur* and his industry in France.

As a battle of the century, the Pladner-Genaro fight lasted less than one minute but was worth going to as a sight and a surprise. Two hours before the preliminaries, the humbler fans filed into their unnumbered seats with sausages, *pinard*, cheese, and bread in their fists, and the scene was set which the later entry of top-hatted toffs and about two thousand women, many in décolletage, did not offset. André Routis, bantam champion, and in dinner clothes, was in the ring just before the big milling, kissing Pladner what

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THEATRE TICKETS, BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

might have been, but was not, a good-bye. Hal Sherman, the American dancer, chaperoned Genaro to his corner and without a kiss, but it did no good. Before Madame Pladner, the challenger's peasant mother from the Auvergnat, had had more than time to scowl in motherly warning at Genaro, the fracas was over.

The decision has not been altered either by the protest of Genaro's camp that the one blow exchanged was low, or by the fact that the referee, Bernstein, being French, not only thought the blow was fair but was the first Frenchman to kiss Pladner in token of victory. The cinematographers, whose reels might decide everything afresh, were recuperating from taking the presentation pictures of a moment before and had nothing but a still life of Genaro on the floor.

ACCOMPANIED by pages of public protest, one hundred paintings by artists who were once wild youth and are now high-priced dead have been moved from the Luxembourg Museum to the Louvre, to make way for one hundred canvases by living painters, of whom none, if not considered wild when youthful, is now worth the wall space the museum offers. Vlaminck, Derain, Marchand, Van Dongen, Matisse, and Marie Laurencin are some of those going in, and the Seurats, Gauguins, Cézannes—indeed all that group which the Luxembourg first refused when cheap and later had to buy high from astuter private collectors—are going over to the Louvre among the dear dead Da Vincis. Nor is what the Louvre is getting, and the future Sunday afternoon public will be educated upon, the pick of these painters' works. Since the war, the best modern art in Europe is more likely found in the bedroom of a connoisseur than in the corridor of a state gallery. The death of the king long since has meant the death of those great growing public collections which became public, of course, only after the king was beheaded as a private citizen. As a collector he still is remarked as superior to the republics which followed in his wake. What the Musée du Luxembourg has moved over to the Musée du Louvre in the way of Impressionists and Pointillists, and what it has replaced in the way of Cubists and Fauvists, is of lower grade than what may be seen in any respectable *nouveau-riche* collection of France, Holland, or Germany today.

—GENÊT

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"24-HOUR SERVICE"

AN amusing game of infinite possibilities has taken hold here in certain places in these latter years. We learned about this pastime over a year ago, when a new baby meant, among the other items, a new camera and a great snapping of cunning natural poses.

Speed is most important in this particular work. Films must be rushed through the developing and printing stages, because a body can't wait a week to know whether the first bicuspid came out all right, in those hard-won smile scenes. By that time the second fang would probably appear, and rob the first of its news value. No time can be lost.

THUS pressed, we turned from the older, more elaborate camera stores to one of those twenty-four-hour Film Services, whose activities so well bespeak the headlong efficiency of New York life. The experiment was a success from the start.

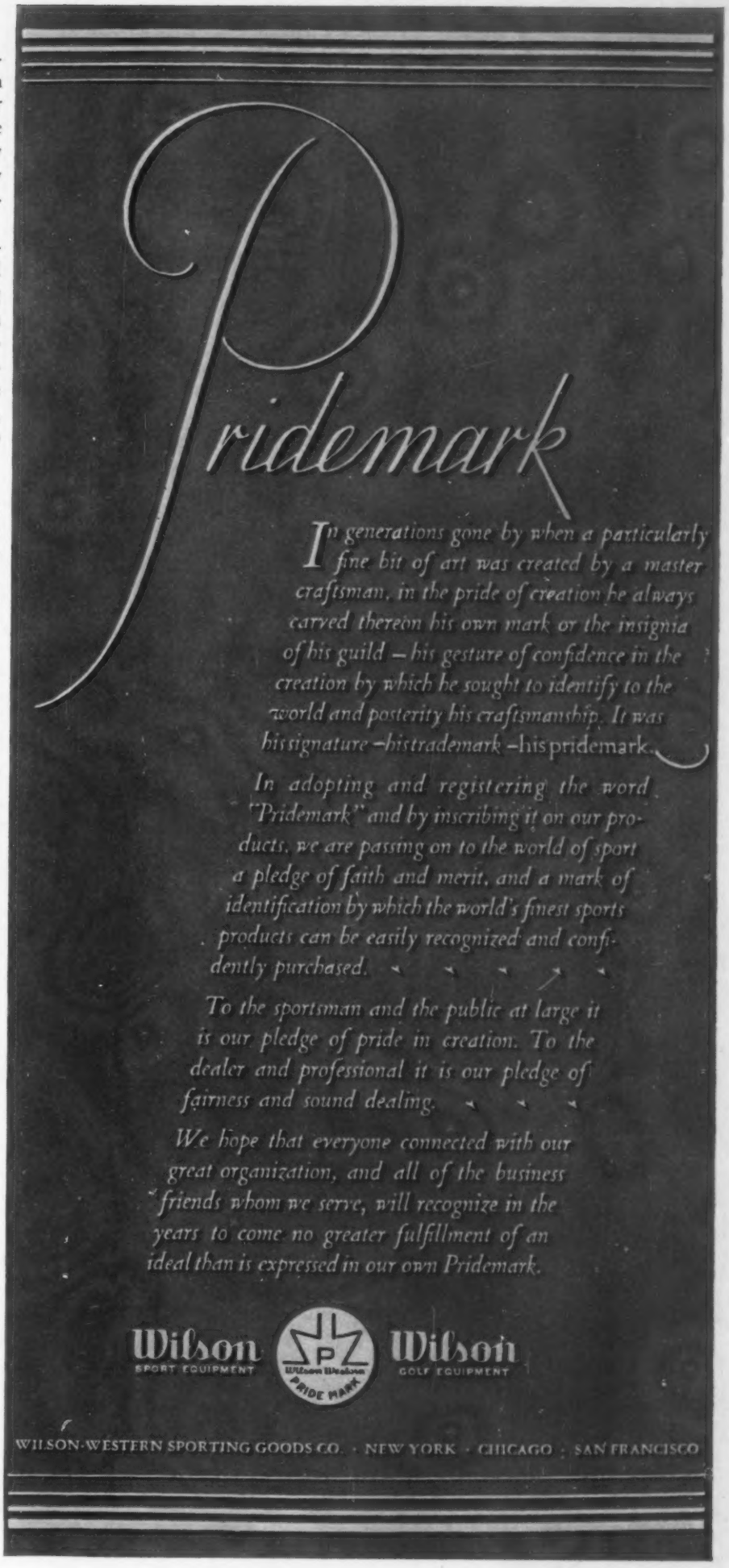
One afternoon I turned in my three rolls of film to be developed and printed—baby tub and crib views, some of which the Scott's Emulsion people would have paid me handsomely to suppress.

I collected the envelope of finished pictures the very next evening, and hurried home. My wife and I are always eager to look them over together, especially now that she has two cameras of her own. Yet even in those earlier days I wanted to share the excitement of the first inspection.

I poured the films and prints out on the desk, and we stared at each other with a wild surmise, for the topmost picture showed the baby transmuted, by the midsummer magic of gelatine and metal salts, into a clear, unmistakable snapshot of a Mexican burro in her piety, gazing at a cactus shrub, with mountains and mesas beyond.

We pawed like wirehairs into the heap of prints, and came upon a more intimate and sophisticated subject, a slightly underexposed interior, playing up the merits of a daybed, a negligée, and a circuline-wave (blonde). She was not our baby, but we kept her as a promising starter for our new album. There wasn't, it may be said, a baby picture in the lot.

A week or two later I took six more photos of the boy, and turned the roll in at the corner drugstore that acts as agent for the quick film service. In less than twenty-six hours I was re-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warded with twelve striking negatives and prints, of which those of the Monkey House at the Jardin des Plantes, the lower half of the Leaning Tower, the pigeons of St. Mark's, and a calm day on the after-deck of the De Grasse received a permanent place in our collection.

LAST Sunday, when we submitted the complacent baby to six full hours of steady camera exposure, gave us one of our biggest hauls. Out of that series of ten rolls, we got back from the film service next day a diversified selection. The two bathing girls propped against a coconut palm are easily worth an AA rating by Moody. The marlin swordfish and its captor bring the breezes of Avalon to Eighty-fourth Street. The Chapel at West Point came out well. The picnic at Lake Ronkonkoma shows even the matzoth-box labels. The cat lying on the live Airedale is a touching symbol of misplaced trust; and then, too, we acquired one of the finest pictures ever taken of the Washington Monument, and also a smiling lass of the John Ward coterie, acting as capstan to a Scottie on Sixth Avenue.

In the year that we have been taking these baby photographs, we have filled three large albums with just such educational and human-interest views. In addition, we have another book half filled with pictures that we don't show to everyone. It is a delightful game, photography, if you use rapid film service.

—GEORGE DOCK, JR.

•

TOPSY-TURVY

Lying limp, in the dregs of flu,
I watched the court where the wind-whirls blew,
Stared at a square of concrete sky
And saw the snowflakes rising by—
Up and up, with never a pause,
In mad defiance of nature's laws.
The gale from the east was brought up short
With a huff and a puff in our narrow court;
But he charged ahead, that burly rover—
In and around and up and over.
And on his back, in delirious play,
The snowflakes rose and rose all day.

(Lord, let me up and about the town
Where snowflakes fall not up but down!) —JEROME BARRY

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A King Does No Wrong—Sibelius and Strauss — Débutants — Mr. Bodansky

WHEN Mr. Koussevitzky next brings his Boston Symphony into Carnegie Hall, he may have on his program some such item as the following:

JAMES KNOX POLK — Suite in B-minor, No. 6
- Overture
- Sarabande
- Bourrée
- Minuet I and II
- Quodlibet

To find on Mr. Koussevitzky's latest bill a Symphony in D-major by Frederick the Great was not much more unexpected. It was no news, of course, that Frederick had played the flute, and it had been recorded that the monarch had indulged himself in composition; but I fancy that no one ever expected to hear any of Frederick's lucubrations performed.

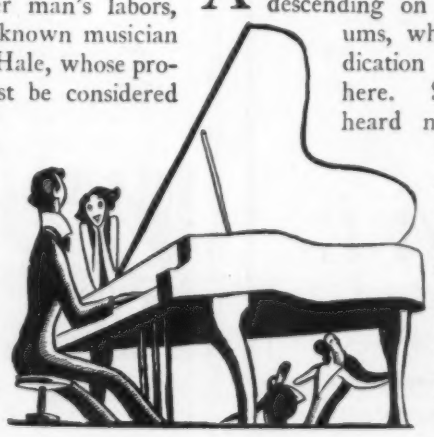
The Symphony in D was played as part of a concert which included also a symphony by Sibelius and Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra," and it developed either that Frederick was a pretty good composer or that he had in his employ a ghost writer who knew how to put together an agreeable series of sounds. As von Bülow said (and if it wasn't von Bülow, it might just as well have been), it is dangerous to criticize the music of royalty because one never knows who may have written it.

Whoever may have been the confector of the Symphony, the work is pleasant music, made in the orthodox pattern of its time, and, so far as I could hear, undistinguished by anything to set it apart from hundreds of conventional symphonies of the eighteenth century. If the King composed it, he did no wrong, and if he took the credit for another man's labors, he likewise did the unknown musician no wrong. Mr. Philip Hale, whose program annotations must be considered authoritative, asserts that "the King wrote all the parts without assistance," and that only minor corrections were made by his flute maestro, Johann Joachim Quantz. In any event, the Symphony was worth a performance, and Mr. Koussevitzky led it so well that he ought to receive a posthumous decoration from Frederick.

THERE has been an intermittent agitation for more hearings of Sibelius, and Mr. Koussevitzky obliged with the third symphony of that composer—a work which had had only one previous performance in New York. Sibelius has not been too fortunate in his recent representations here, and the third symphony did not do much to encourage other conductors to explore the Sibelius catalogue. There is a Sibelius tradition which holds up the composer as a grim, silent man from the North and which finds grimness and Northernness, if not silence, in his music. The third symphony, for all its sure-handed scoring and careful construction, did not come off very effectively, and the deadly tradition remains. However, the second symphony, a "young" work, would do much to show the real genius of Sibelius, and perhaps somebody will bring it out before long.

Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" had a good performance, at least at the Saturday concert, but the more I hear of this work, the more I wish that composers would leave philosophy out of their systems. After the celebrated C-major "Sunrise" chord of the introduction, nothing momentous takes place, and if one were to listen to this ambitious score without invoking the imposing name of Nietzsche, one might find it no more important than Strauss' "Alpine Symphony," for which no one seems to have any enthusiasm.

A GREAT many débutants are descending on the recital podiums, which is a sure indication that spring is here. So far I have heard no newcomer of uncommon gifts, although the general level of accomplishment is somewhat higher than it used to be. The principal trouble with these young musicians —and when I



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say young, I do not refer specifically to the ages of the débutants—is that they sound as if they were playing or singing exclusively for their teachers.

WHENEVER a conductor approaches the end of his term, there is a revaluation of his work, and Mr. Bodanzky, whose engagement at the Metropolitan concludes this spring, is discovering from some critics that his conducting has improved greatly of recent weeks. Something of the same stripe occurred when Mr. Monteux' departure from the Boston Symphony was announced. A retiring conductor always becomes a bit of a hero.

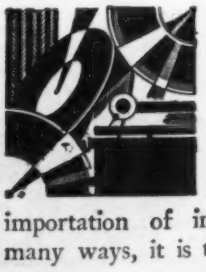
From where I sat—or stood—Mr. Bodanzky's performances of the past month have not sounded unlike his familiar presentations of German music, although there may have been a little more emphasis here and there. When he shouted at the ensemble in "Freischütz," it was not symptomatic of a new interest in his work, for anyone who has watched Mr. Bodanzky's face while he is conducting, or sat in the first row and heard his sotto-voce comments, knows that he is thoroughly alive at all times to everything that is happening.

Mr. Bodanzky suffered from being taken for granted. Long since, he had established his ideas concerning the repertoire which was his, and there was unreasonable disappointment in some quarters when he did not help himself to a new and startling reading at each succeeding performance. I believe that Mr. Bodanzky would have shown to better advantage had he been relieved from an exclusively German routine and been permitted a few passages with Verdi and Puccini—but this is no threnody. Mr. Bodanzky is about to take over an orchestra of his own, and what more could any conductor desire?

—R. A. S.

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

"Carmen" Whole—Mr. Mengelberg Twice—The Gershwin Concerto



COLUMBIA has issued its first complete opera—"Carmen," which is now available at the Gramophone Shop. This is an importation of importance, and, in many ways, it is the most satisfactory

opera album yet issued. "Carmen" is scored economically, and the balance between the voices and the orchestra on the thirty sides that make up the recorded opera is perfect. The only important cut is the omission of the "Dragons d'Alcalá," an inexplicable excision, especially since the tenor, Georges Thill, is easily the star.

This "Carmen" is conducted by Elie Cohen of the Opéra Comique in Paris, and it is one of the brightest, most vivacious performances that ever has been put forward. Occasionally, M. Cohen, trying to cram enough music on to one disc, hurries his tempi unduly, but the management of the orchestra throughout is notable. The accompaniment for the Flower Song is led by the inescapable M. Gaubert; and if you want an explanation, it probably is that this disc was made before the complete opera was recorded.

Georges Thill is a revelation, although one of my colleagues who has heard him in person warns me that his recording is better than his public singing. The Thill José is sung thrillingly, except for a few touches of sentimental vibrato. The Carmen is Mme. Raymonde Visconti, who is content to sing the music, which, in its own way, is something of a distinction. An unusually vivid Micaela, Marthe Nespoulous, seems to have been recorded a trifle too near the microphone or its equivalent, but the damage is not overwhelming. The Toreador is a lusty baritone named Guenot, and the minor bits are well done. The album is equipped with a bad English translation, to which no one need pay attention. "Carmen" is one of the winter's best record buys.

MR. MENGELBERG is represented on two current lists. For Victor he has recorded "Ein Heldenleben," with the Philharmonic-Symphony, and Columbia has his version of Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Both are superlative recordings. The Mengelberg "Heldenleben" is unparalleled, and it loses almost nothing on the discs. The Symphony is a dazzling display by the conductor's home orchestra. There is a small cut in the Symphony—a cut authorized by Tschaikowsky's brother and biographer, as the eminent commentator, Sam Bottenheim, has explained.

THE Gershwin Concerto, in the small orchestration, has been recorded for Columbia, by Paul White-

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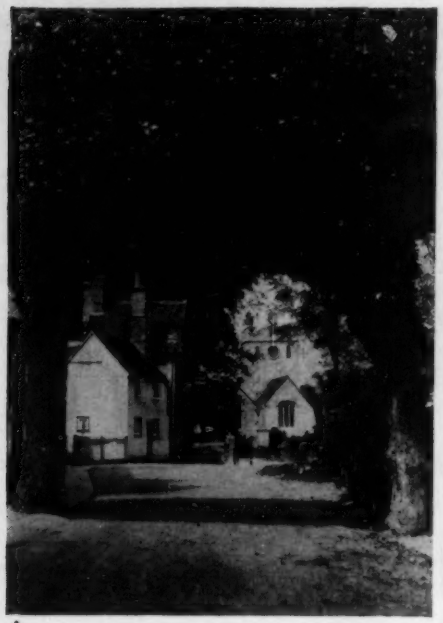

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man and his orchestra, with Roy Bargy as soloist. I do not like the condensed scoring as well as the original, especially in the first movement, which loses much of its force without the massed string tone against the piano. This is not one of the most successful of Whiteman recordings, for there is a lack of continuity in this performance, but the work, which some of us regard as Gershwin's most distinguished effort, is worth having in spite of flaws in the performance.

AMONG the recent shorter recordings, the following are suggested for investment:

AGATHA'S PRAYER (Freischütz) and AVE MARIA (Otello)—Elisabeth Rethberg. Two exceptionally well-sung recordings by one of the finest of all sopranos. (*Brunswick*)

WIENER BLUT and FRÜHLINGSSTIMMEN—Boston Symphony Orchestra. Two Strauss waltzes, performed with fine tone and a not too Russian style. (*Victor*)

VALSE BLUETTE and ORIENTALE—Efrem Zimbalist. Simple and charming versions of familiar violin music. (*Columbia*)

—R. A. S.

•

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Oh, travel up or travel down
You'll find no town like Boston town!

There every night and every noon
The solemn church bells chime in tune;
And in each church—so goes the news—
The pious folk fill groaning pews.

There everybody loves his labor,
And no one talks about his neighbor;
While Saturdays—or so 'tis said—
They dine on beans, then go to bed.

There no one steals a single look
At an unexpurgated book,
And everyone—'tis understood—
Is Wise, Grammatical, and Good.

In all that town—or so I've heard—
You never hear a wicked word;
Yea, there strong men—or so they tell—
Say: *Oh dear me!* instead of *H—ll!*

There taste is really perfect taste,
The muse is (very nearly) chaste;
And no one winks a naughty wink,
Or ever, *ever* takes a drink.

There growing girls are still demure,
And even Politics are Pure;
While Boston dames—I tell no lies—
Are beautiful as they are wise!

Oh, travel up or travel down,
You'll find no town like Boston town!

—KATHARINE D. MORSE

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OUT OF TOWN

Spain's Heyday — New Trips for Flighty People

IF the Barcelona and Seville Expositions would only adopt new titles, in order to avoid identification with the late Philadelphia fiasco, no bitter frequenter of expositions could be suspicious of them. There will be no opening parade of Shriners, so take heart and reserve your passage at once if you really mean to go. The charming de luxe ships of the Spanish Royal Mail Line—the Juan Sebastian Elcano, Magallanes, and Marques de Comillas—are already booked almost to capacity for the rush period around May 15, when the Barcelona Exposition starts.

The Seville Exposition, which opens May 9, will be concerned chiefly with the fine arts, the graces, and history, and is to be in the mood of Old Seville—leisurely, stately, and picturesque. The much larger Barcelona affair is very emphatically keyed to its setting, the noisy, modern go-getting city of Northern Spain which is often sneered at by your *ancien-régime* aristocrats, but nevertheless pays most of the revenue of the country. It is to be a real world's fair, with all the usual features, agricultural, industrial, athletic, and artistic. Spain is small enough in area, of course, to make it easy to see both shows, and to take in the sights of the nation on the side.

WORD is getting around that a number of our celebrities are planning to go to Barcelona. Gene Tunney has promised to open the sports stadium, and Lucrezia Bori, the concert hall. Louis Bromfield, Thornton Wilder, and the Adolphe Menjous are all expected; Raquel Meller, La Argentina, Cortez and Peggy, and even the Spaniard-for-love-of-it, Carola Goya, are all to perform while the fling is on.

Also, there will be bullfights to see, drives through the suburbs, and, above all, the Sardana—the street-dancing, sponsored by the city, which takes place every evening, in a different part of town. Quite a sight.

In addition to the standard and quite elegant Ritz, Colon, Bristol, and Oriente, among other Barcelona hotels,

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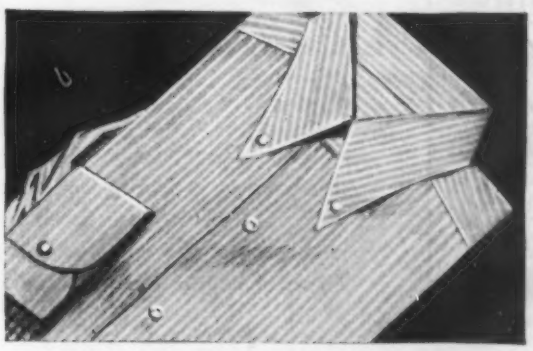

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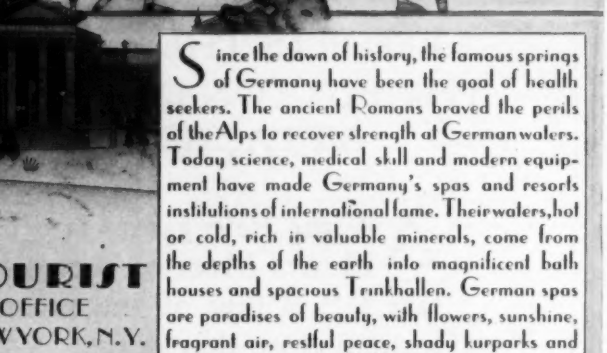

by the shoecraft salon

back from *palm beach* and *havana* and heaven knows where, tanned to a glow and gayer than ever, we're here again, we smart *new yorkers,* for *easter! let* us preserve our reputation for *chic* by wearing this new *shoecraft* slipper of beige watersnake with brown kid. $26.50.

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SALON: 714 fifth ave
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there will be two large new ones, to be called the Exposition Hotels, on either side of the Exposition gates.

In Seville, where everything will be done much less in a booster manner, there are the Madrid, Inglaterra, and Alfonso XIII hotels. I am told they come up to one's fondest dreams of Spanish picturesqueness.

THERE is, of course, a variety of ways of getting to Spain. The Spanish Royal Mail Line has several small but attractive boats. The French Line runs some of its cabin ships to Vigo and Corunna, and the Fabre Line makes calls at several ports. You can land at Marseilles, go up to Carcassonne, and then to Spain by train and motor—a charming trip. Also, there are short routes by sea from Marseilles or Genoa direct to Barcelona. A travel agent or the Barcelona Exposition headquarters at 113 West Fifty-seventh Street, telephone Circle 2861, can give you complete details.

Going to Seville, there are express trains through Madrid from all the Spanish ports and from the various important points in Europe. Lastly, you can fly from France to Barcelona, a trip which is no longer a novelty.

EUROPE has developed aviation to such an extent that one can fly from practically any one important city to any other, though not, perhaps, always directly. The many airplane lines of the different countries have coöperated to bring about amazing facility in air travel. Beginning with the two London-Paris routes, the Imperial Airways (British) and the Air Union (French), you can swoop around the map of Europe on the planes of a dozen or more lines—far too many to list. From London, if you want to sidestep Paris, you can go direct to Amsterdam, Hamburg, and the Scandinavian cities. From Paris you can also fly to the same ports.

At any of them you can pick up a plane for Berlin, Prague, or Vienna, or for Frankfort or Zurich. You can fly from Germany to Moscow, from Paris via Vienna and Budapest to Rumania, Constantinople, or Warsaw. Or you can go to Constantinople via Athens from Brindisi—by Italian lines. You can fly all over Switzerland and Italy.

If you want to make interesting detours you can go from Paris to Rome either by way of Berlin and Vienna, or by way of Marseilles and

Genoa. On most routes the planes fly daily. Any of the following, right in New York, can give you all details; any good travel agency will make reservations.

FRENCH RAILWAYS INFORMATION OFFICE, 701 Fifth Avenue, Plaza 2094.

GERMAN RAILROADS INFORMATION BUREAU, 665 Fifth Avenue, Regent 10020.

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS, LTD., 578 Madison Avenue, Plaza 0794.

ITALIAN STATE RAILWAYS, 749 Fifth Avenue, Plaza 8169.

THE AIR ASSOCIATES, INC., of 535 Fifth Avenue, Murray Hill 9397, can direct you to the right source when you are tracking down an obscure route. In their own office, they have all the information there is about air travel in the Americas.

EASTER SUNDAY, which comes on March 31, means Hot Springs and White Sulphur Springs to lots of busy people who've neglected their arrangements up to now. Reservations for the Greenbrier, White Sulphur, can be made at the Plaza here; and for the Homestead, Hot Springs, at the Ritz. We have probably already mentioned, in a previous article, the delightful small place at Hot Springs called Three Hills, the ancestral home of Miss Mary Johnston, the novelist, and of her sisters, who have turned it into one of the nicest places to go to for a rest in the Mid-South.

To reserve rooms in Three Hills write to Miss Eloise Johnston, Warm Springs, Bath County, Virginia. The simple life there can be varied with a run over to the Homestead for dancing or bridge. —FOOT-LOOSE

•

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—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

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Send your name and address now, or call and ask for free illustrated book, "*How Best to See the Pacific Coast*". Two convenient New York ticket offices: uptown at 531 Fifth Ave. (old Delmonico corner), phone Murray Hill 8400; downtown at 165 Broadway, 20th floor, phone Courtland 4800. H. H. GRAY, *General Agent, Passenger Department.*

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THE SPEAKEASY HOSTESS DOES HER STUFF

"OH, *Mr.* Flammer. How *nice* it is to see you. *Isn't* it nice to see you here again? I was just telling mother this afternoon that Mr. Flammer hadn't been in our place for nearly *two* weeks and I was *so* afraid that he'd found some other place he liked better than ours. What? Oh, Mr. Flammer, really! Well, I don't deserve it but it's sweet of you to say that. Oh, how d'you do, Mr. Phipps. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Felix. Of *course* I'll remember 'em when they come again. Any frens of Mr. Flammer's are *always* welcome here. I'll give you both cards and when you call, be sure to ask for Maida. Now what are you gen'lemen going to have? One of our nice, little special cocktails? Mr. Flammer knows how good *they* are. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes indeed I'll have one with you. It's so nice to see Mr. Flammer again I *must* have just one. I hafta be so careful, you know. Business first, I always say. Gus, bring four specials and make 'em specially nice for Mr. Flammer. And you'll want dinner, won't you? Oh, that's fine. Excuse me just a minute, please. Some more frens of mine coming in. But mind you, I'll be *right* back."

She lights several tables away.

"Hello, evabody. Why, *Mr.* Fairfax. It cer'nly is nice to see *you* again. I thought I reconized you the minute you came through the door. I was *just* telling mother today I thought you'd deserted us. What? Don't call you Mister. Of course you're not an old man. You're just a great big kid. All right, sure I'll call you Bert from now on. Oh, pleased to meet you—all of you. Of course you'll want dinner, Mr. Fairfax, I mean Bert. Well, now, just you let Maida fix it all up for you. And Bert" (she whispers) "we have some more of that lovely Sauterne you said was so wonnerful the other night. It just came this afternoon from the steamer" (aloud) "and I know that

you all are going to have one of our 17 special cocktails. A double round? Yes, of course I'll have one with you. But just a teeny one. Business first, you know. And I'll be *right* back just as soon as I get your dinner order arranged."

On the way to the kitchen she stops at a table where six or eight—a mixed party—are *not* so softly harmonizing. "Say, listen, dearies, how many times I gotta ask you all to pipe down? I know you love t' sing and I'd love to join you but you don't want to get your old pal Maida in a jam, do you? I knew you didn't. An' just for that, you girls go ahead and buy your boy frens a drink on the house. Be good kids now. Promise."

IN the kitchen she speaks to Gus, the waiter. "Listen—*you*—get this through your bean. That first party I talked with, the three fat guys, will want a flock of cocktails before they eat, so don't rush the chef on the dinner order. And tell Mr. Flammer—after he's had three drinks—that Maida says she can recommend the Sauterne. He'll fall. Sure, check it to him at ten dollars a throw. And listen, Walter, that other party is good for three or four quarts of that Sauterne, so keep their glasses filled. Yeah, same price to them. An' light on the gin in the nex' round to those close-harmony collegiates. Get me? On your jobs, both of you."

As she emerges from the kitchen she spots a "single" at a rear table whom she knows only too well. He is seedy and pretty bad. It is her grafting brother. She arrives just in time. "S-s-h, close your trap and don't call me Annie. My Gawd, as if I didn't have troubles enough now. Listen, I am passing you a deck of Camels and there's a finif folded up in it. Take it and beat it out of here and buy yourself a bowl of soup and cry in it if you want to.

"Do you get me? Get out of here and *stay* out or you won't like what'll happen to you. Get me?"

"WELL, here I am, Mr. Flammer. An' just in time for a special. Well, aren't you sweet. Away a long time? Well, you know, Mr. Flammer, business first. I'm always telling mother I just can't ever talk to my frens as much as I want to but you see how it is. Oh no, Mr. Flammer. I simply couldn't join your party—as much as I'd like to. No honestly, I haven't been to a night club in months and I

There is something almost uncanny about the Airplane Wardrolette. The case is only thirty inches long—slides willingly under a Pullman seat—yet affords the essential thirty-four inches of length for packing three man's suits unfolded and without a wrinkle. A patented wedge-elbow tray does the trick. The Wardrolette is suited to every modern mode of travel. Optional smaller size for women, too. Make plans to see it.

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This fresh ocean fish is never frozen nor preserved nor out of cold storage. Caught but a few hours before in the depths of the Atlantic, many miles from shore. Freed of backbones and waste. Scrupulously cleaned. Wrapped in vegetable parchment paper—the newer way to buy fish.

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As easy to cook as bacon! New York apartment dwellers appreciate 40-FATHOM fish because of its perfect suitability to modern needs. They simply shake it out of its wrapper into the proper utensil and cook.

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Tonight, bring delectable variety to your dinner menu. Serve 40-FATHOM fish and insist that it shall come from your fish or meat dealer in the parchment paper wrapper pictured below. Fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish.

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love to dance too. Oh, have you got your own car with you, Mr. Flammer? You haven't? Well, when you leave, if you want a good, honest, reliable driver, you ask for Frank outside. He's an awfully nice boy an' a brother couldn't be nicer to me than he is. There's never a night he doesn't drive me home when he hasn't got a job. He's the only one mother trusts. We hafta be so careful. Well, here's how. And now you gen'lemen excuse me a minute, won't you, and I'll hurry your dinners along. Oh yes, I'll see you again before you go." —C. KNAPP

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OVERHEARD

AT ELLIN PRINCE SPEYER HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS

"SPEYER HOSPITAL. . . . Yes, this is Dr. Blair speaking. . . . Why, Custard is doing as well as could be expected, Mrs. Jones. . . . Yes, had a very comfortable night. . . . Some chopped beef, a little spinach, and a bit of milk. . . . No, I won't allow her to have any fish, Mrs. Jones. . . . No, no fish. . . . No, Ma'am, she's not near any dogs. The dogs are all in a separate ward. . . . Visiting hours are before ten in the morning and after four in the afternoon. . . . I don't believe she's well enough to play with a ball of yarn, Mrs. Jones. You can bring a ball tomorrow if you wish, though.". . .

"Speyer Hospital, Dr. Sharp speaking. . . . I didn't quite catch the name. . . . Oh, yes, Mr. Humphreys. . . . Oh, excuse me—that's the *patient's* name—I beg your pardon. . . . Oh, yes, Mr. Hooper—just a minute, I'll look it up on the night chart. . . . Humphreys had a very restful night and his temperature is almost normal. . . . We don't take the pulse, Mr. Hooper. . . . Spinach, Mr. Hooper!

• •

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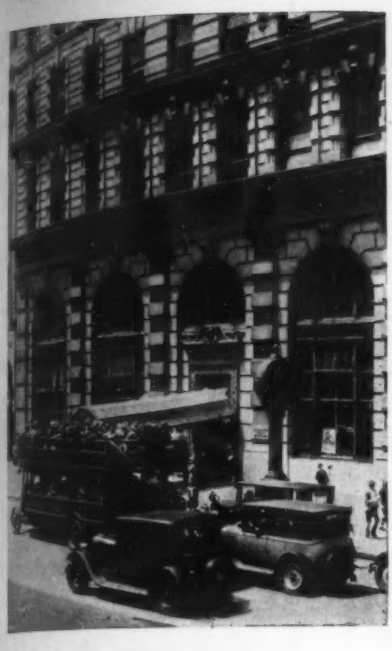

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. . . Oh, I didn't know Humphreys was a horse—I thought he was a wire-haired fox. You see, we have a patient in the receiving ward by the name of Humphreys—they must have become confused on the chart. . . . Just a minute, now, I'll see. . . . *How about Humphreys, the horse, Miss Yates?* . . . Hello, Mr. Hooper. Why, the patient had a very comfortable night and I believe you can come for him tomorrow. . . . He had oats for breakfast. . . . For lunch? . . . *What did the patient have for lunch, Miss Yates?* . . . Hello, Mr. Hooper. . . . Oats. . . . No, he hasn't neighed much. . . . No, he's not whinnying nearly as much. . . . Goodbye.". . .

"Speyer Hospital. . . . Just a minute, I'll call him. . . . Hello. . . . Yes, this is Dr. Cary speaking. . . . Yes, Miss Swann. . . . Oh, yes; Dicky Widget is *much* better. His temperature is normal and his respiration is satisfactory. . . . The swinging perch? . . . I don't think he can make it, Miss Swann—I'm sorry. . . . Well, you see, the patient hasn't any feathers left. . . . No, he's molting quite profusely. . . . Why, yes, I guess we can save you a few feathers; but he'll get them back all right—don't worry. . . . Yes, he is, and we're growing quite fond of him here at the hospital. We'll be sorry to have him go. . . . His night nurse? . . . *Who is Dicky Widget's night nurse, Miss Yates?* . . . He's got a Miss Reeber. . . . Yes, indeed, she's very fond of birds, Miss Swann. . . . I believe the patient had a bath this morning. . . . There'd be no use of chirping, Miss Swann; Dicky Widget is not near the phone—he's up in the bird ward. . . . No, that's nowhere near the cat ward. . . . No, he doesn't sing very much. He probably doesn't feel like singing without his feathers. . . . Yes, there's plenty of fresh water in his cage. . . . Yes, and lettuce. . . . Oh, my, yes—never for a moment without his cuttlefish."

—JACK CLUETT

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Yet before I had reached the other side, there came the memory of old ladies knitting as bloody heads fell into the guillotine baskets. Always the shadows. One should not perhaps be affected by such memories, but most of us are, and the longer one lingers, the more pronounced they become.—*O. O. McIntyre syndicating from Paris.*

Well, one can't linger long, writing a daily New York letter from Paris.

France

Biarritz and the Pyrenees for Easter . . . then follow spring to the gay northern beaches!

If you're the man of average means, you'll find you're rich . . . in France . . . . To travel, to be amused, to entertain, to get the cosmopolitan viewpoint you've always wanted . . . how little it needs to cost! . . . The gayety of Biarritz at Easter with the long waves flashing in the sun . . . it isn't reserved for millionaires . . . it's *yours* . . . . Pau with its solid gold climate and its frieze of diamond mountains offers you health . . . financially and physically both . . . . Corsica sits in the blue Mediterranean under a cloudless sky . . . and when you get tired of Napoleon, here's where you catch your trout . . . . Later on in the spring you can run up to Le Touquet . . . and even if the Prince of Wales is there the price won't keep you out . . . . LaBaule provides you weekends with a gay Parisian crowd . . . . Everywhere you go . . . for pleasure, culture, rest or just because the whim takes you . . . you're pleasantly surprised to find how far a dollar stretches.

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THE ARALLE

With and Witho[illegible]ft of D

THE show of the Society of Independent Artists on the Waldorf Roof bears somewhat the same relation to the public as the late Duveen trial. For a month the public realizes that art exists and the city editors have something for their trick writer to do. We are sure that more non-regulars attend this show than any other during the season. We are also sure that no other phase of contemporary life is so badly handled in the news as the work of the boys and girls who paint without benefit of dealer. The *Times* is the exception. We suppose the reporters are not to blame. Assigned to get their pieces and told to make them funny, they probably come upon an exhibition for the first time in their careers. They have no standards of comparison and consequently think ridicule is the key to this alien world.

The Independents' exhibit differs from the many others in the town in the number of painters contributing. Enough could be culled from its long list to make as interesting and as good a show as any that are held of the contemporary Americans. Enough bad could be mustered to outpoint any of the many bad shows that come each year. We do feel that its sponsors are a little to blame in the matter of hanging. The pictures are hung alphabetically, which results in a hodgepodge that is hard on the eyes and seems unfair to the beginners as well as to the better painters. We believe some sort of orientation could be worked out that would in no way be a jury selection, but at the same time would group the various kinds of paintings together. As it now is, the naïve hang next to the expert, and the primitive fight in their places by the ultra-modern. No wonder the layman, as well as the reporter, is confused, and looks around for a popular attitude to follow rather than make up his own opinion about the work displayed.

WE found this show a little better than the others. Many of its members are old ones, and every year shows some progress. There also seems a tendency to minimize the freak; most of the stuff is serious.

ALLERIES

of Dealer

There are about a thousand paintings and the best we can do is make a passing note on some that we thought worthy of mention. For one reason or another we have marked: Fred Buchholz, Charmian, Raymond Curtis, James d'Agostino, G. E. Durant, Roy Gordon, Leo A. Henkora, Julia Kelly, Thomas Kempf, Leora McNess, Robert Martin, Liselotte Moser, M. Lois Murphy, Hobson Pittman, Leslie Powell, Robert Robinson, Clemens Robinson, Emanuele Romano, Beulah Stevenson, Warren Wheelock, Claggett Wilson.

DE HAUKE has another of those exhibitions that are a joy to the collector. This one will remain open until March 23. The pieces are slight—water colors and drawings from Delacroix to Utrillo. These odds and ends find their way into various collections, and unless you see them at their first hanging, you will probably never have the chance again. It is a fine show for the student, with Degas, Lautrec, Seurat, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Renoir, and so on. Most of the pictures were notes for larger and more famous compositions.

MANGRAVITE is one of the hopefuls whom Dudensing brought into his fold through one of his competitions. He is not in the class of most of the others so chosen, and comes to these shores after a long apprenticeship in Europe. Consequently he is better trained. His background is about that found in the early work of Chirico—the south of Italy with a flair for the classic Greek. As a result, one or two of his things seemed definitely derived. We are told, however, that the young man has never seen a Chirico. Perhaps he only saw a Survage. Most of his painting, though, is highly individual. The Braque and other influences cannot be denied, but they have been assimilated rather than borrowed. We thought "The Poet" a beautiful and powerful picture. We also liked "Exiles" and "Deckhands." It is an exhibit well worth your time.

OTHER SHOWS: The Public Library, which has a fine idea every now and then, has an exhibit of the work of Daumier. . . . Kennedy & Company have a private collection of Dürer. . . . Macy, during March, shows prints,

ARRETEZ!

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drawings, and water colors by several of the younger set. . . . The American Designers have devoted their new show to modern furnishings for average incomes. . . . The Helen Hackett Gallery features woodcuts by Wladislaw Skoczylas and paintings by de la Serna. . . . The Downtown Gallery, beginning Monday, will show paintings by José Clemente Orozco. . . . At the Barbizon are shown ceramics from the studio of Archipenko. . . . The American Lithographic Company exhibits the work of Glen Mitchell. . . . Jean Jacques Pfister has a show on at the Holt Gallery. . . . A retrospective exhibition will be held of the year's Opportunity shows, at the Art Center. . . . Varnum Poor, our favorite potter, has his annual exhibit at Montross Gallery. . . . Spencer Nichols is showing at the Grand Central Art Galleries. . . . Kimon Nicolaides is at the G. R. D. Studios. —M. P.

•

Miss Hankins, who is concluding her senior year, is to graduate with a degree next June which carries with it a teacher's life certificate, which will allow her to teach anywhere in the state of Alabama without examinations. That certificate alone, however, does not make her eligible to teach in Florida unless at least 15 percent of her college work has been in Pedagog. If that is the case, then the only requirement of her by the Florida state board of education will be an examination of the constitution of the United States. However, Miss Hankins has never made the slightest reference to a desire to take up teaching in this or any other state.—*Daytona Beach (Fla.) News Journal.*

Don't think we're not on pins and needles just the same.

TELEPHONE Message BUREAU T·M·B·

Makes Life More Livable!

Smart New Yorkers, ever alert for the new convenience or service that saves time and worry, making life more enjoyable, are quickly taking advantage of the unique service rendered by the Telephone Message Bureau.

T. M. B. receives messages for you when you're out, delivers messages to your friends when they're out, "calls" you every morning, makes reservations for trains and theatres, tells you the correct time ... and many other services that will make your life more pleasant. T. M. B. service is quick, efficient, economical, and *confidential*. Delivery of all messages is made by phone, messenger or mail—as you wish.

Call SUSquehanna 4500
and let us tell you the many ways T. M. B. can serve you—24 hours a day. Or write for folder.

Telephone Message Bureau
37 West 65th St.

Ask your friends if they're T. M. B. members

VISIT THE CRANE EXHIBIT ROOMS. YOU WILL NOT BE ASKED TO BUY

CRANE

AND YOU WILL SEE THE LATEST IDEAS IN FIXTURES, FITTINGS, AND VALVES

CRANE CO., 23 W. 44TH ST., NEW YORK

BLITZ VS. PRENTISS

Jan. 12, 1929

MR. REGINALD L. PRENTISS,
239 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY

GENTLEMEN:

A statement of your account is enclosed. Your prompt attention will be appreciated.

Very Truly Yours,
BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.
(signed) O. L. Toohey,
Collection Department

Jan. 22, 1929

MR. REGINALD L. PRENTISS,
239 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY

GENTLEMEN:

A statement of your account to the amount of Three Dollars and Sixty-five Cents ($3.65) is enclosed. Your prompt attention will be appreciated.

Very Truly Yours,
BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.
(signed) O. L. Toohey,
Collection Department

Jan. 27, 1929

MR. REGINALD L. PRENTISS,
239 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY

GENTLEMEN:

A statement of your account is enclosed. Inasmuch as our terms are net cash, payment should have been received some time ago. Will you kindly forward your check for Three Dollars and Sixty-five Cents ($3.65) at an early date to cover this past due account.

Very Truly Yours,
BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.
(signed) O. L. Toohey,
Collection Department

Jan. 29, 1929

BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.,
TONAWANDA, N. Y.
ATTENTION MR. O. L. TOOHEY.

GENTLEMEN:

I never heard of you before.

Very Truly Yours,
Reginald L. Prentiss,
239 Park Avenue,
New York City.

Feb. 2, 1929

MR. REGINALD L. PRENTISS,
239 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY

GENTLEMEN:

A statement of your account is en-

the first day out

steady your sea legs by drinking a glass of Vichy Célestins ~ ~ ~ have the steward put a few bottles in your stateroom ~ ~ ~ ocean liners serve it ~ ~ ~ also clubs, hotels and restaurants on both sides of the Atlantic ~ ~ ~ for sale by the better American grocers and drug stores.

"bon jour!"

When abroad visit Vichy, France—most famous of European watering places. Here Vichy Célestins is bottled under the supervision of the French Government.

vichy célestins

french vichy

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO.
27th Street and Hudson River, New York, *General Distributors for the United States*

HURRY! HURRY!

.... the R's are leaving

Only a few more weeks to enjoy oysters. But then the deep sea cousins twice removed—shrimps, lobsters and crabs—will still be with us. And here's a delicious cocktail sauce for the entire royal family of the maritime dynasty—made with Guasti Cooking Sherry. This is only one of the many tempting recipes in "Treasured Flavors," the new idea recipe book. Send for your free copy. Please address Dept. 518.

Guasti Cocktail Sauce for Oysters, Shrimps Lobster, Crab

½ cup Guasti Cooking Sherry, ½ cup Tomato catsup, ¼ cup lemon juice, ½ teaspoon finely chopped chives 6 to 8 drops Tabasco sauce. Place ingredients in bowl, mix thoroughly; chill. Allow ¼ cup of shrimp, lobster or crab or 6 oysters to each serving. Five or six servings.

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO.
(Operating largest vineyard in the world)
11 Hubert Street, New York City
Other Offices:
Los Angeles, Chicago, New Orleans

GUASTI *Cooking* (PRONOUNCED Gwah-stee) **SHERRY (SALTED)**

(Permit No. L. A. Cal. H. 10033)

Sophisticated Hostesses!

THAT crucial half-hour before "Dinner is served, Madame" determines whether your party will be a total loss or the envy of your best friend.

What appetizers do you serve to start the evening gayly? They must be new—they must be different—they must be something that will help build your social reputation. And they will be all that if you come to Acker-Merrall's for inspiration.

Only at Acker-Merrall's will you find such a fascinating assortment of palate-tickling delicacies—many of them never before seen in this country.

Acker, Merrall & Condit Co.

NEW YORK CITY
5 East 45th Seventh at 31st
Madison at 46th Madison at 68th
Sixth at 57th
LONG ISLAND, Flushing
NEW JERSEY
Montclair Red Bank
Morristown

closed. Our records show the amount of Three Dollars and Sixty-five Cents ($3.65) which is now past due.

Will you kindly forward your check at an early date.

Very Truly Yours,
BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.
(signed) O. L. Toohey,
Collection Department

Feb. 6, 1929

BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.,
TONAWANDA, N. Y.
ATTENTION MR. O. L. TOOHEY.

DEAR MR. TOOHEY:

Are you my bootlegger?

Very Truly Yours,
Reginald L. Prentiss,
239 Park Avenue,
New York City.

Feb. 12, 1929

MR. REGINALD L. PRENTISS,
239 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY

GENTLEMEN:

A statement of your account is enclosed.

Will you kindly forward your check for Three Dollars and Sixty-five Cents ($3.65) at an early date.

Very Truly Yours,
BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.
(signed) O. L. Toohey,
Collection Department

Feb. 18, 1929

BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.,
TONAWANDA, N. Y.
ATTENTION MR. O. L. TOOHEY.

GENTLEMEN:

Are you the Fuller Brush man?

Very Truly Yours,
Reginald L. Prentiss,
239 Park Avenue,
New York City.

Feb. 27, 1929

MR. REGINALD L. PRENTISS,
239 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY

GENTLEMEN:

A statement of your account is enclosed.

As it is long overdue will you please

oblige at an early date with a remittance of Three Dollars and Sixty-five Cents ($3.65).

Very Truly Yours,
BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.
(signed) O. L. Toohey,
Collection Department

Mar. 7, 1929

BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.
TONAWANDA, N. Y.
ATTENTION MR. O. L. TOOHEY.

GENTLEMEN:

I have never been in Tonawanda, N. Y.

Previous to your series of communications I had never heard of your concern.

I do not owe you a cent.

Merely as a tribute to something which is strange and admirable in your character I am enclosing my cheque for three dollars and sixty-five cents.

Now that we're friends would you mind telling me just how you decided I was indebted to your concern?

Very Truly Yours,
Reginald L. Prentiss,
239 Park Avenue,
New York City.

Mar. 20, 1929

MR. REGINALD L. PRENTISS,
239 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY

GENTLEMEN:

A statement of your account is enclosed. This you will note shows an amount which is now past due.

Inasmuch as our terms are net cash, will you kindly forward your check at an early date to cover this past due account.

Very Truly Yours,
BLITZ BUSINESS SERVICE, INC.
(signed) O. L. Toohey,
Collection Department

—DONALD THOMPSON

•

A TOAST TO NEW YORK

Vulgar in manner, overfed,
Over-dressed and under-bred,
Heartless, Godless, Hell's delight,
Rude by day and lewd by night;
Bedwarfed the man, enlarged the brute,
Ruled by Jew and prostitute.
Purple robed and pauper clad,
Raving, rotten, money-mad,
A squirming herd in mammon's mesh,
A wilderness of human flesh,
Crazed by avarice, lust, and rum,
New York, thy name is Delirium.
—*Good Seed Sower magazine.*

Tulips are out in Madison Square.

MALLORY HATS
THE HATS OF YOUTHFUL SMARTNESS—"CRAVENETTE"

There are fashions, and near fashions, and queer fashions. What the New Yorker wears is always undiluted and undisputed essence of fashion, and MALLORY is the 1929 Edition of New York, bound in felt

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY
392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Mallory Hats For Men And Mallory Tailored Hats For Women

To have genuine individuality, a home must have more than "veneered attractiveness"... to build such a home a builder must have more than a veneer of knowledge and experience.

◆

Occupancy Early Summer 1929

33 EAST 70th STREET
8-10-13 Rooms

30 EAST 71st STREET
9 and 12 Rooms

14 EAST 75th STREET
Studio Living Rooms
3 to 8 Rooms

130 EAST 75th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

175 EAST 79th STREET
3 and 6 Rooms

325 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

345 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

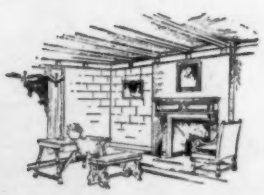
◆

For Immediate Occupancy

911 PARK AVENUE
12 Rooms

941 PARK AVENUE
Duplex Apartments
12 and 13 Rooms

410 EAST 57th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms



TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders
Since 1898

EVERY MAN FOR HERSELF

She seeks the wanton look in strange men's eyes,
With flippant skirt across flirtatious knees;
Her fragile rounded bodice almost frees
Two guileless rosebuds wishing to be wise.
She folds her wrap too tight about her thighs,
And standing closer than the law decrees,
She innocently whispers: "Please, oh please
Don't look at me like that!" And then she sighs. —WOOD KAHLER

•

WHAT THE HOOVERS HAD TO LEARN

"NO, there's plenty of hot water. You've got to let that faucet run for a little while."

"Don't try to force it or you'll never get in. Turn the knob and lift at the same time; that door-jamb's got to be planed down. There! See how easy it is if you go about it the right way?"

"That shutter always creaks when the wind's in the southwest."

"This room's no good before noon. The sun's too bright."

"Careful before you move that highboy! The legs are a little wobbly."

"You know it's a peculiar thing. We can get New York and Boston and even Montreal some nights, but there seems to be a dead spot around Baltimore and Philadelphia."

"You've got to put wads of paper under the front legs. There's a bad sag in the floor."

"They're all right on socks and underwear but they simply cannot do stiff shirts."

"She's excellent at making beds, and now if I can only teach her not under *any* circumstances to throw away papers and letters lying around she'll be perfect." —PARKE CUMMINGS

•

An interesting fact is that in her trip down to Florida and back, with several months spent going about the state, Mrs. Appleyard had not as much as a single puncture, nor any other trouble all winter.—*East Hampton (L. I.) Star.*

Not even a head cold?

The more pronounced your ideas of what a hotel should be ... the more certain that you will pronounce this as meeting them

℘

On Lease or Transient

Mayfair House
610 Park Avenue, New York
at 65th Street

Edward H. Crandall
President

keeping them entertained

it isn't enough to engage a *punch and judy* show and sit back smugly while the children give polite attention.

your modern psychologist urges that children play an active part in their own entertainment ... which is why the PARTY FACTORY exists.

an expert in guiding children's games is almost indispensable at these young functions.

consult the party factory

saks-fifth avenue new york

plaza 4000, extension 165

BUFFET SKILLET AND COVER $4.40

There is no beauty so compelling as the beauty of simplicity—there are no utensils so purely utilitarian in purpose and yet so beautiful as

ART CRAFT WARE

The Buffet Skillet and Cover, made from the new metal Hyb-Lum, is bright as polished silver, strong as steel, and light as aluminum.

Sold by Lewis & Conger, L. Bamberger & Co., McCreery's and other leading stores, or we will send it to you direct upon receipt of money order for $4.40. (We pay the postage.)

Write for booklet illustrating the entire Art Craft line.

ART CRAFT WARE STUDIOS

355 S. Liberty St., Jackson, Mich.

Where!

... a really good dinner is only $1.50

... service is a fact.

... dancing is a a pleasure

... the noted and the noticed play.

Let's Go Down To

SAM'S

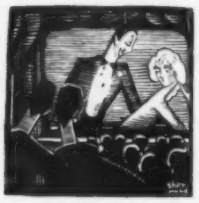
52-54 W. 8TH ST. GREENWICH VILLAGE.

NO COUVERT

Save Saturday after 10 P. M.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Noah and the Great War —Texas Has a Time of It—Kellys and Cohens



ALTHOUGH such momentous items as Texas Guinan and Noah's Ark are treated in this week's films, the latest movies are unprofitable performances and one might as well stay in the home and read Dickens as seek pleasure in them.

If you must venture forth, however, you may find some compensation in the vast and really thrilling spectacle which concludes the picture, "Noah's Ark." There is no doubt of the tremendous scope of this effort; one sees the whole landscape inundated, and the crashing of temples and of city walls. The audience sits breathless before the pictures, with little gasps of wonder at the thought of how much the film must have cost to make. You get the impression of a whole world swept with the waters, and of the millions of people drowned. The scene is even effective with a certain Gustave Doré quality.

For some reason beyond our grasp the directors have seen fit, however, to tag this spectacle on the end of as dreary and banal a war picture as has ever been released. They draw some analogy between the late war and the Deluge, and present Dolores Costello as a German girl married to an American. Framed as a spy, the poor lady is about to be shot by a firing squad. Lo and behold! one of the soldiers assigned to the job is her husband, who recognizes her at the critical moment. In the midst of the harrowing scene they are all blown by a bomb into a cellar and are buried alive. Then it is that the picture swerves back to the days of Noah, with Dolores suffering a fate equivalent to being shot by being offered to the heathen god as a sacrifice. There is nothing in the acting of anyone involved to aid the picture, but the spectacle is worth while.

"QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS" presents the great Texas Guinan in just such a picture as one might expect would be contrived for her, unless she had happened to be unusually

"fell or was pushed"

said the clever cinema customer contemplating a poor lamb about to be sacrificed on the altar of a flicker cathedral; "but it's no accident when eager customers seek entertainment"

at the paramount

where
richard dix as lo, the poor indian silently steals away . . . with the picture and everything in "redskin", paramount's color opera

and
on the stage is the revue "fore" . . . after the ball is over with the paramount stage band doubling in brass and brassies

and
at the organ, jesse crawford, turning his young man's fancy to thoughts of love, musically of course, dearie

at the rivoli— united artists

is douglas d'artagnan dumas fairbanks in "the iron mask" united artists swordy production of those unplumbed days when petticoats were petticoats and pants were pants.

at the rialto

one sees lupe velez personally demonstrating the mexican revolution and other pseud-old spanish customs in "lady of the pavements" in d. w. griffith's opus de la rue or vice versa.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

"Bill, what about some orange juice and—?"

"No sooner said than squeezed. Come and see our new electric Sunkist Jr. Squeezer."

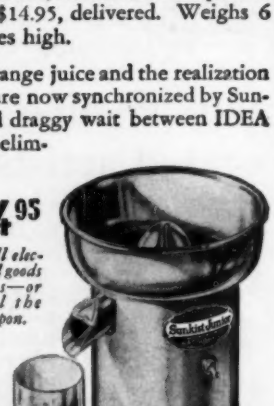
electrify your drinking (of orange juice)

IF YOU have a lot of serious orange juice drinking to do, do not let yourself be detained by old manual methods of squeezing the juice.

Growers of Sunkist Oranges realized some time ago that they would sell oranges faster if they could get people to squeeze them faster. They held a conference. At this conference, the idea of Sunkist Jr. was born—a sturdy, speedy, easily cleaned, electric home squeezer at a low price, $14.95, delivered. Weighs 6 pounds; 10 inches high.

The desire for orange juice and the realization of orange juice are now synchronized by Sunkist Jr. That old draggy wait between IDEA and DRINKS is eliminated. There is now a fight to see who will squeeze the juice—not to see who won't.

$14.95 *at all electrical goods stores—or mail the coupon.*



You no doubt have a financial secretary who clips most of your coupons, but here's ONE you should clip PERSONALLY.

Sunkist Junior Electric JUICE Extractor

{Mail to distribution office nearest your home}

California Fruit Growers Exchange

☐ New York City, Div. 2203, 204 Franklin Street
☐ Chicago, Ill., Div. 2203, 900 North Franklin Street
☐ Los Angeles, Cal., Div. 2203, Box 530, Station "C"

My dealer cannot supply me. Money order for $14.95 enclosed for one Sunkist Junior Home Electric Juice Extractor, mail prepaid. Canada, $19.95.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

lucky. Rather to our surprise and much to our regret, Miss Guinan doesn't carry the picture with as much verve as it might seem that she would. Her tremendous vitality—her charm, in fact—somehow loses its infectiousness through the medium of the movies, and the camera is not kind to her looks.

Of course, it's a night-club picture, with Texas demanding in her famous fashion that we "give this little girl a hand." Then sentiment and wild drama are introduced. Her long-lost son suddenly appears on the scene just in time to be accused of murder. Tearing herself away from her hostess work, Miss Guinan appears at the trial—another of those movie trials—and is left at the end of the picture with a rediscovered son, a husband, and a daughter-in-law.

THERE is nothing else of any consequence. "The Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City" is just such a comedy as the title suggests, one of those comedies with too much thyroid. There are the inevitable jokes that always occur when the Kellys and the Cohens are brought together in the movies, with knitted-goods society as a background, Atlantic City beauty contests, wild hysterical chases over roofs, and the like. —J. C. M.

•

FUNERAL OF A LADY MARIONETTE

Shroud her in satin
Crimson and brave,
Scatter confetti
Over her grave.

Take for her headstone
Three blue balloons,
Crumble for ashes
Pink macaroons.

Carve this inscription:
"Truer than most—
She keeps a tryst with
Harlequin's ghost."

—RUTH BROWN

"Never darken my wall again!" A noble sentiment—and so practical! If you make up your mind to curtail this fiendish practice of your radiator (all radiators will do the same if given a chance)—you can make it stick!

Call up* the Trico man (Lexington 2351) and he will dash right around and give you an estimate as to how much it will cost.

Trico ends radiator-smudge instantly and forever, firmly but gently.

Trico is a boon to the fastidious, a joy to the cleanly, a necessity to the sophisticated housewife. (Being a housewife is now the thing, thousands of New Yorkers are taking it up.)

*Or write if you prefer. Perhaps that's easier.

Call LEXINGTON 2351

TRICO

RADIATOR FURNITURE COMPANY

420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

The Navarro

Exceptional hotel suites with serving pantries overlooking Central Park, for immediate occupancy.

DONALD J. THOMAS
Manager

112 Central Park So.
{West 59th Street}

Wyndham

The home of many prominent in art, literary and musical circles. Single room and larger suites, furnished or unfurnished

THOMAS ARMSTRONG
Manager

42 West 58th Street
{In the Park Plaza Section}

Mirabeau

A few 2-room corner suites with serving pantries are available with or without hotel service at minimum rentals.

RAYMOND S. SWANSON
Manager

28 East 70th Street
{Corner Madison Avenue}

BUILT, OWNED AND OPERATED BY SAMUEL MINSKOFF

BOXING

Mongoose Braddock vs. Snake Slattery—Golden Gloversâ—Getting Them Down Low

THE Slattery-Braddock fight resembled part of a certain talking picture, now playing on Broadway, that shows a battle to the death between a mongoose and a cobra. It is original and thrilling. So was the fight. In the ring Braddock took the rôle of the deadly deliberate animal; Slattery, of the poised snake. The result of their conflict and its pattern were identical with the movie. You saw the movements of the erect, glistening Slattery, terribly dangerous at first, grow slower and duller; you saw his crouching opponent press closer as the radius of danger narrowed until at last, with one beautifully timed lunge, he moved in for the finish.

IT wasn't long ago that some of the boxing experts spoke of Slattery as a possible world's champion. He has always been so fast that he can carry his hands down at his sides and whip his punches up from there, a practice usually fatal to even the most skillful boxers. The night Paul Berlenbach won the light-heavyweight title from Mike McTigue, he went on in an early prelim and knocked out Martin Burke, Dempsey's toughest sparring partner. He was getting ready to meet Delaney when, in a bout planned merely as a workout, Dave Shade, a middleweight, lifted a looping, right-hand punch from the floor to Slattery's chin, causing a pause in his career that lasted much longer than the five minutes it took to bring him back to consciousness.

SLATTERY was still the idol of Buffalo, but other boxing centres dropped their interest in him. He lost and won unevenly. He kept on fighting and last year was matched with Champion Tommy Loughran for a fifteen-round bout in the Garden which Lou Magnolia, who refereed it, told me was the fastest and most skillful boxing match he had ever seen. Slattery lost the decision, but renewed his prestige. He had shut up the people who said they had seen him breaking cab windows and fighting cabaret

DOBBS

Relying solely upon its beauty of line and fabric—this rich crepe-back satin negligee achieves a rare charm and individuality. In such flattering shades as peach, Nile and French blue.

$32.50

DOBBS LINGERIE ROOM is replete with exquisite intimate apparel—importations of handneedled lingerie that is not at all prohibitive in price—tea gowns that float with casual grace—negligees—silk and sports hosiery—boudoir accessories.

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

Burby
BALLIBUNTLS
$12.75

Burbys are Parisian without the Parisian price!

Burby hats are handblocked! Handmade! Many shades! Every headsize!

Exclusive with

Lanson
55 WEST 34th STREET
Opposite Hotel McAlpin

The Burby reproduction of the Reboux "Feather" Ballibuntl $12.75

Thanks to Mr. Whalen

you can enjoy your dinner in the Westover Restaurant without suffering parker's panic over your car . . . then you speed down 10th Avenue and zip east on an express street to the show!

Cuisine by Victor (formerly of Sherry's). Dinner dancing nightly. Saturdays supper dancing, too, 10 o'clock to closing.

The **WESTOVER**
SEVENTY-SECOND STREET
-JUST WEST OF BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY
Burton F. White Management
John D. Green, Resident Manager

YOUR BEST MOVE *for* *1929* *to~*

THE HOTEL
WINDERMERE
666 WEST END AVE.
CORNER 92ND STREET
HENRY F. RITCHEY...MANAGING DIRECTOR

Superfluous Hair

Removed by Multiple Electrolysis

My method is enthusiastically endorsed by science, and I give you my expert personal and confidential attention.

Write for booklet. Satisfaction guaranteed. Consultation free.

MARY ELIZABETH SCOLLAN
1 West 34 St. Phone WIS. 7889
Opposite Waldorf-Astoria

bouncers. No one who saw him that night could have any doubt about his being in condition. To be himself, Slattery has to be in perfect shape. He depends entirely on speed, dancing on his toes through a ten or fifteen-round fight at a pace that no flat-footed hitter could maintain for three rounds without exhaustion. Like many athletes, he has a sensitive skin; its texture shows you his condition at a glance. That night, over his deep, barrel-shaped chest and rippling dorsal muscles, his skin shone with the hard pink lustre of perfect health. It looked the same way last week when, dropping his white bathrobe, he turned at the tap of the gong to face Braddock.

BETWEEN that gong and the last, the two fighters reënacted, with the same fixed concentration, the drama of the mongoose and the snake. There was, when you thought of the movie, a clinical interest in their struggle. Braddock, like the mongoose, was cautious. He moved even more slowly than usual. He invited a jab, then jerked backward, out of range. Frequently—a fault that would have been fatal to the mongoose—he did not get out of range in time, and Slattery stung him. In the early rounds Slattery avoided Braddock's rushes with ridiculous ease, but a right that caught him in the sixth broke the superiority of his glittering confidence. They had been fighting an arm's length apart. In the seventh round the distance was six inches shorter. In the eighth it was shorter still. Braddock was still cautious with an animal caution, but his closeness was an animal's disdain for the suave poison swaying now more languidly before him. He was measuring something. By the ninth his calculation was complete. As Slattery fell back against the west ropes from a right that left him with no more than sense enough to wrap his arms around his face, Braddock's released volley of punches worked at his useless guard until one of them got through and Slattery tumbled down into the corner.

PART of the house that watched Braddock and Slattery was back in the Garden the next night but one for the finals of Paul Gallico's Golden Gloves Tournament. The competitors, in private life, are newsboys, wrapping clerks, cops, and drivers; some unattached, and some from young men's clubs like the Educational Alliance, the Holy Name Club, the Trinity Club, and the Hudson Guild.

They bring with them fiercely partisan friends as handlers, and fight three-round bouts before a ringside composed of mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and boxing commissioners. You miss, in the glow of the ringlights, the faces of the gamblers.

Some of the young fighters are bunched with muscles from manual work; others have a wiry strength built in gyms. They fight nervously, furiously, their faces reflecting their changing emotions. You have no time to box in a fight three rounds long; the Golden Glovers hit, or they miss. Their balance is not always perfect. Watching what happens when one of them fails to connect, ringsiders feel prepared at any time to brush some big fellow off their laps or find a little one in a coat pocket.

IT is an interesting show. The ordinary tension of a Garden fight-night is relaxed, as though by family influence. Casual conversation is possible. Round the ringside strolls some pro's manager who has found the press bench in a good humor and wants to use his chance.

"Now here's a little note you could put in. You want a note? Now Joe Scalafero . . ."

"Hey kid, what does your fellow work at?" someone asks an amateur handler who is passionately repeating, "Take your time, now, Vic, take your time."

A judge hears the handler. "Say, give it a drink. Do you want your kid to be disqualified?"

"All you can do is warn me."

"Well, I've warned you three times. This is the third time."

"All right. Take your time now, Vic, take your time."

Scalafero's manager bends over the reporter.

"Just a note about Joe. Yesterday his hand was operated, and . . ."

The pair in the ring has finished, two more boys get in. One, a big aviation mechanic, takes a terrific beating. Through the first two rounds his chief handler never stops advising his protégé to "get it down low," meaning in the stomach. In the last round, after two knockdowns, the mechanic takes his advice. Hardly able to lift his arm, and on the point of being stopped by the referee, he pushes his glove at his opponent's middle. It is enough for the handler. His face is exultant.

"Did you see that?" he cries. "Oh, boy! He's getting them down low nice."

—N. B., Jr.

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Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

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GUILD Th., W. 52. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

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John Golden Thea., 58th, E. of B'way Eves. Only at 5:30

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THE

Front Page

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TIMES SQ. THEATRE, W. 42 St.
Eves. at 8:50. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

44th ST. Theatre, W. 44th St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30

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Good Bale. & Mezz. Seats $1 to $3
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"So much of Conflict rings true . . . . lively entertainment."—*J. Brooks Atkinson, N. Y. Times*

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A Melodramatic Comedy by
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Edw. G. Robinson in

KIBITZER

"A HIT."—*Heywood Broun, Evs. Telegram*

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"An absorbing love story. Unusual and consistently entertaining." *Daily Mirror*

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Arthur Hopkins presents Philip Barry's new comedy, "HOLIDAY," at the Plymouth Thea., W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35.

EXTRA MAT. TUES. APRIL 2

HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43rd St. Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents

Journey's End

BY R. C. SHERRIFF

Katharine

Cornell *in*

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3 CHEERS

and Will is liable to talk about anything and anybody

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INDOOR POLO

Two Young Men and a Gala Evening — Sporting Gesture

WINSTON GUEST returned last week from a season of sunlit California polo, climbed aboard one of Archy Kinny's ponies, pulled an old T-shirt over his head, crammed on the famous blue helmet, and rode out on the tanbark of Squadron A for the first evening of indoor polo he has had this year. He had a tremendously good time and the dressy gallery had an even better one.

For him this was something of a warming-up; a few days later he was to start play in the National championship. For those who take their game seriously, it was the first opportunity of the season to see what opposition Guest would have to offer the famous Brooklyn trio in the Nationals. They saw Guest, obviously handicapped by the strange ponies, reach moments of the genius he contributes to a game.

TO the great majority of the watchers at the games there was a special interest in seeing Guest. Since he last played in the Armory he had become a personage. He had become the successor to that almost legendary figure, Devereux Milburn. He was no longer the young Yale boy. The last time New York saw him he was riding with the speedy team that overwhelmed the Argentines in the fall. He came back still the naïvely enthusiastic youngster and still with the ability to impart to the onlookers his own keen pleasure in the wild, bumping game he plays.

The announcer, at the start, bellowed through the megaphone that "Guest is playing with so-and-so." The tall young man turned a vivid pink. He forgot the incident a moment or so later; the audience remained self-conscious much longer. It wasn't until halfway through the game that they were calling him by his first name again.

For a good many years, the wise ones of polo shook their heads and said that Guest would never make the top because of his horsemanship. Well, he can ride now. Even though he was on strange ponies there was no player in the ring who could start with

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". . . But, Julian, he *said* he was quite a hunter. Big game."

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PROVOCATIVE red heels in a swirl of silken skirts . . . lace mantilla enhancing the charm of coral lips and starlit eyes . . . and then . . . the king's own compliments!

This was the triumph of our own American danseuse, Doris Niles, commanded to dance before King Alfonso of Spain!

Such conquests do not depend upon skill or grace alone. Miss Niles makes no secret of her reliance upon Tangee to perfect the charm of her personal make-up. Says she: "Never was I more grateful for Tangee's perfect help than in the land of castanets and mantillas, where standards of feminine beauty are so high."

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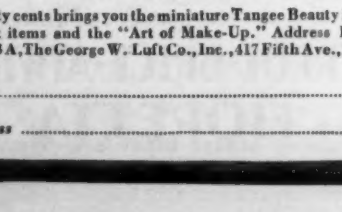

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the same sudden acceleration, and none who could go squeezing at top speed through smaller holes. Guest and Gerry Smith are about the only ones who can prevail over the better judgment of their mounts and take them through places that the horses themselves know are not meant for passage. This, more than anything else, makes them the leaders of the sport.

AT this game New York also saw, for the first time, Stewart Iglehart playing indoors. Iglehart, now a freshman at Yale, played with the famous Old Aiken youngsters outdoors last summer, and so well that he had a game or two in the International test matches. He had played only once or twice indoors before he joined Guest the other evening.

It took him two periods to become warmed up and then he was stealing Guest's thunder, with the older player feeding him and helping him along. Certainly one need not worry over American polo so long as young men like these continue to follow in their fathers' footsteps.

ALL of this took place as a sort of savoury to the most amazing game of the season—the game in which the Squadron, for the first time since 1926, qualified a trio for the Class A championship. It was regarded simply as a sporting gesture for the Squadron to have an entry in Class A. The Squadron was the host and as such felt that it should enter a team. Tommy Bancroft was granted special permission to play with the Class A team while it went through the motions, and then he might return to Class B, where the Squadron had its real chance. Well, the former Princeton back will have to stick with the A team now.

There were several reasons for the unexpected defeat of the New York Athletic Club in this event; among them the fact that Squadron A is much better mounted now than it has been for years, that Billy Jackson played amazingly fine polo, and that Captain George Matthews, once he scented the chance for victory, played with a frantic intensity.

There was also the fact that someone had rearranged the New York Athletic Club team. Dave Nelson was shifted from back to No. 1 and Cyril Harrison was put at back. They didn't belong there, and they were never able to get along in that arrangement. —MARTINGALE

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THE HOUSE ORGAN

SIT right down. Sit down over there, Mr. Fessler. You sit over there, Mr. Cleary. Say Irv, will you tell one of the office boys to bring in some extra chairs out of my office. Tell him to bring in straight-backed ones. Don't want to have anybody falling asleep in that overstuffed one. And believe me, men, you'll be sorry if you miss a word of the announcement I have to make.

No, but seriously, men, I've got a proposition here for you this afternoon that'll be worth your staying overtime for a few minutes. As a matter of fact, fellows, I think you'll be just as enthusiastic about the proposition as I am. It looks like one of the best things ever came up the pike in the way of keeping the fellows in the office together and encouraging a real spirit of coöperation.

WELL now, men, here it is. What do you think about Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, having a house organ; a magazine dedicated to the, uh, espree de corpse, espree de corpse of the second largest manufacturers of paints and varnishes in the Yorkville section?

Ha, ha. I knew you weren't expecting anything like that. Regular bombshell, eh? Gosh, when Irv Rosenthal is stumped for a comment why I guess you can depend on it that something *big* has happened. Well, that's right, too. Something big *has* happened. I think—and I don't want to intrude my own personal opinion into the matter too much—but I think a house organ is one of the few things which Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, have been sadly lacking which they should have. We all know what an organization we have here and how it is one of the smoothest functioning organizations in the paint and varnish game. But nevertheless we do need a house organ.

Now I'll tell you some more about it. I guess you've seen some of our competitors' house organs. Well, we plan to go them one better. It's not going to be a puny little thing, printed

. . . Do you mind if we talk to you about your *Heirs?* . . .

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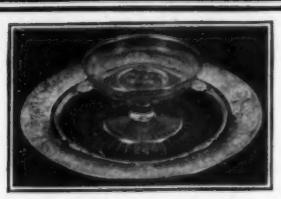

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on rough paper and full of exaggerations and so on. No sirree. What we're going to have is a regular *Vanity Fair* of house organs. Printed on soft paper—you know, that smooth, heavy stuff that feels like a lot of money was spent on printing it. And we're going to have a lot of pictures. Pictures of the fellows in the office and pictures of the sales force and the plant, and we got quite a few attractive secretaries and stenographers that would look well in pictures. Next thing we want is real, hot news about what's going on in the paint and varnish world in general and at Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, in particular.

THE whole thing will have a great effect on the trade, I'll tell the world. Take one of our Dayton clients. As matters now stand under present conditions, why all he knows about Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, is that, uh, Ed Fitzpatrick is our salesman, and of course our reputation for square dealing and good, honest products. But with a house organ he can find out that we've got a bunch of hustlers here and a real attractive staff. He'll think of us as human beings and not just a bunch of typewriters and stationery that comes out of New York every so often.

The personal touch is what's needed in business these days. Create a spirit of good-will between dealer and home office and you've got something worth while, something that'll pay dividends and send the old sales graph shooting up skyward.

Just for the present we're sort of letting it hang fire, of course. We don't want to be too hasty. What we're going to do is to have the sales force on its spring roundup trip go around and sort of sound out the dealers and if they show the proper receptive response, why we're going ahead with the best little house organ in the paint and varnish game. . . .

—JOHN O'HARA

•

HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

[*From the Evening Post*]

The floors [of Mr. Whalen's office] have deep carpets into which the visitor's feet sink. The mahogany table top holds THE NEW YORKER, World's Work, Scribner's, the Literary Digest, the Saturday Evening Post, and other modern magazines to entertain him until he gains an audience.

There's no graft in it for us, either.

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Write T. WINSLOW RICH

Buzzard's Bay, Cape Cod

RECENT BOOKS

Romance with Morals

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS has discovered that there is a newer new generation—the sophisticates who laugh at "the noises and depravities of the older crowd, the post war bunch . . . whose stuff is quaint and old fashioned."

"They Still Fall in Love" is suave farce-comedy. Though we thought there was too much farce, the situation is nicely contrived and the conversation, of which there is a great deal, is occasionally more than merely funny. The story has to do with the tendency of the young (and others) to rationalize romance and yet to go blithely ahead falling in love.

Harrison Cope is a highbrow at a houseparty of lowbrows who have made a bet that he will be engaged to Evelyn Monteagle, the daughter of their millionaire host. Sure enough he is, the first evening. Next morning he regrets this exceedingly, and the high spot of the novel is his interview with Mr. Monteagle, in which he tries to retire gracefully from his entanglement. Father Monteagle, however, likes him and decides that Evelyn must be taught a lesson. Her engagements have been rather too frequent.

The lesson-teaching is not confined to Evelyn, and the process of education as Mr. Williams tells it makes excellent sport for the reader.

ELLIOT HOLT, wise in his generation, is publishing only one book a month, and this seems to us a fine idea. His March offering is "This Delicate Creature," by Con O'Leary. It puts on its Green Hat and starts off: "Boda nestled in Freddy Norlett's arms. Her husband was downstairs."

This pace keeps up for some time until Boda takes a curious drug and begins living other lives. She is a mouse (a brief and uncomfortable incarnation); she is an under-parlor-maid, an episode that has its moments; she is an Alsatian bitch, and a saleswoman, and a vixen, and a hare, and a boy, and any number of other creatures, until finally she is her own husband. Boda's road to Damascus is brightened by some seventeen illuminations and she comes back purified, which is prob-

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If a girl in boy's clothes sailed with Columbus . . . that would be startling news . . . There is such a girl in this brilliant new novel by V. Blasco Ibañez, author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.* $2.50.

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Seldom indeed have an author and his work received such praise from John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Thomas Hardy, and Walter de la Mare. Published March 1—ninth large printing. $2.50.

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Was it a subway jam or a fire? Neither, gentle reader, just the boys falling all over themselves to shine around Miss McFruitcake in the early hours of the evening. Then, oh then, came the dawn.

In those cold grey hours she had about as much company as Robinson Crusoe.

MORAL: The maid who depends on a temporary deodorant will never taste of the fruit of popularity.

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.....

ably very nice for everyone except Boda.

It bored us quite a lot. Mr. O'Leary is a moralist of sorts and probably takes his moralizing seriously. We didn't.

"STEPPING HIGH," by Gene Markey, supplies an evening's entertainment. It is another version of "Burlesque"—short, satiric, and a dash of sob stuff. Benny Darrell and Flo Sloane are a legally mated pair of hoofers to whom success comes suddenly and lavishly, bringing with it a Long Island estate, Russian wolfhounds, and a polo-playing admirer with dishonorable intentions toward Flo. Flo just has to learn her lesson—which is Be Yourself—and in due time she does. Benny is a sweet vulgar soul to whom the socially elect become instantaneously attached, and his adherence to his simple standards should teach us all something about the relation of kind hearts to coronets.

It's light and fairly amusing, though we didn't find the wisecracks by which Benny won Lady Margaret and the exclusive Rita Eliot very funny. Perhaps that was part of the satire.

THERE'S no denying that Lloyd Morris has grace and rhythm of style and that his new book, "Procession of Lovers," is a pleasing presentation of some familiar romances, but we are neither hot nor cold about it. He has used a classical device, the story within a story. In this case the scene is a villa outside of Nice, where the Princesse de Courcelles, grown old, but not too old to understand love, has gathered a group of people for bridge. A young man full of Harvard erudition tells the story of Sappho, and bridge is off for the evening. Everybody tells stories. Mary Magdalene, the Borgias, Christopher Marlowe, Abélard and Héloïse, the Empress Theodora, and others, hold the stage, varying considerably in their spontaneity and effectiveness. We thought that Abélard and Héloïse were by far the most spirited. As the Princesse

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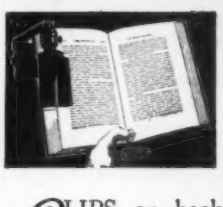

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says, before she dismisses her guests for the night, "All these stories are really so many philosophies, so many attitudes to life." Take them as philosophies and attitudes and you will find them interesting. Personally we like our great romances in their original settings.

WITH a woman as its central figure, Mary Roberts Rinehart has written a novel that belongs among the best of the American sagas, with a particular kinship to Louis Bromfield's trilogy. "This Strange Adventure" is the story of Missie Colfax and her code of loyalty which brings her disillusionment, unhappiness, and, in the end, an austere nobility. It is a good story. It "makes you laugh, makes you cry, makes you wait." It convinces us that "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten" were good training as well as good reading, for Mrs. Rinehart leads one on with never a slackening of interest and with the sure technique of the story-teller. Missie has observed one marriage, that of her parents, and it chills her. She herself marries, and her own experience baffles and warps her. In the early nineties, however, one was less likely to do anything about such a situation than in this post-war generation. The wife is true, the husband unfaithful. That was as it should be. It was perhaps a little fortuitous that Missie should have a long-delayed baby when she was about to make her break, but we didn't hold that against the author. It made the story just so much more heart-rending, and it illustrated Mrs. Rinehart's theme that untoward circumstance is responsible for most of our calamities and ecstasies.

—R. L. L.

•

4 A. M.

Traffic has gibbered itself to sleep.
How strange the city seems,
Indulgent . . . biding its time to reap
The fruit of *this* night's dreams.

—C. C.

•

Two plays will be presented by the Modern French Musical Company during the first week of their limited engagement at Jolson's Theatre, beginning Monday. "Trois Jeunes Filles Nues," which is translated "Three Girls at the Folies-Bergère," will be the program the first part of the week.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

A French idiom, possibly.

Another
Charming MEANS

THE urbane game of Auction Bridge takes four persons, perhaps strangers from the four corners of the world, sits them down in friendly proximity and plunges them at once into an exciting, entertaining relationship from which they will emerge either friends or intimate enemies. Within the limits of the intelligent rules, they combine, they struggle, they co-operate, they cheer each other on, they lose and triumph, they become a community. Never again will they be entire strangers. One rubber of Auction Bridge dropped into even the most mixed mob of people will make them kin.

It was once difficult to learn this famous game. Sound instruction was hard to find. But today the *New York Evening Journal* engages the world's foremost authority on Auction Bridge, Wilbur C. Whitehead, to teach the game in easy lessons to the vast company who regularly read America's most interesting newspaper.

In his column Mr. Whitehead also answers the questions of those readers who have some special problem, or who need some point more fully explained. These lessons in the Journal present a remarkable opportunity for New Yorkers to equip themselves, in a few minutes a day, with another charming means of meeting and knowing the world.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a woman who was loyal to technicalities and lost out all along the line. An excellent novel.

THIS DELICATE CREATURE, by Con O'Leary (*Elliot Holt*). An extremely modern young woman has a series of visions of herself and mends her ways. You may like it. We didn't.

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE, by Jesse Lynch Williams (*Scribner*). Suave and taking comedy about the functioning of the cosmic urge among the younger generation.

STEPPING HIGH, by Gene Markey (*Doubleday, Doran*). The professional and love life of a pair of hoofers. Light but diverting.

PROCESSION OF LOVERS, by Lloyd Morris (*Harcourt, Brace*). Famous love stories retold by a group of people at a villa near Nice.

DODSWORTH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). How Europe and retirement affect an American marriage. A rather overwritten novel which comes to life almost too late.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP, by Joan Lowell (*Simon & Schuster*). A girl's seventeen years on a trading schooner in the South Seas. Vivid, rich, and vigorous.

THY DARK FREIGHT, by Vere Hutchinson (*Liveright*). A fine story of the conflict between two strong personalities, a mother and son, with the sea and a fishing village as its setting.

THE SPINNER OF THE YEARS, by Phyllis Bentley (*Henkle*). Maternal ambition and greed, and their effect on the lives of a group of interesting people.

THE BRIDE'S HOUSE, by Dawn Powell (*Brentano*). Excellent study of a woman's emotions, against the background of an Ohio farm. Love in and out of marriage treated with beauty and restraint.

ACTION, by C. E. Montague (*Doubleday, Doran*). Twelve short stories full of meat and a fine flavor.

SOUVENIR, by Floyd Dell (*Doubleday, Doran*). "The Mooncalf" as an adult meets his son by his first marriage. We didn't find it very interesting.

RENO, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (*Macaulay*). The lowdown on Reno; second-rate stuff, but lots of scandal.

THIS SIDE OF JORDAN, by Roark Bradford (*Harper*). One of the really good books about negro life in the South. Shrewd, mellow, and humorous.

SILVER CIRCUS, by A. E. Coppard (*Knopf*). Sophisticated short stories in which one is almost too conscious of the author's chiselled technique.

THE TRUE HEART, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking Press*). A love story, with a Victorian background, certainly excelling in simplicity, human interest, and beauty of style.

THE BLACKER THE BERRY, by Wallace Thurman (*Macaulay*). The problems of a coal-black woman in a social system which puts a premium on lighter skins.

PLUM BUN, by Jessie Redmon Fauset (*Stokes*). A negro girl who can pass for white tries living ambi-racially.

ROME HAUL, by Walter D. Edmonds (*Little, Brown*). The author does for the Erie Canal what Mark Twain did for the Mississippi. Worth reading—if only for its canal types.

EXPIATION, by "Elizabeth" (*Doubleday,*

Doran). One of the nicest adulteresses in fiction pays and pays. Humor and satire, and a touch of melancholy.

Less recent:

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. SEVEN BROTHERS, by Alexis Kivi. SIMPLE PEOPLE, by Archibald Marshall. A GREAT MAN, by Walter Vogdes. A DEAD MAN DIES, by Percy Marks. FARTHING HALL, by Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley. DARKENED ROOMS, by Philip Gibbs.

MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

THE SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY, by Agatha Christie (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . MEET THE TIGER, by Leslie Charteris (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE TWISTER, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . INTO THIN AIR, by Horatio Winslow and Leslie Quirk (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE BISHOP MURDER CASE, by S. S. Van Dine (*Scribner*). . . . MURDER ON "B" DECK, by Vincent Starrett (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE LIVING ALIBI, by Seldon Truss (*Coward-McCann*). . . . MURDER AT THE KEYHOLE, by R. A. J. Walling (*Morrow*). . . . THE SECOND GUESS, by Walter C. Brown (*Lippincott*). . . . THE SECRET OF SEA-DREAM HOUSE, by Albert Payson Terhune (*Harper*). . . . THE TAPESTRY ROOM MURDER, by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*).

GENERAL

GOD'S COUNTRY, by Ralph Barton (*Knopf*). American history, written and illustrated from a satiric viewpoint, which will annoy one-hundred-per-centers and amuse others.

MARRIAGE IN THE MODERN MANNER, by Ira S. Wile and Mary Day Winn (*Century*). A traffic handbook through the marriage maze, intelligent and informative for the long, or newly, married.

STRANGE TRUTH, by "Elspeth" (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Pungent poems disclosing the flies in most ointments and the bones in the shad, but doing so with delicacy and beauty.

THIS BLIND ROSE, by Humbert Wolfe (*Doubleday, Doran*). Poems of eerie loveliness and depths. One of the important collections of the year.

THE UNTOLD STORY, by Mary Desti (*Liveright*). The last years of Isadora Duncan's life by one of her closest friends. Especially interesting in its description of her marriage.

HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR, by George A. Dorsey (*Harper*). Some further explanations of why—and how—we behave like human beings. Easy reading.

Less recent:

EARTHBOUND AND OTHER POEMS, by Helene Mullins. MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN, by Siegfried Sassoon. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, by Robert Ripley. IN THE REIGN OF ROTHSTEIN, by Donald Henderson Clarke. THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT, by Bernard Fay. JOHN WILKES BOOTH, by Francis Wilson. SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA, by Christopher Morley.

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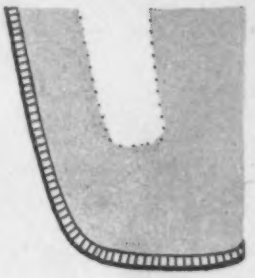

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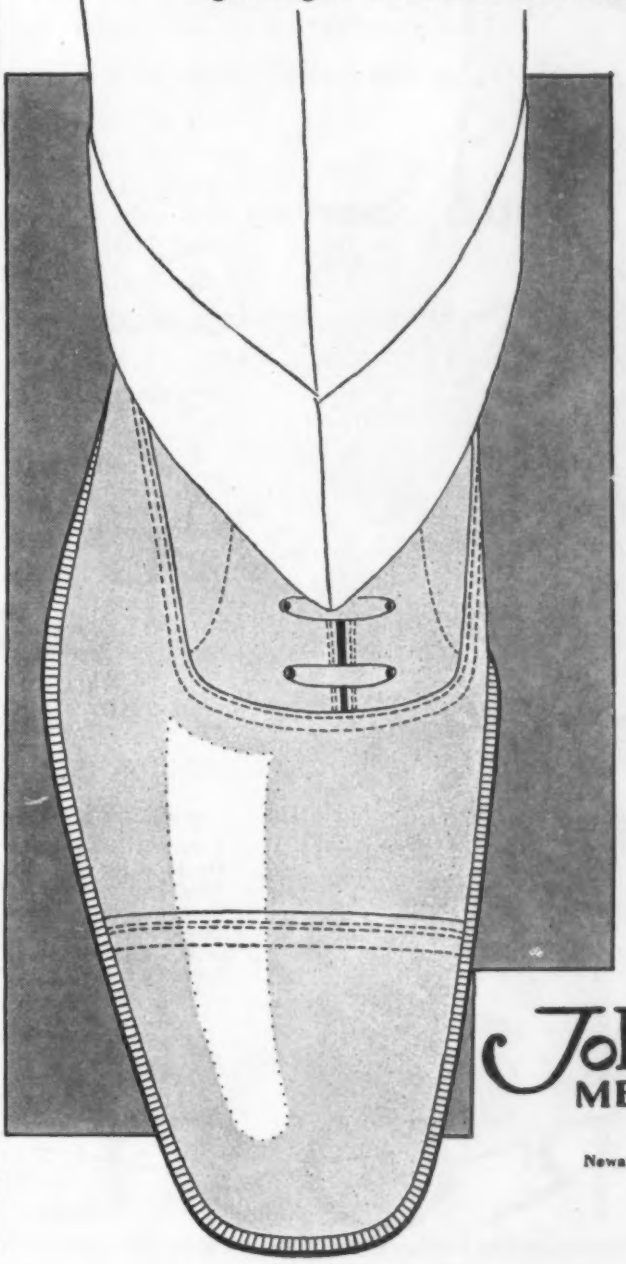

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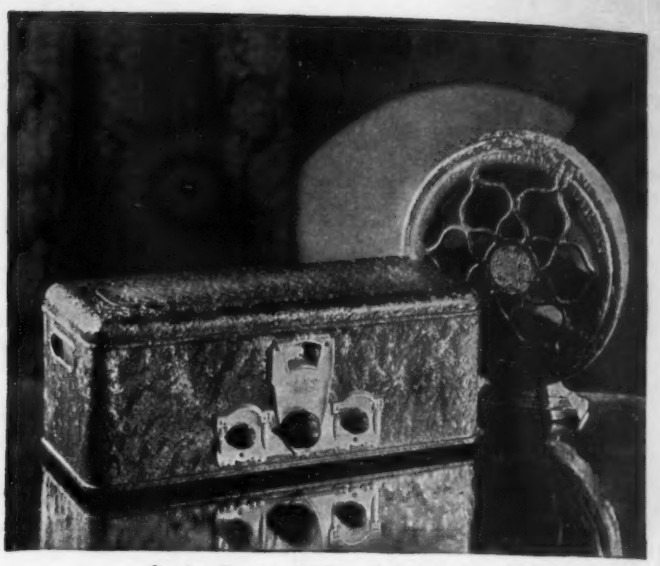

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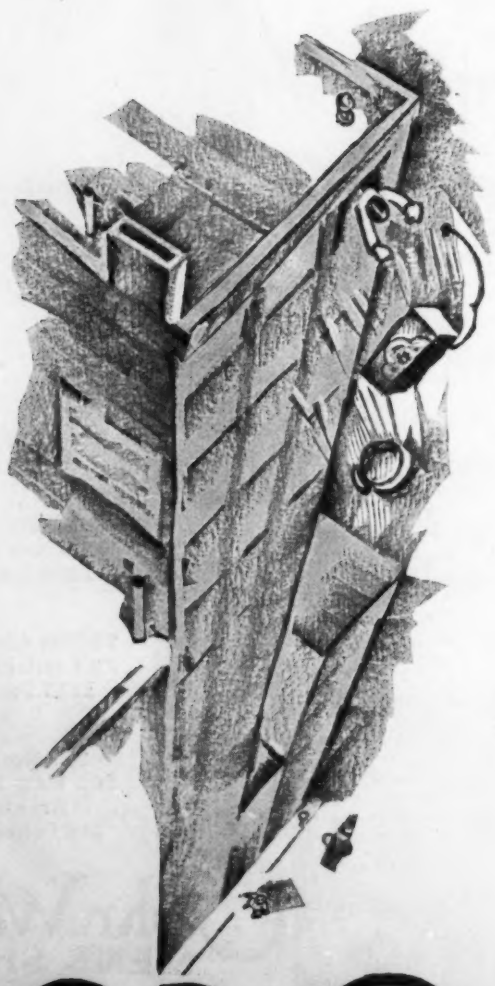

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